TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

VOL. 23, No. 7. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 27, 1909. TERMS—Single Copies, 10c. Per Annum (in advance), $3. Whole No. 1147.

THE FRONT PAGE

WANTED—A POLITICAL MOSES willing and able to lead the Conservative Children of Israel to the Land of Promise. Apply, stating qualifications, to Conservative Headquarters, Ottawa.

⁂

AT the moment it looks very much as if His Majesty's Loyal Opposition is in the act of walking in the wake of its own funeral. Dissenters bob up all along the line. It took nothing larger than a small naval programme to unhorse the entire brigade. Every individual member of the Opposition, so far heard from, has his own pet naval scheme, said scheme agreeing with no other scheme, while the bright, particular star of the party, Mr. R. L. Borden, is under the bed somewhere endeavoring to frame up a policy which will be acceptable to at least one-half of the Loyal Opposition. It's a sorry spectacle, and one can readily forgive Sir Wilfrid Laurier for poking fun at the shadow of a party which sits on the Speaker's left in the House of Commons.

To be quite candid, R. L. Borden as a party leader is not a howling success. When in February, 1901, Mr. Borden took up the reins of party leadership in the House of Commons, much was expected of him. Back of him was a clean record; in front of him was an opportunity. Personally, Mr. Borden has always been a man of irreproachable character. But he lacks, alas, the one great essential—he is not a leader of men.

Thirteen years have slipped by since the Laurier Government went into power over the corpse of what was left of the Conservative party after the death of Sir John Macdonald. In the natural course of events mistakes have been made by the Liberals. Long terms of office always mean a certain amount of political chicanery, and it is part and parcel of the functions of the Opposition to feed and grow fat upon the errors of their political opponents. Has the Conservative party taken full advantage of even one opportunity? Is the Conservative party as strong now as it was two, four, six or eight years ago? I think not.

When Sir Wilfrid Laurier found his clansmen disposed to jump the traces on the question of naval defence, he whipped his party into line over the back of F. D. Monk, chief Conservative kicker from the province of Quebec. It was a pretty political move, as smooth a bit of statecraft as we have witnessed in Ottawa in many a day.

On the other hand, Mr. Borden talked glittering generalities. For lack of some settled policy or definite programme, he was led to revive that old corpse of excessive governmental expenditure. He talked of every conventional thing on the calendar except the weather. This was probably missed by some oversight.

Altogether it was a pretty dismal showing.

R. L. Borden may be a perfect lady, and he probably is, but he is not a leader of men.

⁂

ON Tuesday the British Budget appeared officially before the House of Lords. That a Budget, which, in the words of Lloyd-George knocks some of the gilding off the coaches of the rich landowners, will be shelved by the House of Lords, is a foregone conclusion. In order, however, that there should be no mistake about the attitude of the Upper House, the members foregathered from all corners of the British Islands. The old and the young. Peers who mumbled and tottered, trooped in side by side with the careless, gilded youth. Earls and Dukes and Lords, many of whom had not visited London town for a generation were on hand. The Peerage was on parade. The spiritual Lords—Conservatives every one of them—fell into line behind the Archbishop of Canterbury. Extra taxation on rum and land is not to their liking. In an hour's address, Lord Lansdowne attempted to justify the holding over of the Budget until such time as the people of England have an opportunity to vote upon it. It will soon be up to the people to give a verdict. A rejection of the Lloyd-George Budget means tariff reform, and tariff reform means a tax on the working classes for the benefit of the landlord. In other words, funds must be had at all costs, and if the Lords can wriggle out of their share, then the common people must pay in the taxation of foods and materials of manufacture. It would seem that there is but one answer, but one can never tell what an English public will do.

⁂

A STORY comes from Montreal to the effect that a gateman who presided at one of the entrances to the McGill University campus a week ago when a football game was in progress between collegiate teams, refused entrance to Sir William Macdonald, until it was duly explained who the small man with the glasses was, and why it was not necessary for him to be in possession of the usual bit of pasteboard.

This quiet, elderly gentleman, who has incidentally given many millions to McGill, has the habit of strolling about in a fashion quite his own. When he rides it is in a little old-time covered carriage, drawn by one gentle mannered horse. When he walks it is usually alone. He is known all over Canada as the donor of huge sums to educational purposes; indeed, it would be hard to realize what would have become of McGill University but for this man's generosity, while the splendid Macdonald College at Ste. Ann's would never have existed but for the millions he poured into the enterprise. At the same time, it is not surprising that the gateman should have failed to recognize Sir William, for I very much doubt if there is a man in all the country of equal prominence who is personally known to so few.

Sir William Macdonald is first and foremost a man of business. He has piled up his millions by attending strictly to his business. He is cold and cautious by nature; genial and gentlemanly in manner. Approach Sir William for a subscription for a cause in which he has no particular interest and he is a combination of ice and adamant. Sir William will carefully search his pockets for a workman's street car ticket if he chances to be going homeward at an hour in which they may be used; while an hour before he may have given a million dollars to one of his pet educational schemes.

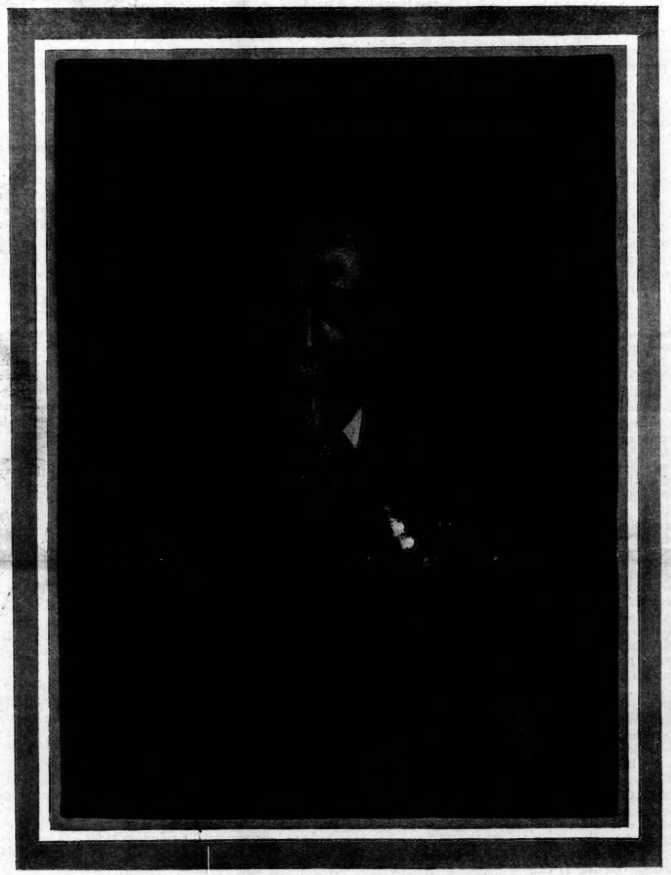
In all the years that Sir William Macdonald has been a member of the directorate of the Bank of Montreal, I very much doubt if he has ever been one minute late at a meeting. He complies as strictly to a set schedule of working hours as would his meanest employe. These are the net results of years of careful business training.

If ever tempted to bulldoze Sir William into subscribing to something in which he has no special interest, my advice is: don't try.

Here is an instance: A large wholesale grocer much interested in a hospital, and incidentally a large handler of Sir William's tobaccos, called upon the latter one day some years ago.

"Of course, you will give us $10,000 toward our hospital fund," said the wholesale grocer.

"No," said Sir William, in a very mild voice.



JAMES ROSS, FINANCIER.

Mr. Ross recently sold a controlling interest in the Dominion Coal Company to a syndicate friendly to the Dominion Iron and Steel Company.

"Then you will make it five thousand," persisted the W. G.

"No," repeated Sir William, his voice even milder than before.

The wholesale grocer lowered the demand by thousands and hundreds until he got down to $500, but Sir William's answer was always the same.

At this stage of the proceedings the wholesale grocer lost his temper. "Now, I am a large customer of your firm," he told Sir William in a half threatening voice.

"Yes," was the mild, gentlemanly reply.

"Well, if you don't give me a subscription, I'll close my account with you!" said the W. G., in a loud voice.

"Yes," said Sir William, as smoothly and as gentlemanly as before; only this time he leaned forward, touched a button and the head bookkeeper of the Macdonald Tobacco Co. loomed into view.

"Make out Mr. ——'s account to date and receipt it, please," said Sir William, in a voice which was as soft as the purr of a kitten; "he is going to pay his bill."

Thus cornered, the W. G. could do nothing else. He stamped out in a rage, swearing vengeance.

But he had to come back, for his customers demanded the Macdonald tobacco, and would have no other.

The moral is: Don't attempt to bluff Sir William C. Macdonald.

⁂

THOSE at the head of the Cement merger are already figuring out their prospective profits, based on a greatly enhanced price of cement. Mr. Rodolphe Forget, who has been actively engaged in floating this corporation, is authority for the statement that by selling the output of the merged plants at $1.30 per barrel, a handsome profit may be obtained. So there should be; for according to the same authority, the cost of manufacturing cement is 75 cents per barrel. The latest prices quoted for cement from the combine is $1.20 per barrel, which is, by the way, some 25c. or 30c. above what this commodity was sold at previous to the merger, while Mr. Forget, in his announcement, puts the selling price at $1.30 per barrel, or a net profit of 55c. per barrel for the merger.

We have here a concrete instance of what Canada is paying, and what it may still further pay, for protection. The capitalization of the Canadian Cement Merger in common stock, preference stock and bonds amounts to $29,500,000. It would be a matter of some interest to have an independent expert go over the plants incorporated in this cement merger for the purpose of ascertaining just how much of the $29,500,000 is represented by actual investment and how much by water. According to United States authorities, and over there they have never been accused of bashfulness when it came to pumping water in going concerns, it is customary to capitalize a cement company at one dollar for every barrel of production. The estimated yearly capacity of the Canadian Cement Merger is 5,200,00 barrels, while the average production figured upon by Mr. Forget is 4,000,000 barrels annually. Taking the higher figure, however, as a basis, it is readily seen that the Canadian Cement Merger has a capitalization nearly six times larger than it should be; and it is expected that all Canada is to turn in and earn them dividends upon this augmented capital.

According to Mr. Forget's figures, and I may say incidentally that this gentleman is too shrewd a man to be far off the line of facts, Canadians are to pay 55c. per barrel profit, or 67 per cent., on an article of necessity and everyday use.

Ever since the combine became a fact, the price of cement has climbed gradually, and while the most recent market quotations were at $1.20 per barrel, it would seem that the consumer must be prepared to add at least another ten cents per barrel. The marketing of the Cement Merger stock has been one of the nicest examples of high finance that Canada has been treated to for some time. No man escaped where there was a ghost of a show to promote the stock. Newspapers and financial journals of all sorts were flooded with attractively written promotion literature, and most of them bit at small cost to the promoters. Others who did not rise to the bait so readily, were handed attractively written advertisements.

The time has now come, unless the Hon. Mr. Fielding steps in and lightens up the duties on the imported article, for the consuming public to pay the piper. The poor public always did have a way of paying. The people, as a whole, are counted as "easy money," and so they are.

⁂

NEXT in importance to the plan for a Canadian navy comes, the announcement that tobacco is a drug, and therefore may, under certain conditions, be sold by the druggists of Ontario on the Sabbath day. Once upon a time here in Toronto a gentleman known to the world as W. H. Lee, sold over his drug counter a cigar, for which crime against the State he was forthwith hauled into court by the Lord's Day Alliance. The case came originally before Magistrate Kingsford. Here the evidence was somewhat mixed. One witness said tobacco was a poison and not a drug, another said it was good to smoke; a third vouched for the fact that tobacco was good for some folks and poison to others. Anyhow, Mr. Lee lost his case and appealed. The appeal case came up this week before Judge Morson, who quashed the indictment of Magistrate Kingsford. The experts who testified in the appeal case appeared to know their own minds; at least, they were a unit on the fact that tobacco is a drug; that it was utilized as a nerve sedative, and was occasionally made into poultices. For just what ailment the tobacco poultice would be used the deponent saith not. Dr. Dyer testified that prescribing cigars for constipation was quite a common thing.

The finding of Judge Morson in the case was as follows: "On the evidence I find that tobacco is clearly a drug, frequently prescribed by physicians in the form of a smoke, and therefore conviction on the ground that tobacco is not a drug is wrong. If it could be shown that a cigar was sold by a druggist, not as a drug, but for the pleasure of a smoke only, I think that it would be an offence under the Lord's Day Act. But it is the duty of the Crown to prove this. There is no duty, in my opinion, imposed upon the druggist to enquire for what purpose the cigar is sold, any more than in the sale of any other drug."

There it is as clear as noon-day. Desiring a smoke on the Sabbath day, one has but to hie himself to the near-by druggist and order a cigar poultice, or a nerve tonic in the shape of a package of cigarettes.

"What makes us rich when we are broke,
And outlines castles in its smoke?
A good cigar.
And how its fragrant odor serves
To loosen up the tensioned nerves,
And turns life's tangents into curves!
A good cigar."

⁂

WE have all been duly thrilled with the Brodeur-Borden plan for a Canadian navy. Great isn't it? The names and fame of Field Marshal Borden and Admiral Brodeur will hark down through the ages. Our children's children will hail their names with banzai. We will uncover and bow low. Three millions down and two millions annually. Great!

⁂

THERE died at Lawrence, Long Island, the other day a man who should not pass unnoticed. His name was William M. Laffan, and he was the mainspring of the company publishing the best all-round newspaper on the continent, and perhaps in the world. The publication refer to is The New York Sun. Mr. Laffan was an Irishman by birth, and his first connection with The New York Sun was in 1877, when in his 29th year he was engaged by that paper to write art criticisms. From that date Laffan never got far from the atmosphere of the great American daily, the paper which is sometimes right and sometimes wrong, but right or wrong, is always readable. In 1884 Mr. Laffan became more intimately associated with the late Charles A. Dana, the last of that quartette of great American editors who builded into their papers their own personality: the elder Bennett, the thunderous Greeley, the polished Raymond, and the greatest of them all—Dana, who could be as forceful as Bennett, as dogmatic as Greeley, as graceful as Raymond.

Laffan's personality while it permeated The Sun office, upholding the best traditions of the Dana *regime*, was naturally overshadowed by the great man who had gone before. As a matter of fact, the personal note in daily journalism died with Charles Dana, perhaps never to be again revived. The great newspaper corporation came in to take the place of the great editor. The publication of the daily metropolitan paper outgrew in Laffan's day the individual. From the thoughts and opinions of one man it evolved, like all great dailies, into a great business enterprise. It took on the spirit of the age. Commercialism entered and individualism expired in the same breath.

Dana set a pace which for most men would have been impossible. In Laffan and Chester Lord, the editor, were found men satisfied to retain the traditions of Dana's day, and at the same time sink their own individuality.

May Laffan fare well on his long, last journey.

⁂

MRS. PANKHURST, militant suffragette, has come and gone. Speaking as a mere man, I was inclined to be rather prejudiced against the lady—that is, before I saw and heard her. In my mind's eye, I imagined a hatchet-faced old dame of the Carry Nation stripe, and if she had appeared before the Massey Music Hall audience with a hatchet in her belt, and her hat on an angle of forty-five degrees, I would not have been altogether surprised. I sought a woman whose speech was punctuated with strong epithets; a woman to whom menace was the stock in trade and browbeating a diversion. In place of these I found a lady, singularly attractive in appearance, graceful in carriage, dignified in bearing, and a public speaker of culture as well as force. Prepared to hear something that one might possibly shout, over, or at least have sufficient cause to nudge one's neighbor, I found instead a woman who had the ability to place before her audience in logical, well turned sentences, an excellent plea for women's suffrage.

Whether one agrees with the methods employed by the militant suffragette, and advocated by Mrs. Pankhurst on the grounds that no other argument will appeal, is another matter. Personally, I am of the opinion that force is of no avail except in the hands of the physically strong. It took cold steel in the hands of Cromwell's army to convince England that Englishmen had a grievance. Brickbats and shouts of "votes for men" did not win the French Revolution. It took the guillotine, and much of the best blood of France to bring about the Republic. And so it has been through all times. Force, physical force, has ever freed men from the yoke of oppression. No other argument has availed.

When Mrs. Pankhurst sails for England, she will unquestionably leave behind her a deal of sympathy for the cause of suffrage, but at the same time this sympathy does not extend to the militant suffragettism. Canadian men and American men are about the last on earth to treat women cavalierly or unfairly. If a majority of American and Canadian women really desire an equal franchise with men, they will unquestionably obtain it. But it is yet to be proven that any great number of women on this continent have such desires. At least, the cause of women's suffrage has not so far been espoused

by any great percentage of our women, and we must judge the facts as they are.

Here, on the North American continent, we neither invite nor desire our mothers, sisters and wives to mix themselves up in political affairs. They take no part in campaigns of this character; there are no particular campaign stunts for women to do at election time. We hold our women to be above such things. The very thought of a fine, clean woman canvassing votes through "The Ward" would be as distasteful to the average Toronto woman as it would be to the average Toronto man. Over in England they do things differently. For generations their women, many of the fairest in the land, have taken active part in election campaigns. They have been urged to do this by the men and parties interested. Women have formed political clubs and political leagues for the purpose of furthering the interests of this party or that. The very atmosphere of the home has been surcharged with politics. Here we keep our politics for our offices and our clubs.

Then, again, we of the North American continent may compliment ourselves on the fact that we have elevated women to a position which they do not occupy in any other part of the world. It may be a mistake, perhaps it is, but we men are nevertheless rather proud of the fact that chivalry in its best and deepest sense has not been altogether lost. We still insist upon standing woman on a pedestal. We give her a preference even in our courts. We readily forgive in a woman employe an error which, if committed by a man, would find him out of the door without notice. If there is but one chair in your office and a lady enters, you stand. If it is a man caller he stands. There is the difference. We don't ask our wives or even our servant girls to black our boots. If there is no man about the establishment to apply the necessary blacking and elbow grease, we do it ourselves or go without.

Even in our prisons women are treated with a consideration which is unknown in England. No woman, no matter how low a criminal she may be, is obliged to withstand indignities such as Mrs. Pankhurst described in her Massey Hall address. Our laws are very generally framed to protect the woman. As an instance, the husband is responsible for the debts of the wife, but the wife is in no way responsible for the debts of the husband.

I scarcely know of an instance, except under the old French laws of the province of Quebec, and in Louisiana, where a woman does not meet with every consideration. In that Province and in that State, as it happens, the introduction of old time French laws, which have long ago outlived their usefulness, place married women, particularly in regard to the holding of property, in an unenviable position.

Over here we will, in all probability, continue to keep the women out of politics until the time arrives when it is clearly indicated that a majority desire it; and when that time comes—well, bless their hearts, they will be given votes and be put in a position to run the whole dern concern if they want to.

***

A TORONTO lawyer has been twice arrested within a week's time for theft. In one instance, at least, this lawyer owned up to having taken money which had been entrusted to him, and up to the time of his arrest had failed to invest it as the client had directed. The sum involved in this instance was not large, some $480, though it probably looked big enough to the lady to whom it belonged.

The curse of the profession of law appears to be the little fellow, who by some manner of means gets his degrees as a full fledged barrister and solicitor, and then starts out in life. Not being able to make a living honestly, he does the next best thing, and makes it dishonestly. Knowing more of law than the average mortal, he is ordinarily able to sidestep the pittalls into which the less experienced person would fall, and thus keeps out of jail for an indefinite period.

Lawyers of this stripe, men who rightfully belong behind the bars, haunt the corridors of court houses and invade precincts where wills are probated and where other details of life and death are daily transacted. A poor woman comes along, knowing nothing of law. She has had a few hundred dollars left her by a relative in the Old Country. The shyster lawyer ingratiates himself; gets the work, and incidentally a good share of the cash also goes his way. The remnant of an estate of a thousand dollars has, after passing through the hands of a lawyer of this character, netted the client less than fifty per cent. of the original legacy. Had the woman but known, she could have had all the legal formalities attended to for less than a five dollar bill. Being ignorant of law and of the necessary proceedings, however, she placed herself unreservedly in the hands of this legal pilferer with the results above stated.

Being informed that criminal action might be taken against this thief, obliging him to disgorge, the poor woman shook her head sadly. "No." She was afraid of losing the little that she had been able to retain.

The chief difficulty in the way of prosecuting men in the shyster lawyer class is the mistaken notion prevailing among the "learned profession" that such action is both unprofessional and undignified. Even the most upright lawyer will hesitate before bringing action against a legal ghoul of the character I have described.

For the credit of a great profession, it is time that the upright, honest lawyers, by a process of house cleaning, eliminated from their ranks the men who work on the system that honesty is the worst imaginable policy. If the house cleaning was half as thorough as it deserves, there would be a good many less lawyers' shingles on view, and the quality of the legal profession would be greatly improved.

***

F. D. MONK, M.P., was officially informed at Ottawa the other day that Canada does not require the aid or advice of the United States of America when it comes to making trade treaties with France or with other countries. Hon. Mr. Fielding, when he replied to Mr. Monk to the effect that Canada would mind her own affairs without reference to the United States, answered like a man. Imagine, if you can, the United States Congressman who would dare get up in the House at Washington and propose that legislation be blocked because that country was afraid of its neighbor. Self-effacement is sometimes a virtue, but this applies largely to politicians and not to countries.

***

A FIFTEEN days' stay of execution in the case of John Dillon, the erratic old book agent who ran amuck and killed a policeman many months ago in Montreal, was a sore disappointment to hundreds of ghouls who hammered at the prison yard gates on the morning set for the execution. Some of them said that they had paid for their tickets of admission and didn't want to be cheated out of the "fun." Imagine wanting to witness the hanging of a crazy old man, and imagine still further wanting to see this hanging to the extent of paying someone $10 per ticket for the privilege! If there ever was an argument against the extreme penalty, surely here it is.

THE COLONEL.

A Churchly Crusade.

The Editor, Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—Having been a reader of Saturday Night since its first number, I have always noticed the fair and impartial spirit in which it has handled the social problems of the day. Now I would like to call your attention to a large ad. in the evening papers of Saturday, November 20, headed "The Church and the Bar Room," stating that Sunday, November 28, has been set apart by 146 churches for a crusade against the bar rooms of the city. It seems, notwithstanding the reduction of licenses, nothing will now content the rampant so-called Temperance party but the forcible curtailment of the liberty of the subject. For this purpose they call in the aid of the Church and a more suicidal policy has never been attempted.

The next move, I suppose, will be the denial of the truth of the miracle of water turned into wine at the marriage supper and also the blessing of the cup at the Last Supper. These can be classed with the first thirteen chapters of Genesis, and treated as allegories and followed by the substitution of lemonade for wine at the sacrament. I am writing this in no spirit of levity, having tried to be a consistent Anglican Church member all my life, but were such a course followed next Sunday at the church I attend I should certainly be conspicuous by my absence. I believe bar rooms are and ever will be a necessity for those working down town. Reform is what is wanted, not extinction. Before that event takes place a substitute (which no temperance organization has ever tried with success) must take its place; but that of course does not concern a man who never took a glass of beer in his life. The Church has been taken to task rather severely lately for its indifference to the working man, and such a course as is now contemplated will only make the breach wider, but, however, let us hope wiser counsels will prevail. I remain, dear sir, yours obediently,

HENRY A. ASHMEAD.

16 Belmont St., Toronto, Nov. 22, 1909.

An Answer to Col. Carson.

UNSETTLEMENT continues to mark the market for Cobalt stocks and Crown Reserve continues to be a source of thrills. Col. John Carson, president of the Crown Reserves, has seen in last Saturday's criticisms of his stock, the hand of an enemy, and has written to the Montreal papers a "reply." It might be well here to establish the writer's position and so the basis upon which these letters should be received. The many things said about the Crown Reserve could be equally well said about any old mine in Cobalt and the writer's aim is to point out to the public the realities in mining.

The position of a mine is just as well aired in the press as a great railway corporation and it will be remembered that the first of these letters pointed out that since the inception of the Cobalt boom the education of the public, per the press, has been all wrong. As I said last week: accepting the statement of Col. Carson of ore reserves in his mine, to be correct the stock is only worth one third of what it was then selling for, by which I mean one third of $6.00 or $2.00 per share. This is presuming the basis of estimation to be 14,000,000 ounces of silver at 50 cents per ounce. Ore in sight is a most ambiguous term; and by the way, does the president claim $7,000,000 net or gross?

As Col. Carson seems to feel hurt at the criticisms of his mine at the hands of the writer, the latter begs to state that he has very high estimation of that gentleman and is fully impressed that Col. Carson intends holding to his Crown Reserve, seeking no returns therefrom, save by way of dividends and bonuses. If Col. Carson has only this end in view it is a matter of indifference to him whether the stock sells at $1.00 or $10.00. If, on the other hand, the insiders of Crown Reserve wish to unload on the public, the writer has much pleasure in trying to spoil the game.

But let us critically read the mass of protest in last Monday's Montreal Star. Col. Carson says: "Mr. Cohen, our manager, has not sold out his holdings in Crown Reserve." Mr. Cohen, in an interview, is reported to have said that he had sold a block of stock, etc. Here is a discrepancy. Mr. Cohen does not deny in this interview that the mine is confronted with the serious problem of water. Col. Carson says "officially," "we are not up against any serious problem of water . . . . that in no place are our workings in slightest danger, etc." This is direct, but what inference is to be drawn from the statement of the Star's Cobalt correspondent, also in Monday's paper?. "The report as to the flooding never met with any credence in the camp as it is known that the management have been very careful in regard to leaving the roof intact."

Col. Carson admits that "the statement that we have not been able to find any bonanza deposits emanating from the Kerr Lake property may or may not be true, but one fact is true, namely,—that we have cut vein No. 15 assaying 4,031 ounces, vein No. 16 assaying 4,396 ounces, vein No. 17 etc.,"

This business of assays, etc., is in keeping with the dope generally handed out by the average promoter. It has weight only with the widows and the orphans.

When Col. Carson says: "that our main ore body can be extracted absolutely to its roof for the very simple and satisfying fact that nearly the whole of it is in absolute dry land," I cannot help but feel that if he is right my senses or rememberance must be all wrong. The Kerr Lake Crown Reserve Mining Co. bought from the Ontario government the bed of Kerr Lake. In its inception it could not be distinguished from the hundreds of other promotions current. The purchase money was largely, if not wholly, borrowed from the late Sovereign bank, but the Silver leaf discovered a vein which they traced into the lake. The Kerr Lake Crown Reserve Mining Co. cut a ditch and lowered the lake level about four feet and following the find of Silver Leaf proved up the most spectacular ore body in Cobalt. Around the open cut which they opened up near the Silver Leaf property they built walls of concrete. Two hundred feet away they sank their main shaft in a knob of rock sticking up through the ooze. Over the intervening space they spread tailings from the mine. These are what the writer believes to be the facts in the case.

In conclusion I would point out that Mr. Cohen in his interview does not give any estimate of ore in sight and that the man who sells his stock gets over six years' dividends all in a bunch. Personally, I regard the man who held onto his stock above the $3.50 mark as insane. Of course the man who sold at six dollars was a genius, but who can draw the line between genius and insanity?

COBALT.

How They Bagged His Reverence.

WISE though he be in the ways of men and logical in his deductions, Rev. S. Dwight Chown does not know enough to come in out of the rain, declare a party of young Torontonians.

Some years ago when the reverend doctor and his daughter were spending a few weeks in Muskoka the former was persuaded to act as guide for a party of young friends on a canoe trip down the Muskosh river from Bala to Georgian Bay.

Outside of Rev. C. W. Gordon, it is doubtful if Canada has among her ecclesiastics a more capable or ardent canoeist than Dr. Chown. On his trip he shot the rapids in advance of the others. He showed them the best landings. His canoe on his head, he led them over steep or tedious portages beguiling the way with scraps of incidents. "Here two lumbermen had lost their lives breaking a log jam. There was the fire ranger's hut. That cross was erected in memory of a school teacher and her companion who had been sucked into the Raggedy Rapids. Further down was Renshaw's camp"—and so on. He beguiled the roughness of the way and made the hard spots easy.

He couldn't make the wet ones dry, however, as was proved on the second night out. It rained all the way up from Go-Home Bay to where the camp was pitched on Flat Rock. There, all through the night, it continued to rain. Drying canoe cushions which also did duty for pillows, was of course, impossible. Even the ground under the canvas was none too dry as tiny streams trickled in through every spot unwarily touched on the tents.

Dr. Chown felt bound to keep well within his own quarter section of one of those tents. The only way he could make himself comfortable in this restricted space was to stretch out full length. As the doctor is a big, fine specimen of humanity, his full length put two feet beyond protection of the little canvas covering.

Some time through the night a nocturnal prowler, lantern lighted, discovered the doctor's toes upturned to the raindrops. He quietly aroused the camp. A rubber-lined dunnage bag was stealthily emptied and the sleeping divine disturbed by attempts to thrust his feet into it.

Tired with the muscular exertions of a hard day the doctor came back to full consciousness slowly, struggling meanwhile to free his feet, on which he fancied a log had been rolled. It was not until the dunnage bag had been successfully pulled up as high as his knees and tied there, that he was gleefully released and told to:

"Stick 'em out in the wet NOW if you want to!"

ONE OF THE MOST TALKED OF MEN IN ENGLAND.

The Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, who threw down the gauntlet to the Commons over the Lloyd-George Budget. In the picture Mr. Balfour (on the left) is seen leaving the Travellers' Club in company with his private secretary.

"The Bride of the Mistletoe."

A rhymed review of James Lane Allen's much discussed book.

AN expert in the woodman's craft,
Instructor in a rural college,
Professor Fred was plainly daft
On mystic, legendary knowledge.

Beneath the tree on Christmas E'en,
With all the Christmas candles burning,
He read his wife, poor Josephine,
A screed of queer, symbolic learning—

A yarn of Oak and Mistletoe,
Of Primal Maid and Forest Lover,—
And all to let the lady know
That he was growing weary of her!

And she? It seems she found it right
To love him still. This Fred was lucky!
A boor so crudely impolite
I thought they lynched in old Kentucky.

Ah, Mr. Allen, change your pen!
Forbear to blow these murky bubbles,
But write, as write you can, of men—
Not freaks with manufactured troubles.

Awake from nympholeptic dreams!
Forsake the cloud-enveloped steeple!
Abjure these modern-pagan themes,
And come and live with living people!

—Arthur Guiterman, in Life.

$6.50

The Best Art Ware for the Bathroom

We have just taken into stock a shipment of this ware which is emphatically the *best ever shown in the city.*

It is *complete, serviceable, artistic, and moderately priced.* The metal is *solid brass, nickel plated.*

Among other articles we may mention:—*Sponge Holders,* for wall and bath; *soap dishes,* with nickel and porcelain trays; *robe hooks, match holders, towel bars, etc.*

In combination and as illustrated—*Glass shelf, tooth brush holder, soap dish and tumbler holders* complete, $6.50. Same combination in Opal.

MIRRORS.

Porcelain and *nickel plated frames,* square and oval shape.

We strongly urge a visit to this fine display.

RICE LEWIS & SON
LIMITED
Cor. King and Victoria Streets

WALL PAPER

The attractiveness of your home depends on the effect of tasteful decorations. Appropriate Wall Paper is the first important consideration—yet only too often is it overlooked or neglected. No Room can be really inviting with the wall paper faded, soiled or inharmonious.

Come to our Store and let us suggest a decorative scheme within the limits of your appropriation.

We are Experts in Home Decoration. Estimates submitted at short notice.

The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE ST., TORONTO

WHETHER THE PLAY IS GOOD OR OTHERWISE

'tis well to end the evening with a little after-theatre Supper. The place to have that Supper is

THE ST. CHARLES GRILL
60-70 Yonge Street

BOUDOIR SLIPPERS

Dainty, Comfortable, Attractive.

They add the finishing touch to an otherwise faultless costume.

Not an expensive luxury.

$1.50 per pair up.

H. & C. BLACHFORD
"THE SHOE THAT FITS THE FEET."
114 Yonge Street

Michie's Merry Crackers

enliven all kinds of home entertainments:

Dinner Parties
Children's Parties
Card Parties, Etc.

Michie & Co., Ltd.
7 King St. West

BOND BUYERS

We have at all times attractive offerings of Bonds.

Municipals to Yield, 4-5 per cent.

Corporations to Yield, 5-6 per cent.

Individual Requirements carefully considered and suggestions made

A. E. AMES & CO., LTD.
INVESTMENT BANKERS
7 King St. East, Toronto.

ASSETS $3,145,455
CAPITAL (subscribed) $2,500,000
CAPITAL (paid up) $1,500,000
RESERVE FUND $1,150,000

CENTRAL CANADA LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
TORONTO
DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND DEBENTURES ISSUED

"SPECIAL INVESTMENT POLICY"

Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$28.85	$29.50	$40.35	$41.60	$43.45

LIFE DEPARTMENT
ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED
27-29 Wellington St. East.
Phone M. 4000. Toronto

Chief Office for Canada, Toronto.
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

IRISH & MAULSON, LIMITED.
Toronto General Agents.

REGULARITY OF INCOME

The desirability of an investment in the bonds of standard Public Service Corporations, Railroads and established industries, lies, with other considerations, in the regularity of securing income.

Payment of coupons for semi-annual interest is invariably made upon the dates specified in the bond.

But security is, of course, foremost in importance; and to select the best bond and determine its suitability we place at your disposal all the facilities of our organization.

For persons dependent upon the earning power of their money such considerations are valuable and necessary.

This feature of bonds—regularity of income—and every detail of technical description and of security explained on request.

Or quotations given on specific issues.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO 26 KING ST. EAST
BRANCHES
MONTREAL—WINNIPEG—LONDON—ENG.

FINANCIAL

TORONTO MONTREAL

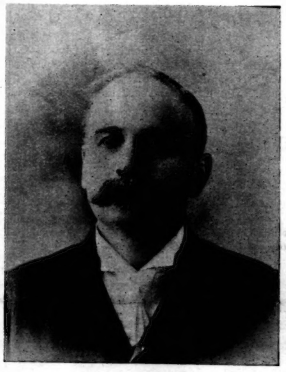
MONTREAL, Nov. 25, 1909.

IT seems impossible to get away from Nova Scotians, these days, if one is to talk at all about finances and mergers and deals of one sort or another, in Canada. Nathaniel Curry—popularly known among his associates, and even the public, as Nat Curry—is one of the men from the east who has lately been occupying a prominent position in the Press of the land. It was recently said that he is soon to take up his residence in Montreal, but whether that report be true or not, his influence is certainly being felt in the commercial metropolis, already. In fact, there would seem to be some peculiar fate which attracts these people from the east and forces them to gravitate to bigger centres, once they test their wings and make the discovery that they can fly. So, it may be that next year's directory will show an addition to the list of Currys. However, if Curry doesn't pay his water taxes, promptly, we won't let him have a vote.

⁂

Can Sign Large Cheques Safely.

It was probably about half a century ago that Natt Curry joined the infant class. Port William, in Kings Co.,—where Borden exercises his lead-pipe cinch—was his first address, and it was at or near his birthplace that he absorbed the wood-working lore which he was afterwards to use to such advantage. His career was not meteoric but it has been successful. Men who are rich not infrequently impress upon us the statement that riches are not everything, and we who know not the ring of gold exercise our faith and try to gather as much comfort as we can from the thought. At the same time, when one hears that Curry is now a rich man he cannot entirely get rid of the feeling that this is more or less evidence of his success. In Curry's case, however, the evidence of success is not confined to his ability to sign cheques for large sums without having a man with a row of brass buttons down the front of his blue coat call round next day to make his acquaintance. It rests almost entirely upon the fact that he has brought his business forward from the small beginnings of twenty or thirty years ago to the point at which it became one of the factors in Canadian industrial life, and that when the big Canadian Car and Foundry Co. consolidation was brought into being, he was the unanimous choice of the merging interests for president of the company.



Nathaniel Curry, a Nova Scotia financier who has come to the front.

⁂

Business going Through the Incubator.

The town of Amherst was the site at which he located, a score of years ago, or so. The company known until recently as Rhodes, Curry & Co., was here founded. The firm was first of all in the contracting business. In the evolution of affairs the business became a wood-working concern, sash and door factory and eventually blossomed forth as a car factory. Twenty-six or twenty-seven years was probably the time that it took going through the incubator, and Nat Curry was "on the job" all the time. The other day, when the preliminaries of the consolidation were in progress, it was announced that the Rhodes-Curry factory had an output of twenty freight cars per day and sixty passenger cars per year, besides which the firm's rolling mills—for this, too, had been added—had a capacity of 80 tons of bar iron and steel per day, while the axle shop could turn out 200 axles per day and the malleable iron foundry, twenty tons of finished malleable castings per day. Not a bad record for a little shop operating in a back woods burg like Amherst.

⁂

The Light that Didn't fail.

The day for bigger things for Nathaniel Curry was at hand. A man by the name of Aitken, who has had his finger in nearly every consolidation pie that has been served up hot and appetizing this season, dropped into the old familiar town one day. Rhodes-Curry looked pretty good to him; and after he and Curry had rubbed their heads together for a period, a great, rich light broke upon them. The first we knew of it was when it was announced that Rhodes-Curry was to be made into a joint stock company and listed on the stock exchanges. This was successfully accomplished and the securities were sought after. Charles Meredith & Co. assisted in the good work, and so far as the public knew, the deal was finished.

⁂

Aitken and Wood—$12,000,000.

Then was announced one of the most successful deals of the nature ever put through in Canada. H. M. Aitken had associated with him E. R. Wood, the Toronto diplomat and financial necromancer, and between them—there were probably others associated, but I know not of them—they had succeeded in swinging into line The Dominion Car and Foundry Co., and the Canada Car Co., of Montreal, and the aforesaid Rhodes-Curry Co., of Amherst. The consolidation took as its name the "Canadian Car and Foundry Co., Ltd.," and the securities were as follows:

	Authorized.	Issued.
Stock, pref., Cum., 7 per cent....	$7,500,000	$5,000,000
Stock, com.	5,000,000	3,500,000
	$12,500,000	$8,500,000
Bonds, 6 per cent.....	$3,500,000	$3,500,000

Most wonderful of all, no securities are for sale. The whole deal was put through without the Canadian public being asked to subscribe. One, Ion Hamilton Benn, who is H. M. Aitkin's London correspondent, arranged with Parr's Bank, and the whole issue of preferred stock was over-subscribed at 95, and no bonus. The Canadian crowd held on to the bonds. The deal was through almost before anyone had heard of it here, and if the Canadian public gets no profits out of the deal, it at least is not making any losses—a not unworthy thought in view of some recent vertical movements.

Nathaniel Curry's destiny.

When the question of the presidency was brought up, it seems that there was but one name seriously in the running—Nat Curry, big, solid and popular. F. N. Hoffstat, president of the Canada Car—and of the Pressed Steel Car—together with Wm. V. Kelly, president of the Dominion Car—now president of the American Steel Foundries—stood aside and so far as is known there was no aching over it either. It is claimed that even the railways are not worrying over the situation, being of the opinion that the economies to be effected by the merger will result to their financial benefit. So, from his small beginning, Nathaniel Curry has worked his way quietly along until he finds himself at the head of one of the largest and most promising industries of the Dominion. Even if the Elixir of Youth be not discovered in the near future, he ought to have another half century ahead of him—from his present appearance—so that we may hope to see him introduce the non-accident railway car before he throws up his job.

T. C. A.

⁂

TORONTO, Nov. 25, 1909.

IN a recent cable to the Wall Street Journal, the correspondent of that publication says that a feature of the London market had been the re-appearance of a series of Canadian issues. "It is said," he adds, "that several Canadian industrials are likely to be offered in the near future. The Canadian group is much to the fore in popular favor and the series seems likely to be well received." The foregoing reference is made less with the object of imparting information—although such information must necessarily prove of interest to Canadian investors—than to show that Mr. Byron E. Walker was absolutely right when, the other day, after an absence of nine months abroad, he returned to the city to say that "there never was a time when the English investor was so ready to consider favorably Canadian investments." Not only is Mr. Walker one of Canada's foremost bankers but he occupies a distinguishing position among the citizens of no mean city. Mr. Walker's sympathies are as broad as his nature is many-sided, and he brings to an appreciation of art the same discerning gifts that have given to his consideration of the problems of finance and education their value to those interested in these subjects. The present protracted sojourn abroad was undertaken almost exclusively for recreation, after many years of arduous effort in building up the second largest bank in the Dominion, but, nevertheless Mr. Walker, with that singular aptitude for clear and accurate observation which is always his, took occasion to study at close range some of the problems which confront the Briton at home.

⁂

Canada's Credit is Good in London.

Mr. Walker found that there never was a time when Canadian credit in the Mother Land was so good as it is now, but on that account he advises promoters in this country to be particularly careful as to the class of securities they attempt to unload in the old country market. It is sometimes only with the utmost difficulty that one's credit is established; it is often times only too easy to impair it and break it up. Thus far, Mr. Walker thinks Canadians have been discriminating in this regard. "We have given the English investor good value for his money," he says, "and"—Mr. Walker cautions—"we must continue to do so." Naturally, a man of the finest sensibilities, Mr. Walker was much pained to find so much poverty and misery in the larger centres of population in Great Britain, and, although one of his friends, who has an extensive knowledge of continental nations, assured him that the conditions were equally pitiable in Germany, Mr. Walker is convinced that something must be done to ameliorate the lot of the lower classes in England if the Empire is long to endure. When a man of Mr. Walker's standing finds himself constrained to talk in this fashion, it is evident that the situation in the home land is much more critical than many in the colonies are inclined to believe. While Great Britain is one of the richest countries in the world, and one of the most intelligent and willing in the matter of bearing taxation, Mr. Walker is under the impression that it is about time that the colonies undertook their share of the burden of the Empire.

⁂

Canada must Protect her Own Trade.

If Canada is to be a nation, he points out, with a well distributed trade in both halves of the world, it is essential that it should be in a position to afford its trade the protection—or a measure of the protection—which that trade will require. Mr. Walker was delighted on his return to observe that Canada was commencing to see that it was her duty to defend her coasts. "Let us bring ourselves into line," he en-

Bank of Montreal
(Established 1817.)
INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL (all paid up),	$14,400,000.00
REST,	12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS,	358,311.05

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

Board of Directors:
RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., HON. PRES.
HON. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., PRESIDENT.
SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., VICE-PRESIDENT.
E. B. GREENSHIELDS. SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD. R. B. ANGUS.
JAMES ROSS. HON. ROBT. MACKAY. SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O.
DAVID MORRICE. C. R. HOSMER.
SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., GENERAL MANAGER.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT—Connected with each Canadian Branch, and Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.
COLLECTIONS—At all points in the Dominion of Canada and the United States undertaken at most favorable rates.
TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT—Issued negotiable in all parts of the World.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.
Special facilities for
Collections
Agents in every Banking Town in Canada and correspondents throughout the world.
TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape.

NORTHERN CROWN BANK
Capital Paid Up - $2,200,000
Authorized Capital - $6,000,000
We give special attention to savings accounts. Your deposits are received with courtesy; your funds are carefully safeguarded; your interest is added regularly, and when you require the money it will be returned to you with full interest, without any inconvenient formality or delay. These are matters worthy of consideration.
Savings Bank Department at All Branches
Toronto Office - - 34 King St. West

DOMINION EXPRESS
Money Orders
AND
Foreign Drafts
Absolutely the best way to send money to any part of the world.
TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES ISSUED
MONEY TRANSFERRED BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE. :: FOREIGN MONEY BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Hundreds of Branches throughout the City.
MAIN CITY OFFICES:
48 Yonge St. 1330 Queen St. West

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00
THE METROPOLITAN BANK
No delay in withdrawal
Capital Paid-up - - - - - $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - - - - $1,277,404.49

Canadian Express Company

If you have occasion to send Money away, procure our MONEY ORDERS. They afford absolute security against loss.

When you are going travelling, obtain our TRAVELLER'S CHEQUES. They are the best and most convenient form for you to carry your funds. They are issued in various denominations, are payable in all countries, show on their face the exact amounts they are convertible for in each country, and are self-identifying. If lost or stolen you get your money back from the Company.

When you have any packages to ship, entrust them to us for transportation. We are forwarders to All Parts of the World.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

See our Patent Convertible Rail Table.

The perfect Combination Table for Private Residences.

OFFICE AND SHOW ROOMS: 67-71 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONTARIO

W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.
Dealers in High-Grade Bonds
42-43 Bank of Ottawa Bldg., Montreal

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Capital Authorized $10,000,000.00
Capital Paid Up 5,000,000.00
Reserve Fund 5,000,000.00

Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit Issued
Available in any part of the World.

Special Attention Given to Collections.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Interest allowed on Deposits from date of deposit at all Branches of the Bank throughout the Dominion of Canada.

The Home Bank of Canada

Head Office: 8 King St. West.

Six Branches in Toronto. The following five branches are open every Saturday night, 7 to 9 o'clock, for the transaction of savings account and general banking business.

78 Church St.
Cor. Queen West and Bathurst
Cor Bloor West and Bathurst
Cor. Queer East and Ontario
1686 Dundas St., West Toronto

The Georgian
291 St. George St.
(above Bernard)

These apartments of six rooms and bath have just been completed and contain every convenience that make a comfortable home.

Rents reasonable.

Permits to view the above may be had on application to

Ussher Strathy & Co.,
M. 3406
47-51 King Street West.

ALLAN ROYAL MAIL LINE
FIRST To adopt Steel Construction, 1879 SAFE
To adopt Bilge Keels, - - - 1891 STEADY
To adopt Turbine Engines, - 1905 SWIFT

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.
Corsican .....Nov. 19

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW.
Ionian .....Nov. 20

CHRISTMAS SAILINGS

	From St. John.	From Halifax.
Virginian	Fri, Nov. 26	Sat., Nov. 27
Grampian	Sat., Dec. 4	
Victorian	Fri., Dec. 10	Sat., Dec. 11
Hesperian	Fri., Dec. 17	Sat., Dec. 18

RATES OF PASSAGE
According to Steamer

1st class	$70.00, $77.50, $80.00, $87.50
2nd class	$42.50, $45.00, $47.50, $50.00
3rd class	$26.50, $27.50, $28.75

Full information as to sailings, rates, etc., on application to THE ALLAN LINE General Agency for Ontario, 77 Yonge St., Toronto.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
$16.90 CHICAGO
AND RETURN
NOV. 28, 29, 30, DEC. 1, 5, 6,
Return Limit, Dec. 12th.

ACCOUNT INTERNATIONAL LIVESTOCK EXPOSITION.

Tickets, etc. from any C.P.R. Ticket Agent

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
ONLY DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE
-CHICAGO-
$16.90 RETURN FROM TORONTO
Nov. 28, 29, 30; Dec. 1, 5, 6
Return limit Dec. 12th
THREE TRAINS DAILY
8 a.m., 4.40 and 11.00 p.m.
Fast Time. Excellent Equipment.
Pullman Sleeper on all Trains.

Full information, tickets, reservations, at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.
Phone Main 4209.

joins, "as quickly as possible, lest we be too late if the great day of battle comes." What Mr. Walker has to say n this subject of Imperial defence in its relations to the financial and commercial interests of the country had the utmost force from the fact that he speaks, not as a politician, but as one who has given the subject the closest and most impartial, as well as the most disinterested scrutiny. But when all has been said, Mr. Walker is essentially the banker. It is in this realm that he has come by his most notable achievements. He himself, says that his forte is not banking. But his directors in the Canadian Bank of Commerce, of which he has been the leading executive officer since 1886, are not known to have concurred in any such dictum. Mr. Walker entered the service of the Commerce in 1868, when only twenty years of age, and eighteen years later he was made general manager. A couple of years ago on the retirement of Senator Cox, he was advanced to the presidency. An art connoiseur, a specialist in matters of education, a clear and forcible speaker, a financier of the highest attainments—Mr. Walker is an all-round citizen of which any city might well be proud.

⁂

A Telephone and Telegraph Merger.

The recent combination of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company with the Western Union Telegraph Company appeared at the outset to be mainly interesting to Canadians by reason of the fact that the Mackay Company is the holder of a very large block of stock in the former concern. That the Mackay Company has long been the source of a great deal of investment of surplus funds on this side of the line renders any circumstance that might affect its position a matter of concern to no small body of Canadians. But Mr. Clarence Mackay has come out with a statement in which he says that the Mackay Company is only interested as an investor and that the merger, so far as the Postal Telegraph Company—the American connection of the Canadian Pacific Telegraph Company—is concerned will go no further. "Competition," he says, "will continue and it will be real competition, the same as heretofore." The Mackay Company has been meeting this competition for the past twenty-five years, and despite that fact, it is in first-class financial condition, "better than ever before," asserts Mr. Mackay. So that the combination in question in reality appeals to Canadians only on account of the indication which it gives of a disposition on the part of telegraph and telephone concerns to get together. No doubt, by following this course, much economy in operation can be secured. Both can use the same right of way, many local offices can be united and in many places one wire and one set of poles will do instead of two. Just as the long-distance telephone has, necessarily, to be under one management to afford the highest degree of usefulness, so a telegraph srvice is likely to prove more effective if under a concentrated ownership. One would not be surprised, therefore, if the present movement were to extend further, in which event the public may look forward to a cheaper and a better service than under the present competitive system. Perhaps in time a similar combination of these businesses may be brought about in Canada, though it is doubtful whether State interference will be permitted to go beyond the point where the monopoly could be properly regulated.

⁂

Stock Exchange Rumors Rarely Correct.

The telegraph-telephone merger just mentioned and the Wells-Fargo three hundred per cent. dividend, both of which have occasioned no end of discussion in financial circles during the week, led the New York Post to remark on the vagaries of the stock market rumors. The incidents mentioned, it says, haev a peculiar interest as interpreting a long series of rumors that have not been fulfilled. The Post calls attention to twelve rumors that have stirred up the greatest amount of activity on the New York Exchange. All were circulated excitedly while the stocks affected were being rushed up but only four out of the entire list were also filled. The dividend on the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation was increased, as were also those on the Atchison and the Norfolk and Western Railways. The fourth rumor that proved correct was that which predicted that Chesapeake and Ohio would come into the same hands as Kansas and Texas. The other eight rumors were lost to view so soon as they had served their purpose in influencing the market. Union Pacific did not produce a "segregation plan"; the Steel Corporation did not adopt any new plan of finance, but rather resumed appropriations from earnings for new construction; negotiations looking toward a copper merger have been under way but even these were not as ardent as the Wall Street habitue had been led to believe and nothing has been done; the New York Central has not bought the Southern Pacific, as reported, but rather has proposed to issue $44,000,000 of new stock to pay off old obligations; "something important" was to have come from the coal mining companies but nothing has been heard from these "coal roads"; "an important development" in Interborough-Metropolitan shrinks from the enquiring gaze of the populace, the company failing to give any information except as to the rising value of the collateral behind its four and one-half per cent. bonds; and, finally, increased dividends upon several railroads have been conspicuous by their absence, notably those predicted for Southern Pacific and Pennsylvania. And those who have followed the stock markets for any length of time will be prepared to concede that when a third of the rumors circulated prove correct it is about all that even the most credulous may expect.

⁂

Ontario behind in Grain Production.

Reports received from country grain buyers at almost every point in Ontario since the commencement of the present season have been of the most unsatisfactory character. Deliveries all along have been deficient and this has been generally attributed to a shortage in the crops, though such an assumption is not borne out by the latest Government estimate of the production. It was believed for a time that the farmers were holding back their grain for better prices, Whilst a few of them may have been doing that, however, a majority, it is now thought, have not got the grain to deliver. In the matter of coarse grains the farmers are no doubt feeding these very heavily as the high price of cattle and hogs has warranted a considerable increase in stock raising. American corn, which, in former years has been utilized so extensively as cattle food, has been too high, up to the present to admit of its importation, to any extent, for that object. Farmers have used their own barley and oats and peas instead. Though many of them now grow coarse grains entirely for their own use, not a few still have to buy supplies to meet their feed requirements. Every year the amount of grain placed on sale in this province is becoming smaller and eventually dealers in the larger centres will have to take most of their supplies from the great Western provinces of Canada. Had it not been for the immense supplies of wheat and oats this season, beyond the great lakes—both of which have been largely used in Ontario—there would undoubtedly have been seen very much higher prices for grain in Toronto. One reason given for this change in the attitude of the farmers in this province is the fact that they are becoming interested to a greater extent in fruit and vegetables, as these, by experience, have been shown to yield better results than the former grain crops. For some time past the grain dealers in the West have been predicting that, owing to the increased crops on this continent, as well as in Russia and other grain exporting countries, lower prices might be expected. But the consumption thus far has proved sufficient to absorb everything offering, and prices have gradually risen since August and promise to go higher in the near future. The Argentine crop having turned out satisfactorily, May wheat is selling at less than the December option. The grain men thus evidently have the courage of their convictions, but it remains to be seen whether or not their expectations will prove correct.

⁂

Again a Mining Bubble Disappears.

Every now and then one hears an echo of those old, almost forgotten days—forgotten by all but those who were financially nipped in the process—when the Toronto public was going "dippy" over British Columbia mining stocks just as they did a couple of years ago over Cobalt stocks. One such echo from the limbo of discarded causes was noted yesterday, when it was announced that the Cariboo-McKinney Mining and Milling Company, Limited, would, on December 1, make a distribution of its cash asset to the amount of half a cent per share, amounting in all to $6,250. The mine in question was first discovered by an American miner from the Western States, a Scotchman by birth, named George B. MacAulay. When he had acquired enough gold from his prospect to fill several sacks, he loaded them on a buckboard and started on the trail to the nearest railroad station enroute for Spokane. He had not proceeded far, however, when he was confronted by a bad looking customer with a rifle who ordered him to unload the sacks. This he did and drove on, as commanded. When MacAulay reached town he rounded up a posse of his companions and went in search of the highwayman. It was not long before they ran the latter down, shooting him on sight. That was the romantic commencement of a mine that afterwards became as noted in Camp McKinney as did Ward Eagle and Centre Star in the Rossland district. Not long afterward, when the Rossland boom was at its height in this province, MacAulay visited Toronto and sold out a controlling interest in the mine. Connected with the project at the outset were Senator Jaffray as President, Sir Henry M. Pellatt as vice-president, S. W. McMichael as treasurer, while others who acted on the Board were Messrs. Thomas Long, A. Ansley and G. B. Smith. The stock—one of the few listed on the Toronto Exchange at that time, reached its high point at 182 in 1899 but three years later, in February of 1902, it had dropped to 21. And now the bubble, which burst then, disappears into rarified air.

INVESTOR.

A Pumpkin Jag.

NOW Cyrus Alexander Bland
Had dozens of friends at his command;
For he was such a lovable boy,
The first time you met him you called him "Cy."
So his friends would reach from here to—well,
They were good and plenty, as I can tell.
But Cyrus would neither drink nor smoke,
Nor was this virtuous pose a joke,
For Cyrus had never started, you see,
And grown to want it, like you and me.
So he carried around an innocent breath
From the time of his birth to the day of his death.
But this was a little bit hard on a friend
Who had the coin and desire to spend;
So the "bunch" agreed that instead of rye,
They'd set 'em up in pumpkin pie.
And Cyrus with this new view fell in
For pumpkin pie was his darling sin.
So Cyrus had pumpkin from morning till night,
And hundreds of pies he put out of sight;
For every time that the "bunch" lined up
Poor old Cyrus would have a couple of good, big slices of pumpkin pie;
And thus it was that he came to die.
For there was never a human inside
By fate and pie so sorely tried.
So he went above to the golden street,
Where there's neither treating, nor giving in treat.
And the moral is: lest your life you lose,
You'd better stick to cigars and booze.

P. O. D.

To Insure Aviators.

THE popular and widespread interest in aeronautics has recently been concretely manifested by the announcement, on the part of an enterprising Scottish casualty insurance company, of a policy offering protection to aviators.

Considering the fact that aeroplanes and airships are still in the initial stage of scientific and experimental development, and that the dangers of aerial locomotion can only be problematically determined, the rate of this policy and its indemnity provisions seem surprisingly liberal, especially since even Lloyds decline to issue insurance covering loss or damage to the structure or machinery of aeroplanes or airships.

Another progressive Scottish company has likewise recently notified its agents that all future personal accident policies issued will be extended to cover the risks of ballooning and aviation.

Although balloons and aeroplanes up to the present have been almost exclusively operated by qualified experts, if aerial locomotion becomes the pastime that conditions seem more and more to indicate, the tendency on the part of the inexperienced will undoubtedly be to minimize the dangers of aviation and to risk flight without much apprenticeship or perhaps sufficient regard for the hazards of the region below. The possibilities of damage in this way to the property of innocent parties has likewise been recently anticipated by a well-known marine insurance company that has not long since obtained powers to insure such risks.

It will thus be seen that present tendencies strongly point to the opening up in the near future of an entirely new field for insurance activity.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given, that a Dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of Two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 30th November, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches, on and after 1st December next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 23rd to the 30th November, both inclusive. By order of the Board,

J. TURNBULL, Gen. Mgr.

Hamilton, 18th Oct., 1909.

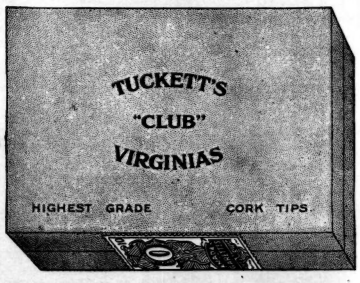
MANUFACTURERS OF ARTISTIC
GAS & ELECTRIC FIXTURES
THE JAMES MORRISON BRASS MFG CO. LIMITED
TORONTO

You are invited to call and inspect our goods For comparison on prices.

"Tronco" Port
BOTTLED IN OPORTO BY
TAYLOR, FLADGATE & YEATMAN
(Established 1692)
AGENTS--MESSRS. GEO. J. FOY, Ltd., TORONTO

HOLBROOK'S
Adds a delicious zest and piquancy to SOUPS, FISH, MEATS, POULTRY, GAME.
SAUCE
MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND——SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

When your stomach goes out of business eat
SHREDDED WHEAT
for ten mornings—then keep on eating it. It keeps the stomach sweet and clean and the bowels healthy and active.



The Strikingly High Quality of Tuckett's "Club" Cigarettes is Winning New Friends for This Brand Every Day.

Every man who knows how to appreciate a good cigarette, becomes a steady smoker of "Club" Cigarettes immediately he tries them.

These are the men this brand is made for—the critical smokers of Canada—men whose appreciation of the superlative in cigarettes is sufficient to warrant the highest endeavors of the manufacturer.

If *you* are one of those discriminating people, you will surely find in "Club" Cigarettes your ideal of a high-grade, satisfying smoke.

Tell the Man Behind the Counter—
"I Want Tuckett's 'Club' Cigarettes"
[5]

When you jump out of bed, jump for

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 30

LABATT'S PORTER

Recommended by physicians for nervous people. Taken at night, it acts as a harmless and very effective hypnotic. Calming and a nerve tonic—nourishes and strengthens. Palatable and without any disagreeable after effects.

"The Cigarette of Distinction"

"Craven"

A blend of various kinds of tobacco, of which the Turkish is just sufficiently predominant to give the cigarette individuality, distinction, character.

Ten for 15 cents

GALEN HALL

HOTEL AND SANATORIUM **ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.**

With its elegant comfort, its superior table and service and curative and tonic baths with trained attendants, is an ideal place for the winter. Always Open. Always Ready. Always Busy.

F. L. YOUNG, Gen'l Manager.

Halifax Shredded Codfish

(NOT A BONE IN IT.)

With a ten cent package you can make a tasty fish-ball breakfast, enough for the whole family

ASK YOUR GROCER.

FEARMAN'S HAMILTON Star Brand BACON

Is the Best Bacon

HOME DECORATION

Now is the time to think of re-decorating your home for the winter season. Let us give you an estimate. Office Phone, Main 2677. Residence 3 D'Arcy St.—Phone College 435.

JAMES J. O'HEARN & SON

Decorators

249 QUEEN STREET WEST

Phone Main 351. 28 Toronto St.

M. J. O'KEEFFE

FIRE PLACES

FLOOR AND WALL TILES

TORONTO

ON THE MISSISSIPPI

"EVERYTHING on th' ol' Mississip' 's been a heap diff'rent since the wah f'm what 'twas afo," said Caleb Mix, the veteran bartender on the Mississippi River packet City of Natchez. "Them days everybody 'peared to know just where he stood, and there wa'n't no struggl'in' an' heavin' up an' down for to get into a new place or to hang onto the place you had. A nigger was a nigger an' a gambler was a gambler an' a planter was just nachully king-pin o' the whole airth, an' there you was. But a'ter the wah nobody knowed who he was nor where he stood, an' mo' special he didn't know nothin' about how t'other feller stood.

"I reckon there wa'n't nobody hit harder 'n the gamblers was. Afo' the wah they was as reg'lar a part of a boat's outfit as the mate an' the rousters. They was a pizen lot. I never knowed one on 'em 't wa'n't a dog when you got at the reel inside of him but they knowed their place, same 's everybody else did, an' f'r the most part they kep' in it. More 'n that, they had a law o' their own, such as 'twas, an' they didn't never call on nobody for to settle their difficulties for 'em. If there was any settlin' to be did they 'tended to it their own selfs, 'thouten they'd get pulled up sudden like, case o' the old man catchin' 'em doin' dirt or somepin' like that.

"'Peared like there was on'y one thing what they reckoned as bein' wrong, an' that was f'r t'other feller to try to do 'em up crooked. If they catched anybody doin' that, or if anybody 'cused them o' doin' it there wa'n't no argument nor no puttin' it off. It were a case o' which'd be the quickest with his weepins.

"You'd think mebbe what that'd mean they was ay'ays fightin', bein' as there wa'n't none on 'em 't wouldn't play crooked his own self; but that wa'n't the way it worked out. Knowin' the other feller was just as liable for to shoot as he was made 'em hel roarin' careful not to get caught. Same as 'twas among gentlemen them days. If one on 'em insulted another he knowed he'd have to answer for it, an' that made 'em the most politest people there was. O' co'ss the gamblers copied 'em about that too, but the most o' the fights among the gamblers, when there was any, was over the card table.

"An' fight! Well, they sure would fight. One thing you couldn't never say ag'in no old time gambler 't I ever knowed was 't he'd shirk a fight, no matter whether he was right or wrong. 'Peared like they reckoned it was part o' their business an' they'd just as soon fight as deal cards. Just nachully they was al'ays p'pared. You mought find a gambler 'thouten any di'monds in his shirt if he'd been runnin' in hard luck. They wouldn't part with 'em till the very last, bein' as they was sort o' stock in trade, you mought say, but if it come to th' wu'st they'd sell th' di'monds or borry money on 'em.

"But you wouldn't never find a gambler 'thouten his weepins, whether they was knives or guns, an' what they carried was th' best 't money c'd buy. There wa'n't so many revolvers afore the war as there is now, bein' as they was new, an' wa'n't made like they was later on. There was some carried 'em reck'nin' that five or six shots was better'n one or two, but th' old time fighters was slow takin' 'em up. They useter claim what a man't knowed how to shoot but oncet or twicet anyway, an' they reckoned it was better to put a bullet into a man what was big enough to so't o' stun him an' turn him sick, even if it didn't kill, nor was it to fill him up full o' small holes. So a good many carried the old fashioned derringers. They was a wicked little rifle barrelled gun, no longer'n your finger, an' they mostly carried 'em in the vest pocket, but they carried a almighty big ball an' they shot like cannon. Some on 'em was double barrelled, but mostly they carried 'em in pairs, single barrel.

Then there was a good many that didn't cotton to nothin' in the way o' firearms. They useter say what a man with a gun hadn't no show anyway a'ter he'd emptied it. O' course the gun fighters'd say a man had no business to miss when he fired, but the others'd answer that a good many did miss into a fight no matter how clever they was an' the thing to have was a knife. A man could keep usin' that as long's he c'd stand an' see, an' was liable for to do mo' damage with it nor he could with a gun any way.

"Don't ast me which on 'em was right. I reckon any man is best off with the kind o' weapon he c'n use best, an' I've saw some monstrous good work done both ways. Bull Mathews an' Bill Pinckney was settin' in a game one night on the old Creole Belle with two other gamblers. There wa'n't no suckers on the boat that trip, an' it was dog eat dog. They'd been playin' f'r a hour or two, an' consid'able money 'd changed hands, when somepin' was said about a foul hand, an' the lie was passed. I was in the s'loon at the time, an' I heer'd the words, but afo' I c'd make out who 'twas talkin' Mathews fired f'm his vest pocket, not takin' time to draw. An' at the same time Pinckney drawed a knife f'm the back of his neck an' throwed it in the same motion. They hadn't neither one on 'em rose f'm his chair, an' they didn't neither on 'em get up a'ter that, bein' they was both dead.

"You couldn't tell, f'm nothin' like that, which was best, a knife 'r a gun, bein' they was both best, but I seen one fight on the Belle o' th' Bayous when even Cap'n Foss wa'n't quick enough to stop the shootin', an' there was two shots fired, but the man with the knife got his man first.

"It was a case where three p'fessionals an' three gentlemen was playin' together, an' one o' th' p'fessionals was playin' ag'in the other two. 'Twa'n't of'n 't anythin' like that'd happen, but Rud Gwaltney butted into the game a'ter Jim Halloway an' Harry Bassett had got three suckers roped. They didn't like it, o' course, but Rud was a man nobody keered to pick a fight with.

"I reckon it were a good thing f'r the suckers what he done it, f'r Bassett an' Halloway was two o' the slickest there was, an' if it hadn't 'a' been f'r Gwaltney likely they'd ha' skun the suckers in no time. More'n likely Gwaltney 'd ha' did 'em up his own self if it hadn't 'a' been for th' other two, f'r he was as crooked as any on 'em, but he knowed he was bein' watched as clost as they was, an' I reckon the game was tol'able nigh bein' on the level f'r the first part of it, anyway.

"They was playin' tol'able high an' there was quite some lookin' on, bein' as 'twas well known what Bassett an' Gwaltney 'd had trouble afo', an' there wa'n't never no tellin' what mought happen into a game as ser'ous as what that un was; more special as Cap'n Foss was watchin' it, an' it was knowed up an' down the river what he didn't make no bones o' stoppin' a game if he seen anythin' outen the way let alone puttin' a man asho' in the woods if he catched him playin' funny.

"Well, there was a young cotton factor fr'm New Orleans in the game what was havin' consid'able of a run o' luck, an' him an' a old Judge fr'm Helena, Ark., what was holdin' some good cards had two or three runins, the cotton factor gettin' the best on it, so there come to be consid'able feelin' betwixt 'em, not a fightin' sperrit, mind ye, but a strong hankerin' for to do each other. They hadn't had no struggle any time when one o' the p'fessionals was dealin' an' there wa'n't no thought o' crooked play, but the Judge was just a-yearnin for to get back at the cotton factor, an' he didn't hide his feelin's none too well.

"Bimeby it come Bull Mathews's deal, an' the cotton factor made the ante two call five. They 'd been playin' a dollar ante afore an' it looked like what most likely what 'twas, just a effort to plug his luck along, but there didn't nobody make no 'bjections, an' the next man, he was a planter fr'm Los'sianny, he come in. Gwaltney set next an' he trailed, but th' old Judge he boosted it $10. I c'd see Bassett look at Mathews, but I reckon he didn't get no signal an' he lay down, but Mathews he studied his hand a spell and then trailed.

"That brung it back to the age, an' he made it $10 more. The planter he studied, an' then he fingered his chips like he was goin' to boost it again, but finally he just trailed. What he had I dunno, but he give everybody the idee 't he was tol'able strong, an' the only reason he hadn't rose it afo' was long o' settin' where he did.

"Gwaltney never turned a hair, but he made good on the double raise, an' set back, waitin'. They said the on'y fault in his play was 't he was liable to take long chances in the draw.

"Then the Judge, he says, 'I reckon this is where I get some o' my chips back, an' he rose it $50. 'Twa'n't no good play if he wanted to keep th' others in, but 'peared like he was aimin' mostly at the factor. If he was he got what he was a'ter, for t'others all lay down, but the factor went back at him with another hundred. It was a tol'able stiff play, an' I c'd see it puzzled the Judge, but it didn't stagger him, not for a minute. All's he says was, 'Well, you may have a bigger hand 'n I think, but I'll see that bet, 'and' he covered it.

"Then the factor, he kind o' smiles, an' he says 'Yo mought give me one card,' an' Mathews slips it to him, but before the Judge could say whether he wanted any or not Gwaltney speaks up, as quiet as if he'd been astin' f'r a cup of coffee, an' he says, 'I wouldn't advise you to take that card, sir, not if you need one to fill yo' hand, I wouldn't. Yo' see it didn't come f'm off'n the top o' the deck.'

"I never knowed, nor nobody else never did, what made him make a break like that, 'thouten he'd made up his mind to have it out with Mathews and' wouldn't wait no longer.

"Cap'n Foss he was standin' behind Mathews an' not more'n four foot from him. He made a jump, an' he was consid'able quicker'n a cat, too, but afore he c'd reach him, Mathews had a derringer in each hand an' had fired twicet. 'Peared like he must ha' been lookin' f'r Gwaltney to do somepin' an' was ready to shoot afore he done it.

"Anyway he shot straight, an' both bullets was found in Gwaltney's brain later. 'Peared like he must ha' been plumb dead when he riz outen his chair, but he riz all right, an' when he reached across the table he had his bowie in his hand. More'n that he had such a grip onto it that when he fell he drug Mathews down with him, f'r be done drove it plumb to the hilt down inside Mathews collar-bone.

"Well, that was all there was to that. Both on 'em was stone dead, so there wa'n't nothin' to be did, an' even at that they didn't 'pear to settle the question whether a knife is better'n a gun or whether 'tain't."—From New York Sun.

Personality in Railroading.

THAT an attractive personality is one of the most valuable assets in business life, and particularly in the railroad service, is the belief of George A. Cullen, General Passenger Agent of the Lackawanna Railroad. No matter in what department of the railroad a man is employed, if his personal characteristics render him companionable among his fellows a tremendous obstacle has been surmounted on the road to success. Then, too, if an employee is pleasant and agreeable in his dealings with the public, he will avoid a great proportion of the alleged grievances on the part of passengers.

Mr. Cullen has devised a "standard of fitness' by which to measure the efficiency of railroad men. They should have a thorough understanding of all the technical details that pertain to the duties of their positions, but should give requested information in plain and simple language that the layman may readily understand. All trainmen should have a proper regard for their personal appearance. A fund of general information is invaluable, and any extra or unexpected attention or information that may be offered is always appreciated and remembered by the anxious passenger. Last but greatest of the elements that make up an attractive personality is that of kindliness, a quality that can save trainmen from many disagreeable situations which inevitably arise.

The Committee of Ontario Motor League has just fixed the date of the Canadian Automobile Show, to be held in Toronto from February 24 to March 3, under the auspices of the League. The Show will be managed by E. M. Wilcox, who is the secretary of the League.

The St. Lawrence Arena has been secured from the city for these dates, and will be thoroughly heated and handsomely decorated for the purpose.

Owing to the great increase in the use of automobiles in Canada of late the exhibition will be the largest of the kind ever held in this country. The manager states that there will be a shortage of space for exhibitors. Applications are being received now.

The League is arranging to hold a Provincial Convention and Banquet. similar to the one held last year, during the week of the Show.

ST. PATRICK'S CHAPTER R. A. M.

Excursion to Buffalo Wednesday, Nov. 24th.—$2.10 *Return*, $2.10.

St. Patrick's Chapter Royal Arch Masons Excursion will leave Toronto via Canadian Pacific 9.20 a.m. fast train Wednesday, Nov. 24. Tickets are good for return any train on Wednesday or Thursday following, which gives passengers opportunity of spending American Thanksgiving Day in Buffalo. Parlor car attached to train. Tickets on sale with Committee or Canadian Pacific ticket offices, southeast corner King and Yonge streets, King Edward Hotel and Union Station.

DETROIT, CHICAGO, AND THE WEST, MONTREAL, QUEBEC, PORTLAND, NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK.

The acknowledged favorite route is the Grand Trunk double-tracked line—the only one. Three trains daily for the West, at 8 a.m., International Limited; 4.40 p.m., and Night Express at 11 p.m.

Four trains East, the 9 a.m and 10.15 p.m. being the fastest and best.

It is necessary to secure reservations in advance at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.

To love a good woman is a liberal education. To love a lady of fashion is a commercial education.—Leslie's Weekly.

Do You Wish to Share in the Prosperity of Golden Western Canada?

THEN HERE IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY!

THE

Western Farmers Elevator & Milling Co.,

Limited

Head Offices:—LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA, CANADA

Capital $100,000, divided into 100,000 Shares of $1.00 each.

Directors:—J. Graham, C. A. Nielsen. Secretary:—C. G. Bell.

This Company now offers the remaining 50,000 shares of their Capital Stock to the public on the same terms as the first issue, viz., price 50c. per share, payable 20c. on application, 20c. on May 1st, 1910, and 20c. on August 1st, 1910.

Our first issue was for the purpose of obtaining money to erect three grain elevators of about 30,000 bushels capacity, each at the following places: Bow Island, Winnifred, and Seven Persons. The shares were all subscribed for within 11 days of the issue of the prospectus.

The issue of the remaining 50,000 shares is for the purpose of obtaining money to erect two additional elevators, one at Burdett and one at Chin, thus giving us a chain of elevators at towns for a distance of 80 miles along the Canadian Pacific Railway, to which is tributary OVER THREE MILLION ACRES OF THE FINEST WHEAT LAND IN THE WORLD, and to erect a mill of about 100 barrels capacity per day at Bow Island.

We have selected Bow Island as the most suitable place to erect our mill for two reasons: First, NATURAL GAS has been discovered near the place in enormous quantities. One well is the second largest in the world and has a flow sufficient to produce 35,000 horse power constantly.

We have arranged to secure a supply sufficient to produce 100 horse power for $1.05 per day of 10 hours. Consider this for a moment. Compare this with mills at Lethbridge and other places where fuel costs from $18.00 to $20.00 per 100 horse power per day—it means a clear SAVING TO THE SHAREHOLDERS of at least $17.00 PER DAY.

Another reason for selecting Bow Island is that it is in the centre of our chain of elevators and is the largest grain producing centre between Taber and Medicine Hat—by building the mill joining our elevator we will be able to handle the grain into the mill in the most economical manner.

ESTIMATED PROFITS

To those who are not familiar with the Elevator and Milling business, let us give a few conservative figures: A 30,000 bushel elevator will easily handle 150,000 bushels of grain during a season. The usual charge for handling the grain and loading into cars, including storage for 15 days, is 2 cents per bushel, which will produce a revenue of $3,000 for each elevator, or $15,000 for the five. The charge for elevator storage is three-fourths of a cent per bushel per month and as many farmers hold their grain until the following Spring the elevators are always full all Winter. Figuring three months' storage, that will produce a further revenue of at least $3.000, which brings the total earnings to $18,000.

The annual operating expenses cannot by any possible combination of circumstances exceed $4,750.00 for the five elevators, leaving us a net balance of $13,750.00.

Our mill, with a capacity of 100 barrels per day and with flour selling at from $2.50 to $3.25 per hundred, and middlings at 75 cents per hundred, will, with wheat selling at 80 cents per bushel, give us a revenue of $63.00 per day; from which deduct $19.00 per day for operating expenses and we have a net income of $44.00 per day, or over $14,000 per year.

Our total net earnings will enable us, after setting aside a sum for sinking fund, to pay a 25 per cent. dividend on the capital.

We will always be able to keep our mill running at its full capacity; the mills in Lethbridge are running day and night full capacity and are behind with their orders.

Don't forget that we have NO COMPETITION. There is not an elevator or a mill in the territory we are operating in, and with the majority of the farmers giving us their support through being shareholders our unqualified success is assured.

With elevators and mills earning such enormous dividends, is it any wonder that shares in companies only two years old, for which 75c. was paid at formation, are now selling for $1.50?

Elevator and milling shares are as safe as a bank and pay much greater returns.

REMEMBER we have been given FREE SITES at every place where we are erecting. These sites are valuable now and a few years hence will be a considerable asset. The town of Bow Island has exempted us from taxation for a period of five years.

You need have no hesitation in investing your money in this enterprise, as the Directors are landowners here, and are large shareholders, they are determined to manage the Company in a most economical and businesslike manner.

Another point for your consideration is that there are no dead-head, or promoter's, shares in this Company. Not a share has been given away or sold for less than 60c.

If you have any friends in this locality write and ask them their opinion of this Company, and its prospects, or write any bank here or Secretary, Board of Trade.

Our subscription lists close in a few days, so DON'T DELAY. Fill out form BELOW and MAIL TO-DAY. THIS AD. WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

Make cheques, money orders, etc., payable to Western Farmers Elevator and Milling Co., Limited.

For further information address the Secretary.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES

THE WESTERN FARMERS ELEVATOR & MILLING CO.,
LIMITED
P. O. Box 1839, Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada

Please allott me.....shares in the Western Farmers Elevator & Milling Co., Limited, price 60c. per share, par value $1.00, fully paid and non-assessable.

I agree to accept the above, or any less number, which may be allotted me.

I enclose $....., being at rate of 20c. per share, and agree to pay 20c. per share on May 1st, 1910, and the final 20c. per share on August 1st, 1910.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

OCCUPATION.....

DATE.....

Mr. Man, does your necktie stick in your high fold collar? Don't stand it! Get a Mitchell "Slide-Easy" Tie and forget the old fashioned kind.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL!

Mitchell Slide-Easy Tie COPYRIGHTED

LICENSED MANUFACTURERS

PAT. NOV. 1908 No. 904710

All first-class shops keep, or can get them in the very newest effects —50c to $1.00. If yours will not, write for addresses of shops in Canada which have them.

Mitchell Slide-Easy Tie Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

It is Not Too Early to Select Your CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

We have just opened out for your inspection, some nice Fancy Shawls, Rugs, Dressing Gowns and Dressing Sacques These are of the finest Jaeger Pure Wool.

Shawls, in Fancy Lace Designs, from $1.00 to $4.00.

Dressing Sacques from $3.00 to $6.00.
Dressing Gowns at $8, $10, $12 and $15.

See our range of Camel's Hair Specialties, such as Sweater Coats, Waistcoats, Neck Scarfs, Motor Coats, Storm Caps, etc. These are made from the finest Camel's Hair and Wool. In this you get the warmth without weight.

All Jaeger's Fine Wool Underwear in stock. Nine different weights to choose from. Prices range from $1.50 garment up.

Ask for our new Catalogue of the Jaeger Specialties for the Holiday Season.

WREYFORD & CO.
86 KING St WEST
Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

SWORD MAKE
...NECKWEAR...
Look for this label on the tie you buy
BEST BY TEST

Before you go home from work be sure you have placed your order for a case of—

Cosgrave's Pale Ale

CANADA'S FINEST

Is that the pleasure of the house?

IT'S A VOTE

It's the house people who really know about the quality of the Coal, for that's where the test is made. Try CROWN Coal this year. It's the best that's mined.

THE CROWN COAL CO.
LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE: 97 KING ST WEST
Phones: Main 6058 and 6054.

COMMENDADOR PORT WINE
(FEUERHEERD'S)
The Port of olden time—Tawny—rich—sustaining. 25 years old.
John Robertson & Son Limited, Montreal
CANADIAN AGENTS

THE YORKVILLE LAUNDRY
Will help you with your house cleaning
PHONE MAIN 1580
47 ELM STREET

Men's Wear

WHAT mere man must wear for the season of 1909-10, according to the latest dictates of not only genteel but practical service, has manifested itself in some of the sanest and most sedate dress modes that we have seen for several seasons. That this should happen to be true just now is due to both direct and reverse influences.

During the past two seasons, we have seen on the streets certain "Rah rah" conceptions of dress, of happily, American and not Canadian origin. Description of these clothes is not necessary. They were called extreme, freaks, fads and many other worse things. They were never adopted or considered seriously by men who pretended to take a dignified interest in what was proper to wear.

Changing style is the life of the business, the tailors tell us, and they therefore encourage anything that will help them to sell more clothes. In the present situation, however, the exaggerated features in clothing were carried too far. Even the faddishly inclined grew tired of the attention they attracted and the unfavorable comment they evoked. They wanted something less ornate. The designers immediately appreciated the change and they turned out garments which expressed the refinement of neatness and simplicity.

The experience, however, taught the tailors a lesson. The fact that the influence of the young man could support for any length of time exaggerated features convinced them that the young man was the individual whose fancy they must cultivate. Accordingly, the attire of the present is being made with the young man in full view, to the exclusion of his seniors and everybody else.

Silk-figured vest for informal evening wear.

Such an authority as The Sartorial World emphasizes this idea in the following terms:—

The young man has come to stay as a factor in fashions. Time was when the young man was so young, to use a figure of speech, that he did not ask for fashions tor himself to any large extent, but was satisfied with modifications of the fashions as planned and made for mature men. All that is gone, and to-day the young man demands fashions differing definitely from those made for his father, and especially suited to his figure, his tastes, and it must be admitted, his whims. The young man of the twentieth century is a more important figure altogether than was the young man of the nineteenth century; the world demands young men for trade and business, as well as for the arts and sciences, and brings the youth of the land forward, not only in the world's estimation, but in the estimation of that youth.

In informal or business day dress, the sack coat models which indicate perhaps more than any other garment the tendencies of the season appear in smart distinctive form. If anything the correct sack coat will be a little shorter than in the past. Where the coats of last season were semi-fitting with just the suggestion of a flare over the hips, they now drape nearly straight from the shoulders. The form defining styles passed out with the "fussy" clothes.

Following the desire for sedate and dignified modes, the accessories of men's dress will assume the same characteristics as the clothes. In the development of this tendency, one color scheme which is just now demanding attention is quite appropriate. It resolves itself into the elementary shades of black and white. This according to the best authorities is being worn by the smartest men and is developing in cravats, shirts, waistcoats and half-hose. The fad is an imported one and it has found approval in the most exclusive London and New York circles.

New English spun silk scarf for evening wear.

The evening dress modes show some style changes worthy of note, for both formal and informal occasions. A revival of the shawl collar in dress coats as a variation from the conventional notch collar is predicted. The new coats will be tailored so that the collar hugs close in such a way that it forms a perfect V, with the usual difficulty of the fold gaping and hanging open eliminated.

* * *

THE OPERA HAT.

Have you ever stood in the foyer of the Princess or the Alexandra watching the crowd enter or leave. If you have paid particular attention to the male occupants of the boxes and some of the orchestra chairs, you will notice that many of them wear evening clothes of both formal and informal character. But the hats,—how many of them are wearing the opera hats that their dress and occasion calls for. About one in every seven. The others are wearing outing caps of all sorts, shapes and vintages.

To say that these men offend the commonest rules of good form is putting it mildly. In all other details they may be correct in so far as the costume they have chosen to wear, but the cap in this environment is an incongruity that mars the atmosphere of the occasion. To see a gentleman in the company of smartly gowned ladies enter a theatre wearing on his head something that has doubtless seen service on the links—how can it be excused?

Opera Hat.

* * *

COLLARS FOR EVENING WEAR.

The steady popularity of the fold-over model collar has endured now for several seasons with only slight variations in the shapes. The neatness of the latest "close-meeting" models has brought it increasing favor, which would almost indicate that it would encroach upon the established modes of evening wear. Indeed it has been noticed in New York in conjunction with the frock coat and morning coat and even the dinner jacket. Its appearance nevertheless excited comment and even censure. Among those who are guided by even the ordinary observances, its incongruity will be apparent. But the correct collar for evening wear is not by any means exempt from innovation. Two or three shapes share the current approval, with the straight standing "poke" slightly bent at the points holding pre-eminence. The current English fashions bring us a new model, a picture of which is shown here. This shape is said to be the latest correct form and is very popular in London. It is rather low-set with rounded tabs set close in and worn with a tie drawn into a small knot.

Informal evening wear is feeling the influence of the generally sedate dress standards, which have been adopted this autumn. None of the fads to which informality gave license are any longer countenanced. In the smart clubs and restaurants, one sees nothing but dinner jackets of rough surfaced plain black cloth, with the tie and waist-coat in black or black and white silk. Waistcoats for both formal and informal usage still retain a touch of novelty in materials, and we are to see white and light grey with self figures or black satin stripes.

In deference to the coming vogue of black and white the black bow tie must be accorded receive the preference although white pique will still hold a measure of favor. The hand-made knot will as usual be worn by those who have good enough dress taste to make the knot look well. Some stores wtih an eye to the convenience of dress requisites are providing these bows done up in neat envelopes for the pocket. These are especially provided for the wearer who is under the necessity of changing his tie or his collar during an evening.

Pure silk crochetted scarf.

* * *

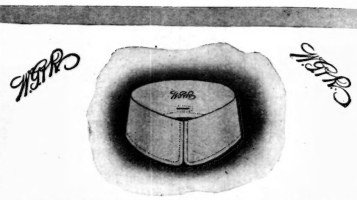
EVENING SCARFS.

The pure silk crocheted mufflers which were adopted as a part of correct evening dress last season will be seen again this winter. This form of neck-dress is one of the most graceful and pleasing to be seen for some seasons past and while it may change in color and shape according to individual whims, it will undoubtedly be recognized as a requisite of correct evening usage for some time to come. Its beautiful texture and easy natural folds have caused it to entirely supersede the old padded and quilted varieties which were shaped to the neck. In addition to the illustration here given, there comes from England word of a tubular scarf of fine spun silk. Being longer than the crocheted scarf, the new one is worn as shown in the illustration.

The hats for this season show no startling variations in style from those of last year. For the younger men, the small neat blocks are favored and one of them is illustrated herewith. This shape shows a pronounced leaning toward well-known English models. For the older men, the blocks are of more imposing proportions and show but little distinction from the shapes of last year. In New York, cloth hats are said to be again in vogue but the shops here have not yet featured them to any extent.

THE CLUBMAN.

THE LATEST SHAPES IN MEN'S HATS.



"THE COLLAR OF A GENTLEMAN."

The careful dresser will surely appreciate this collar.

Known as the "Savoy," it sells at "3 for 50 cents"—To be found in all the best shops.

Note the graceful lines. A collar becoming to most men and good to wear the year 'round.

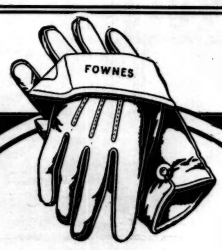
All linen bearing the trade-mark is certain to give satisfaction to the fastidious.

GRAND PRIX PARIS, 1900. STYLE QUALITY DISTINCTION LINCOLN BENNETT & Co. Ltd.

By Appointment to H.M. THE KING, H.M. THE QUEEN, H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND ROYAL FAMILY.

There's "character," style and high quality in every hat we make. It will pay you to look for the "Lincoln, Bennett" label.

"Lincoln, Bennett" Silk Hats are recognized by gentlemen the world over, as the highest standard for quality and style.



PERFECT FIT
EXPERT WORKMANSHIP
SPECIALLY SELECTED SKINS
These are the characteristics of
FOWNES GLOVES
which mark them as worthy of their world-wide reputation as the standard of glove quality.

Musk Ox-Robes

We have purchased all the Musk Ox Pelts sold on the London Market this year.

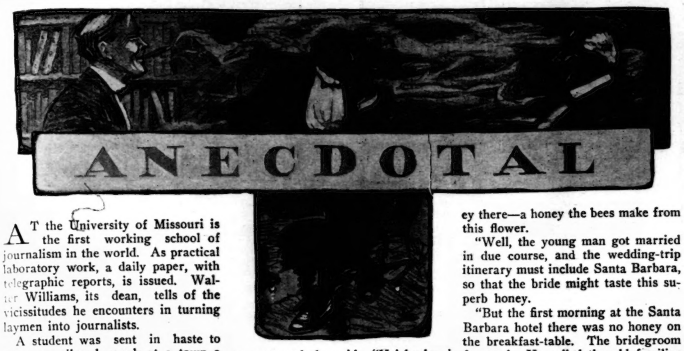
We have had the exclusive lot tanned to perfection and the Tanner declares they are the best specimens he ever cured. The fur is a deep brown-black except the small buff-colored centre, and every well kept robe will increase in value every year. We have them in all sizes suitable for sleighs, automobiles, pony sleighs, or any other kind of vehicle, and they can be used as floor rugs. The prices range from $100 to $250, and will be worth twice that amount in a few years' time.

This will be your only chance to purchase a genuine Musk Ox Robe for some years to come, as the law now forbids the killing of the animal and we control the whole output, which will be disposed of this season.

Write us to-day. Your inquiry will receive our personal attention and we will explain to you our plan by which you can see the robe before paying for it.

Lamontagne Limited.

Makers of High Class HARNESS, TRUNKS, BAGS, Etc.
BALMORAL BLOCK, - - MONTREAL



AT the University of Missouri is the first working school of journalism in the world. As practical laboratory work, a daily paper, with telegraphic reports, is issued. Walter Williams, its dean, tells of the vicissitudes he encounters in turning laymen into journalists.

A student was sent in haste to cover a railroad wreck at a town a few miles away. It was almost time for the daily to go to press, and still no word had been received from the young man on the assignment.

In desperation Dean Williams telegraphed, asking why the story was not forthcoming. The reply was:

"Too much excitement. Wait till things quiet down."

* * *

SOME Federal officers in the American Civil War once sought shelter for the night in an old tumbled down hut. About two o'clock a polecat announced its presence in its own peculiar way. A German sat up and looked helplessly about him. The others were all sleeping peacefully.

Photographer to eminent landscape painter: "I see you still stick to the old-fashioned 'and-made type of picture."—The Tatler.

"Mein gracious!" he exclaimed, in tones of despair. "All the resht ashleep und I'v got to shmell it all!'

* * *

MARTIN BECK, the vaudeville magnate, tells of an effective cure for the human bore. A steel magnate fell under the spell of one of the species who talked to him eloquently for half an hour about grand opera. At the first pause the steel man remarked solemnly, "I tell you, sir, there are no lobsters like Maine lobsters."

"No doubt," replied the bewildered persecutor, "no doubt. But what has that to do with what I was talking about?"

The steel man suppressed a yawn. "By the way," he said, "what were you talking about?"

* * *

TWO "jags" were ambling homeward at an early hour, after being out nearly all night.

"Don't your wife miss you on these occasions?" asked one.

"Not often," replied the other; "she throws pretty straight."

* * *

AS was noted in SATURDAY NIGHT a week or so ago, Lily Langtry's recently published novel has been a failure. At all events the book ought to be witty, as the following story would suggest. It is told by a Chicago publisher:

"Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry's title now) is a very witty person. Her wit is audacious. I'll never forget a specimen of it that enlivened a Michigan Avenue dinner party on her last American tour. Lady de Bathe during dinner said to a woman seated near her:

"'Who is that fat man over there with the curious blue face?'

"'That is my husband,' the woman answered, her voice tremulous with rage.

"'Oh, how fortunate!' said Lady de Bathe. 'You're the very person I wanted to meet. Now, tell me, is he blue all over?'"

* * *

A HAPPILY married woman, who had enjoyed thirty-three years of wedlock, and who was the grandmother of four beautiful little children, had an amusing old colored woman for a cook.

One day when a box of especially beautiful flowers was left for the mistress the cook happened to be present, and she said: "Yo' husband send you all the pretty flowers you gits, Missy?"

"Certainly, my husband, mammy," proudly answered the lady.

"Glory!" exclaimed the cook, "he suttenly am holdin' out well."

* * *

"MOTHER," remarked the small boy, "isn't it funny that everybody calls little brother a bouncing baby?"

"Why do you think it's funny, William?" returned his mother.

"Because, when I dropped him off the porch this morning he didn't bounce a bit. He just hollered."

* * *

AT the death of the Duke of Wellington the whole diplomatic corps was invited to the funeral at St. Paul's. The French ambassador, on receiving his invitation, was very much upset. He hurried off to his colleague of Russia, Baron Brunnow, and confided to him the difficulty in which he was placed.

"The queen," he said, "expects us to go to St. Paul's to the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. How can I go, considering the injuries which the duke inflicted on my country? What shall I do?"

Baron Brunnow listened gravely to his colleague's exposition and then replied:

"As the duke is dead," he said, "I think you can safely go to the funeral. If you were asked to attend his resurrection, I should say refuse the invitation."

* * *

A TRAVELLER who recently made a trip through Liberia, wrote home to a friend, describing what he had seen. He had been from Monravia to the interior. He described in his letter the very primitive people he met with on his journeyings. He got off rather a neat thing about women. "The young woman of these regions," he wrote, "suggests the prophet to you—she has so little on her in her own country."

* * *

ETHEL, aged six, had gone down the village street with her new doll. It could be plainly seen that she was in dire distress. She stood still, and after a close scrutiny of several men who passed she accosted one.

"Say, are you an honest man?" she demanded.

"Why, yes, I think so," was astonished reply.

"Well, then, if you're *sure* you're an honest man," said the little maid, "please hold my dolly while I tie my shoe."

* * *

WHILE riding on an electric car, during his first visit to the city, a farmer passed the yard of a monument company, where gravestones and monuments were displayed. Turning to his host, he remarked in an awe-stricken voice:

"They dew bury 'em close in the city, don't they?"

* * *

LUTHER M. BURBANK, the plant wizard of California, said of honey, apropos of a flower that bees love:

"This flower grows abundantly near Santa Barbara, and there was once a young Californian who often visited a leading Santa Barbara hotel because they have such excellent honey there—a honey the bees make from this flower.

"Well, the young man got married in due course, and the wedding-trip itinerary must include Santa Barbara, so that the bride might taste this superb honey.

"But the first morning at the Santa Barbara hotel there was no honey on the breakfast-table. The bridegroom frowned. He called the old familiar waiter over to him.

"Where's my honey?" he demanded.

"The waiter hesitated, looked awkwardly at the bride, then bent toward the young man's ear and in a stage whisper stammered:

"'Er—Mamie don't work here no more, sir.'"

* * *

A CERTAIN portly gentleman has been guiltless of any strenuous acts these many years. Recently his house caught fire. Volumes of smoke rolled in from the kitchen. Catching up his walking-stick and clapping his hat firmly on his head, he started with firm steps for the front door. As he went through the hall he shouted lustily:

"Girls! girls! Fire! Save the piano!"

* * *

MR. HOWARD was a man of exceedingly few words. He positively disliked to talk as an Indian dislikes to smile. One day he went into a music store to buy the music of an opera for his sister. The clerk came up and to him Mr. Howard said in his quiet way:

"'Mikado' libretto."

The salesman frowned.

"What's that?" he asked.

"'Mikado' libretto," repeated the other.

"Me no speakee Italiano," said the clerk, shaking his head.

* * *

A MOTOR-CAR, proceeding down a busy London street the other day, was blocked by a wagon drawn by two underfed-looking horses. The driver seemed in no particular hurry to clear out of the way, and at last one of the occupants of the motor-car, desiring to appear funny, in a loud, sarcastic voice exclaimed:—

"Here, I say, my man, what are these things you are driving? What are they for, I should like to know?"

"These 'ere, guv'nor?" answered the carter, flicking the horses with his whip. "Oh, these is wot is commonly called 'orses, an' they're sometimes used fer to take motorists to the horspital!"

* * *

A TEACHER was giving a "Lesson on the Cow." She was trying to impress on their young minds the various uses of milk. Butter, cheese, etc., had been disposed of, and she wanted some bright child to tell how the farmer gave the surplus milk to the pigs. Leading up to this, she asked this question:—

"Now children, after the farmer has made all the butter and cheese he needs and uses what milk he wants for his family, what does he do with the milk that still remains?"

Dead silence followed for a moment, and then one little hand waved frantically.

The teacher smiled and said, "Well Tommy?"

"He pours it back into the cow," piped Tommy.

* * *

HERE is a story told by a drummer about a drummer and a pretty waitress. Here is what happened, according to report:

The dapper little travelling man glanced at the menu and then looked up at the pretty waitress. "Nice day, little one," he began.

"Yes, it is," she answered, "and so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I'm a little peach, and have pretty blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while and like the place, and I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working in a hotel; if I did I'd quit my job; and my wages are satisfactory; and I don't know if there is a show or dance in town to-night, and if there is I shall not go with you, and I'm from the country, and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is cook in this hotel, and he weighs 200 pounds, and last week he wiped up this dining-room floor with a fresh $50-a-month travelling man who tried to make a date with me. Now, what'll you have?"

The dapper little travelling man said he was not very hungry, and a cup of coffee and some cakes would do.

* * *

A COUPLE of pickpockets followed a gentleman for some blocks with a view of availing themselves of the first opportunity to relieve him of his purse. He suddenly turned into a lawyer's office.

"What shall we do now?" asked one.

"Wait for the lawyer," said the other.

* * *

EMPEROR FRANCIS of Austria and his empress once attended the performance of a play which abounded in political allusions. On leaving the theatre he remarked, good-naturedly:

"We may congratulate ourselves on having seen the piece at all, for I am sure that it will be speedily forbidden."

* * *

A SCHOOL inspector, noted for his idiosyncrasies, happened to notice that a terrestrial globe in one of the class-rooms was very dusty. This annoyed him, and, putting his finger on the globe, he cried out:

"There's dust here an inch thick!"

"It's thicker than that, sir," calmly replied the new teacher.

"What do you mean?" asked the inspector sharply.

"Why," came the answer, "you've got your finger on the desert of Sahara."

* * *

AN old colored man, who could neither read nor write, and who had been found by his master to be deficient in his market-book accounts, blamed the butcher for tampering with his book. The gentleman of the house remonstrated by saying:

"But, Tom, figures don't lie."

"No," answered the old man, "but liars do figger."

* * *

A BOSTON girl the other day said to a Southern friend who was visiting her, as two men rose in a car to give them seats:

"Oh, I wish they would not do it."

"Why not? I think it is very nice of them," said her friend, settling herself comfortably.

"Yes, but one can't thank them, you know, and it is so awkward."

"Can't thank them! Why not?"

"Why, you would not speak to a strange man, would you?" said the Boston maiden, to the astonishment of her Southern friend.

* * *

TWO farmers of the old school stood upon the platform of a railway station the other day, when a lady passed dressed in the height of fashion.

"There, John," said one, "what do you think of that lady?"

John eyed her for a minute and then said:—

"Ah, Bill, it is bad ground that takes so much top-dressing."

* * *

A CITIZEN was reading his paper the other evening, when suddenly he looked up and remarked to his wife:

"Just think of it! One person in every 37 in England is a pauper."

"Why, John," she returned, "it isn't so. I met more than 37 people in London last summer myself, and there wasn't a pauper in the lot."

* * *

IN a corridor of a certain University building there is a large replica of "The Winged Victory." A waggishly-inclined student observed the headless, armless, footless statue, and wrote underneath:

"God pity Defeat!"

HERO WORSHIP

Archie: "By Jove, you Johnnies, I see here's some Johnny dived into a mine or something, and saved three other Johnnies—(No reply; then, with some indignation)—Must say I think it was rather decent of him!"—Punch.

A Peevish Plant.

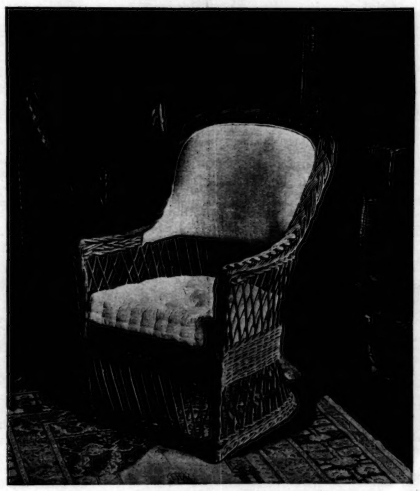
THE learned writers for the press
Are very, very good
At proving how we waste on dress
Or furbelows or food.
Each writer new who makes his bow
With other sages vies
To show the unhappy mortals how
They may economize.

They tell us of the thrifty French,
Who all excesses shun.
But I'm not anxious to retrench;
It isn't any fun.
I'm weary of this endless song;
I wish some seer wise
Would show us how to get along
And not economize.

WILLOW-WARE

An Exposition of Its Artistic Possibilities

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED.



EVER since some fortunate mortal heard the pipes of Pan among the willows, these trees have held a charm for mankind that is not entirely lost, even after they are woven into chairs. We have some fascinating examples of willow-ware from England and elsewhere, which we think will interest you.

Look at the chair shown here—beautifully made and upholstered, all ready for you to choose its covering of attractive chintz, cretonne or denim, some material that will make it just the chair for your living-room or bed-room.

We offer you this chair covered in any half-dollar-a-yard material you may choose in our upholstery department for the very low sum of seven dollars and a half.

Beginning on this week, we make a special display of these chairs and the materials suitable for covering them; take Queen Street elevators to our fourth floor.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO

PERRIN GLOVES

O'K

The Ale You Have Always Wanted

O'KEEFE'S Ale is the kind you have read about—and heard about—and longed to try.

It is a pure, old, creamy brew—with a flavor that delights and satisfies.

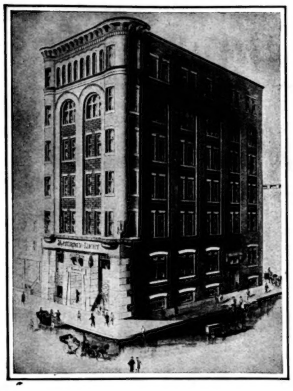
And you may drink all of it you like. Being extra mild, it won't make you bilious.

If you want a real treat, treat yourself to a case of

O'KEEFE'S
"Special" Extra Mild Ale

"The Beer that is always O.K."

At all Dealers', Hotels and Cafes. 130



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a thirty-two-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone {Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments.} Main {6640 6641

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:
Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL.

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$3.00
Six Months	1.50
Three Months	.75

Postage to European and countries other than Great Britain and Colonies $1.50 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 23. TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 27, 1909. No. 7.

!?. POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE .?!

Buying Corregios.

ONE of the older residents of Toronto was recently telling of a capitalist, long since deceased, who had made a fortune by the purchase of rags and the development of the industries of which they are the raw material. In time he set up a mansion which he was desirous should not be surpassed in the land, and engaged in the process of filling it with works of art. Some one told him that no mansion was complete without a Corregio, and, having business in England with regard to the shipment of a vast consignment of rags, he decided to pick up a Corregio or two if he got a chance.

He happened to meet an old Toronto friend who was a university man and familiar with art subjects, and asked him where he could get one. He would like to see one anyway. The friend took him to the South Kensington Museum, and finally came upon a small specimen of the painter's work.

"Oh, that's a little one," exclaimed the capitalist, "how much would it be worth?"

"Somewhere in the neighborhood of ten thousand pounds," said his friend.

"Pshaw!" was the reply. "I can buy pictures like that in Montreal for $27 a-piece.

A few weeks later the cultured friend met the capitalist in London again; he had been to Paris in the meantime.

"What about the Corregios?" queried his friend.

"Oh, I bought a pair of 'em for five hundred francs," said the capitalist; "they don't try to rob you over there."

And sure enough he had brand new ones bearing the signature "Corregio" in round, clear letters.

Story of a Toronto Financier.

THOSE who have come in contact with Mr. E. R. Wood only casually, and in a business way, would scarcely think of him typifying objectionably aristocratic traits, nor view him as the central figure of a moving, if not distinctly heroic, drama.

E. R. WOOD.

And yet Mr. Wood's sharp and expressive features, his clear and discerning eyes, his compact and nattily attired figure—a body instinct with nervous life and energy; these all go to afford one pre-eminence in the aristocracy of business, which, after all, is about the only aristocracy that counts for much when a country is only in the making.

As for dramatic setting for any episode whatever, an artist, if given the Queen's Park, after the shades of night had fallen, with widely spaced lights only casting an uncertain glow, would supply you with the alluring background for numerous deeds of heraldry.

At such an hour, Mr. Wood was motoring home not long since. The car turned into Queen's Park, but had not proceeded far when a driver flashed by with his horse and buggy. This, in itself, would not have occasioned any comment had it not been for the fact that, no sooner past, the driver turned about and gave chase to the automobile.

So far as records go, Mr. Wood has not been summoned before the doughty Colonel for exceeding the speed limit, and, as his pursuer gave no thought to such matters, it was not long before the buggy overtook the car. It was then that the peculiar event transpired. The horseman turned his vehicle in front of the automobile and completely blocked the way.

By this time Mr. Wood had entirely forgotten about business and turned his attentions, not less unreservedly, to the erratic actions of his fellow roadster. Naturally, the chauffeur dismounted and proceeded to make the enquries that would suggest themselves to an individual whose course in the King's highway had been so rudely interrupted.

But his questions were not met with the suave rejoinders which their courtesy might have commanded under altered circumstances. The owner of the horse and buggy was not disposed to parley—what he wanted was not the chauffeur, but, as he expressed it, the "man on the inside."

There were no overt acts in this little drama—no revolvers to induce a tractable frame of mind on the part of the one held up—but Mr. Wood soon recognized that if he were to have his dinner at the appointed hour it was up to him to do some of that high-class negotiating that has resulted in the Steel-Coal merger now all but effected. After these negotiations had proceeded for a few moments it transpired that the gentleman of the second part was slightly under the influence of alcoholic stimulants, and that, even if not so artificially braced for the occasion, he had no use for the gentleman of the first part who manifestly, as witness his motor, was an aristocrat, and should not on that account be permitted peaceful possession of the road.

Now, Mr. Wood has a logical mind, but this logic did not appeal to him in the fashion that was intended. On the contrary he was somewhat nettled. With Mr. Wood to think is to act. He excused himself for a moment; went into an adjoining house; telephoned for the police, and then returned to witness the denouement.

But just to indicate that this episode, occurring in the heart of a city like Toronto, which is for the most part devoid of circumstances out of the common, might not have resulted so happily as it did, one may mention that it took four men to handcuff this modern highwayman, who would have turned the road by peaceful and oratorical methods into a channel for the passage only of those not sufficiently aristocratic to possess a "benzine buggy."

The World's Biggest Scrap Heap.

THE largest scrap heap in the world is in San Francisco, a relic of the great fire which followed the earthquake of April, 1906. It is 40 feet high, 100 feet square and contains 20,000 tons, all cut in equal lengths of eighteen inches, and piled in one solid mass, with the sides as smooth and solid as a brick wall.

This is the only one of four heaps of equal size and proportions which remains intact in its original size and shape, the other three having been drawn upon as the material was needed. Many other scrap heaps are piled about the bay awaiting shipment, some as big as a house and others mere hillocks, scattered over acres of ground.

Since the fire one company has handled 150,000 tons of this old material. It has six large shears in operation to cut the iron and steel, either that it may be better handled for shipment or for the furnace, says The Iron Trade Review. Little of this scrap is used in San Francisco, the bulk of it being shipped to the Atlantic coast or to European ports.

Senator Melvin-Jones on the Bench.

AMONG the prominent residents of Toronto recently fined for exceeding the speed limit with his automobile, was Senator Lyman Melvin-Jones,, who contributed five dollars to the civic exchequer. And this is not the first time that Mr. Jones has paid a fine and helped to swell the coffers of a large corporation.

The other incident was in Winnipeg back in the early eighties, when he was Mayor of that city. It was then a common practice for men to saw cordwood on the streets, for the prairie capital had not acquired anything like the metropolitan air that it has to-day. A by-law was passed by the city council that no wood sawing should be done on the public thoroughfares. Yet, what was the poor average resident to do? There were few back yards fenced off, and wood sheds were not numerous.

One day an offending citizen was summoned by the police for a violation of the by-law. Mayor Jones presided in police court that morning. The defendant acknowledged his guilt, and the acting magistrate, for the purpose of setting an example to other probable offenders, taxed him a dollar and costs. The man asked if he could have time to pay, and was allowed a week. Before the seven days had elapsed, the Mayor went down in his own pocket and settled with the city. After that the police were allowed to overlook the practice of sawing wood on the street, as it was felt by His Worship that to enforce the regulation too rigidly would be a hardship in those pioneer days. Mr. Jones is probably the only Canadian Mayor who ever taxed a citizen for violating a by-law and then paid the fine himself.

A Scotchman's Song of Canada.

IT will interest many to know that Canada has found her way into the popular songs of the motherland. An enterprising Scotsman, realizing that many of his countrymen have settled in this country, and assuming with good grounds of probability that they have sweethearts at home waiting to come out here, has written a love-song for use in the towns of the motherland, entitled "Won't You Come to Me in Canada?" It starts off:

"Across the broad Atlantic, in Canada's domain,
A colonist was working for the lass he longed to gain,
Inside his little cabin, he pictured day by day
The image of his sweet heart, and with longing he would say:

CHORUS.

Won't you come, come, come to me in Canada, Canada, in Canada—
Won't you come, come, come to me in Canada, far away across the foam?
With the church bells ringing on our wedding day
We'll drive away
Upon a sleigh,
So if you'll be my wife
We'll be happy for life
In my cosy Canadian home."

There are some more verses. In the second we are told that the girl at home was eager to "share his little cabin and to cling to him for life," the proviso being that this event should happen "when with fortune he was blest," and used to fancy she heard him singing the above chorus "from the West." We learn that the "colonist" succeeded. He got married to the lass, the cabin has been enlarged, and they often sit together beneath the maple tree. And apparently being a truly prosperous farmer with time on his hands, the settler sings the chorus to her just to remind her of old times, and he has added another one which runs:

"For sons of mother England who are not afraid of toil,
There's health upon the prairies and fortune in the soil;
You'll lead a life of freedom, with friendship warm and true,
And soon you'll send that message for the lass who waits for you."

The song should be dedicated to Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior.

Concerning Votes and Brickbats

THERE is scarcely anything that curiosity won't lead a man to do—so after long and anxious consideration I decided to go and hear Mrs. Pankhurst. But in spite of all the dictates of my better reason, I still had shudderful visions of desperate suffragettes tearing the tiles off the roof, and dropping them down onto the audience through improvised openings in the skylight. I also thought of that dauntless Amazon who started in to convince Winston Churchill with the handle of a dog-whip. Of course, I haven't any very overwhelming sympathy for Mr. Churchill; but still I couldn't help feeling that if they would treat a Cabinet Minister so, why not some lesser man as well? The stomach-pump also intruded itself on my imagination. Would not this be a good opportunity for a vindictive suffragette, who had been denied the privilege of starving herself to death, to soothe her melancholy by exercising the same excessive hospitality on unprotected males? Now, I have taken sundry forms of nourishment through a straw. I have even drawn diluted smoke through the tube of a nargileh. But somehow or other the idea of the stomach-pump did not appeal to me. It suggested the water-cure, which ingenuous American soldiers used to employ in the Philippines to relieve the natives of congested information.

There is no doubt that all these fears were quite unfounded. But just as no amount of logic will prevent one looking over his shoulder as he goes through a cemetery after dark; so I could not prevent myself feeling a certain amount of apprehension as I entered Massey Hall the other night to hear the heap-big-chieftainess of the suffragettes (or should I write it with a capital letter?) Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst.

MRS. PANKHURST, SUFFRAGETTE.

The big auditorium was packed. Pit, gallery, and balcony were all filled with ladies in tiers—meaning rows, of course. They made a very pretty sight, but it seemed to me their general expression was slightly more aggressive than usual. Lips appeared to be just a little more compressed, and there was just a suggestion of steely glitter in many beautiful eyes. I was reassured, however, by the presence of quite a number of men. It is true that they nearly all wore an inoffensive and sheepish expression, and were evidently masking their fears under grins whose width rivalled their inanity. But I felt that the instinct of sex-solidarity (a most consoling term) would band them together in case of an emergency.

Mayor Oliver, who had been trying in vain to conceal himself behind a little table on the platform, rose and addressed the audience. I was surprised to notice that his voice did not tremble, and he seemed to be more or less at his ease. I felt that he had been guaranteed a safe-conduct. He announced the singing of "The Woman's Marseillaise."

I feared the effect of this terrible appeal to the passions. But it really was quite mild. This may have been due to the fact that the words of the song were absolutely indistinguishable. I recognized snatches of the familiar tune, but it was shorn of its war-like character. Then Mayor Oliver delivered a little masterpiece of non-committal oratory.

"I take great pleasure in introducing to you Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst," he said in conclusion.

I looked around with a shudder for the Medusa that I expected to see burst upon the stage. Mrs. Pankhurst, I felt, should be at least six feet in height, and proportioned like Sandow. I had a confuseu recollection of having read somewhere or other that she could throw a brickbat about a mile, and that it took eight or ten policemen to hold her when she got properly started.

A slender, graceful woman in mauve velvet stepped quietly forward and bowed. There was great applause. But I felt that there must be some mistake. This lady of gentle manner and kindly expression certainly could not be the blustering bugbear of the bewildered bobby. Why, she didn't look as if she could pick a brick up, let alone hurl it.

But she began to speak, and then I knew that she was no other than the famous or notorious—it depends on your point of view—Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, chief-sufferer of the suffragettes. She certainly did not seem to be a very terrible person, this thin, middle-aged woman, with the serene, though somewhat weary, expression: but there could be no doubt of her identity. It was she who led the embattled suffragettes against the Houses of Parliament, and fired the bricks heard round the world. It was she who was mainly instrumental in making the life of a member of the Cabinet about as cheerful and honorable as that of a dog-catcher. It was her devoted followers who refused to either eat prison food, or wear—but this is a family-paper.

Mrs. Pankhurst began to speak, and it did not take long for one to recognize that she was at least a trained speaker. Her voice is not particularly pleasant in itself, but she makes superb use of it, and she has developed it into an almost perfect instrument for her purposes. It is a clear, liw-potched voice, with wonderful carrying power, an altogether surprising voice for a woman so slight in figure. She spoke slowly and with fine emphasis, so that not a syllable was lost or slurred. And her gestures were equally well judged. They were slight, but always graceful and expressive. Altogether, she made a charming figure, and no matter how masculine and anti-suffragette a clear, low-pitched voice, with wonderful carrying power, and insistence of her appeal.

And the matter of the address was as well-balanced and well directed as the manner. It was always weighty and always logical. There were no frothy appeals to sensibility, no mouthing of outworn phrases, none of the hysterical clap-trap that one might have been led to look for from newspaper accounts of suffragette methods. It was a plain, strong story from beginning to end, and one of the best speeches ever heard from a woman in this city. But did she make good her contentions? Did she prove not only the justice of the suffragette cause, but also the wisdom of the suffragette method?

Of course, this is where everything depends on the point of view. To many her speech was no doubt absolutely conclusive. These were the people who wept over her account of the brutal jailers who saw to it that suffragette prisoners ate whether they liked it or not, and who by a refinement of cruelty prevented suffragette prisoners from talking. Cries of "shame!" were heard when this sin against suffragette nature was told of. But there was one part of her story which affected all her hearers, and that was her simple but poignant account of how she was kept in solitary confinement though her daughter was in the prison hospital at the time. She applied for permission to see her, but it was refused.

"You don't know my daughter," she said, "and don't realize what a bright and cheery spirit she is—but you know how a mother would feel at such a time."

It was done very simply and quietly, without any parade of maternal agony. There was no suggestion of "muh chee-i-i-i-ild" about it. But the effect was wonderful, and there were many present who were not ashamed to wipe away tears.

But even so powerfully affecting a story as that made one merely ask, what's the use? Why go through all this suffering when there is so little gained by it? The suffrage is a worthy goal, and there can be little doubt that women in England will win to it sooner or later. But how is the cause to be furthered by such methods as these? This was something which Mrs. Pankhurst did not make quite clear. There was at least room for doubt of the efficacy of the system she organized and stands for. She gave a lucid and interesting explanation of the working of the system, but she did not entirely justify it. There was much talk about "practical politics" and the necessity of using the same methods that men had used in times of similar need, but she did not make quite clear the efficacy of roof-tiles and dog-whips and "hunger-strikes" and "prison-garb-strikes" in proving the political qualifications of women. And even her explanation of the offence of Mrs. Lee, of Birmingham, who threw a stone into a political meeting, was not entirely satistactory. She stated that the stone had a petition wrapped around it, but one failed to see much consolation in this for the head it landed on.

But while her speech may not have entirely succeeded in offsetting certain masculine prejudices, it was none the less a very remarkable address; and made one understand how very undesirable an opponent on the hustings would be this same quiet-mannered woman with the clear, strong voice and the crisp, trenchant diction. There are few speakers who would not come off second-hand in the encounter.

When Mrs. Pankhurst finally brought her speech to a conclusion, after having spoken for two hours, which seemed no longer than one, there was a tremendous outburst of applause. The men present were especially demonstrative—perhaps to cover their discomfiture, perhaps in a spirit of condescending encouragement, much as one would say, "Go in and knock his block off," to the smaller boy in a gutter-fight. But the ladies were unmistakably impressed. Laced handkerchiefs were waved and gloved hands were clapped with tremendous enthusiasm, while the fair owners alternately looked their admiration at Mrs. Pankhurst and their scorn at the trousered minority present. I felt that I would get myself disliked if I stayed around there much longer. So I made a quiet getaway to the Shuter street entrance, where I took my stand alongside four policemen of large and forceful manners. After the address of the leader of the suffragettes, it was a great satisfaction to bask in the light of a profession where masculine supremacy has never been disputed.

"Say there, don't you be blockin' up the doorway," said a cop.

But I felt no resentment. It was refreshing to be ordered around by a man. P. O. D.

Neither the Queen nor the Princess of Wales shoot, and none of the King's daughters have ever distinguished themselves as "guns," or wished to do so. Shooting ladies are not very much encouraged at Sandringham. The fact is that, however well they shoot, they always cause unnecessary trouble and fuss. The Comtesse de Paris in former days used to drive out with the men dressed in man's clothes, just as she does to this day at her Spanish shooting estate; but the Comtesse was a foreigner and a Queen in exile, and things were different then. What the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and Princess Victoria do—and the Queen of Norway when she is at Appleton—is to join the guns at lunch sometimes. They drive out, maybe, to West Newton or Anmer, or perhaps to the firwood near Appleton, where a marquee has been pitched for the day, and the lunch is usually a merry one. The Queen, however, does not go out as often as she used to.

"MR. JERSEY" IN A NEW ROLE.
Lady de Bathe, who, after winning fame on the stage as Mrs. Langtry and on the turf as "Mr. Jersey," has now entered the field of literature and published her first novel, entitled "All at Sea."

Concerning "Black Hand" Hunters

EVERY now and then English illustrated papers come out with hunting scenes. I call them hunting scenes, because the sub-lines to the picture describe them as such. In these highly instructive and impressive views royalty—nothing lower than a duke, anyway—is generally represented posing majestically, gun in hand, while the deer or the pheasants, or whatever the game may be, run about as though looking for someone to feed them. The principal difficulty in getting such a view as that would seem to be in keeping the game far enough away from the camera to prevent them from spoiling the perspective.

Canadians, being people who regard themselves as hunters who really hunt, are in the habit of growing very sarcastic over such pictures of sporting life. They claim, and with more or less justice, that hunting of this kind is about as exciting and perilous as walking out into the hennery with some chicken-feed and then wringing the neck of the plumpest young rooster. But while expressing this lordly contempt they are apt to forget that there are some Canadian sporting pictures which are almost equally melancholy to look at. Take, for instance, a couple of those in the accompanying group. Two of these pictures represent part of the "kill" of a party of hunters who recently returned from the Magnetawan district. There were fifteen in the party, with a guide and a cook. They brought back with them thirty-two deer, counting two for the cook—a Chinaman, by the way. Nor are these statistics necessarily complete, for every hunter knows that when deer are plentiful, camps of hunters are not in the habit of existing exclusively on pork and beans.

And this is the sort of picture which at this time of year greets the reader of any publication devoted to outdoor sports. Even very respectable magazines are not ashamed to hold up pictorially as worthy of admiration the exploits of slaughterers of wild game; and almost in the same columns they wax melancholy over the fact that the game is disappearing. Who, then, shall say that this sort of thing is not fully as melancholy as the hunting of hand-fed deer or pheasants in England? If the English preserve-owner stabs his game in the back, he at least preserves them anyway. And when all is said and done, you can't be too hard on a man for his method of killing his live stock, so long as it is not too painful. But the Canadian sportsman kills and does nothing to replace. With this system the end cannot be far off.

The party, some of whose members are depicted in the accompanying pictures, may be taken as a typical instance. Seven of them were Toronto men, and eight were from the Muskoka district. They are all what are called "good fellows." As men and as citizens they perform their various duties with a certain amount of credit. But when they go up into the woods in deer-time, they become arrant savages. They lurk in the run-ways and shoot anything that belongs to the deer family. Does and fawns and everything else are fair game for them. The dogs drive the deer down and the hunters look after the rest. One member of the party killed no less than eight deer. Another shot three does and then waited for a buck, which he got, of course, being a crack shot. Some of the deer shot were so small that a man could take a couple of them by the scruff of the neck and walk off with them like a pair of suit-cases. Now, this sort of thing is not sport. It would be all right if a man were starving to death and needed the food. But sportsmen shouldn't do it for the pleasure of it.

At the same time it must be admitted that the blame is not altogether with the hunters. The law says that they are allowed two deer each, and makes no other restriction. Naturally, when a man is up in the woods, and the hunting-lust is on him, he is not likely to restrict himself. He doesn't, as a matter of fact; and this is the reason that deer are becoming more and more scarce in Canada, where they ought to be extremely plentiful. It is certainly time that the law should take a hand in the business, and make a further restriction. One deer to a hunter is quite enough, and if they were allowed to shoot nothing but buck, it would be still better. But, anyway, at the rate of one deer to each man, there will be a great reduction in the slaughter. As it is, the callous way in which parties of hunters go up into the woods and coolly shoot everything that comes their way, bucks, does, fawns—and occasionally hunters—reminds one of nothing so much as a "black-hand" society at work.

Crimes of Ontario's Game Hogs

SEVERAL DEER SHOT NOT SHOWN HERE ONLY THE LARGE ONES IN PHOTO

NOTE PILE OF SMALL DEER DOES AND FAWNS SOME OF THEM NOT LARGER THAN A SMALL DOG

Ruthless Slaughter of Deer

Peculiarities of the House of Lords.

THAT always entertaining parliamentary writer, T. P. O'Connor, editor of London M. A. P., comments as follows on some of the peculiarities of the House of Lords, some of which are quite unknown to most people in Canada:

In the House of Lords, the presiding officer, is the Lord Chancellor. Unlike the Speaker of the House of Commons, he is an open and avowed partisan. He is always a member of the Ministry; very often he is their chief spokesman on certain great questions. Usually he winds up the big debates on the side of the Government to which he belongs. Thus he has privileges and duties far greater than those of the Speaker. Instead of being a self-effaced figure, as the Speaker is to a certain extent, he is one of the protagonists of the Government, exercising often a very powerful influence. Indeed, the Lord Chancellors have been among the most powerful and striking figures in our Parliamentary history. In our own day Lord Westbury was the most fearless, most intellectual, and most able debater almost the House of Lords has ever known. Lord Cairns was equally a man of extraordinary debating power. Lord Herschell exercised immense influence, although he belonged to the minority—as does Lord Loreburn, the present occupant, in spite of the fact that he is an ardent Radical.

But if the Lord Chancellors have these great privileges, they have certain disqualifications which make them a good deal less of an influence in the House of Lords than the Speaker is in the House of Commons. In the first place they are not supposed to be inside the precincts of the House of Lords at all. When they are seated on the woolsack, they have no right to address the House; they have to rise and to take two or three steps to the left of the woolsack; and it is not until they have done this that they are technically within the frontiers of the chamber, and able to address it. And this is not a mere fiction altogether. It marks the curious difference between the Lord Chancellorship and the Speakership. It marks also the limitation of the Lord Chancellor's powers. It is not his right to choose one Peer any more than another. In the House of Commons, the member catches the Speaker's eye; in the House of Lords, the Peer catches the ear of his fellow Peers. The Lord Chancellor may perfunctorily call out the name of one Peer; but that has nothing to do with the decision of the question. When one Peer sits down several others stand up and begin speaking, and the one who speaks the loudest and has most tenacity gets the right to speak. When neither one Peer nor the other is willing to give way, a member may rise and propose that Lord A be heard instead of Lord B; and on that question a division takes place, and whichever Peer has the majority is then allowed to speak.

The attendance at the House of Lords is usually very small and the hours very brief. Very often the sitting lasts for only a few minutes; rarely does it extend over more than three hours. A debate extending to the hours after dinner rarely occurs. Even on great occasions the attendance remains small. There have, I believe, been only ten occasions in the last fifty years when the attendance has been more than half or two-thirds of the entire number of Peers. Curiously enough, the occasions on which the Peers did make a big muster was often when the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill came up—a subject in which, for some inscrutable reason, the Peers took a particular interest. The result of this paucity of attendance is that sometimes a Peer may come to the door of the House of Peers and be refused admission simply because his face is entirely unknown to the doorkeeper from the rareness of the occasions on which he has presented himself to their eyes. Many Peers are scattered over different parts of the world, some because they are globe-trotters by instinct, some because they have made rather curious alliances, some because ill-health makes the English climate impossible to them. I daresay there are two hundred at least of the Peers who do not put in an attendance more than once or twice in the course of a year, and it is natural that their features should be unrecognizable even by the trained instinct of the doorkeepers.

These are the Peers whom Mr. Lloyd George nicknamed the "backwoodsmen." Of course, the idea is evident, namely, that these Peers spent most of their time far apart from the political haunts of men, and were therefore unaccustomed to political controversy, and untrained in political discipline. To a certain extent the statement is true; for those Peers who do not attend the House of Lords must be men who do not usually take any deep interest in political questions, and who, therefore, must live somewhat remote from the turmoil of politics. This must make them a good deal less amenable to party discipline or to party ties than men like the members of the House of Commons, who are in constant touch with politics, and with the iron discipline which these ties involve. And that makes one of the uncertainties of the situation; that is one of the reasons why it is so futile to hear people declaring confidently what the Peers are going to do with the Budget. Nobody can tell, because so few people are even personally acquainted with the backwoodsmen.

A debate in the House of Lords on a full dress night, when the attendance is fairly good, is a very interesting sight. It takes place in a very beautiful and inspiring chamber, much more beautiful and inspiring than the House of Commons. The first impression everyone gets who visits the House of Commons is one of disappointment. What! this small, rather dingy chamber the seat of that great assembly which rules an Empire? The prevalent color even of the House of Commons is unimpressive; it is a dull green, and even the benches seem to be worn and shabby. Then the chamber is much too small for the number of members it is supposed to house, and, finally, the glass roof has the effect of making it look dwarfed rather than lofty. In the House of Lords you find a great hall with a lofty roof, with great pictures on gigantic walls, and the seats are upholstered in a rich red, so that you have the sense of being in the mighty hall of some great palace.

The members are often as interesting as the hall. Apart from the great central figures—and when these figures were a Disraeli or a Salisbury you can understand what mighty personalities you could see in the House of Lords—apart from the great central figures, the general crowd is interesting, and largely because it is so individual. In the House of Commons there is a certain monotony even of dress. But in the House of Lords you see men who belong to a past age both in demeanour, in look, and in costume. Often you catch sight of a figure that seems to come straight from the eighteenth century; sometimes you see a figure that seems to walk straight out of the pages of Thackeray and the other Victorian authors. These are the backwoodsmen who, in a great and momentous hour, have rushed forward and occupied the front place on the Parliamentary stage.

LAYING OF CORNER STONE OF DALE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, TORONTO.

The Pastor, Rev. J. D. Morrow, stands in the foreground with bared head. To his right is Lieutenant-Governor Gibson, holding his hat in his hand. Rev. Mr. Morrow is known as the athletic parson. He believes that athletics and Christianity should walk hand in hand.

THE corner-stone of the new Dale Presbyterian Church was laid last Saturday afternoon. Lieut.-Governor Gibson performed the ceremony. The service was in charge of the pastor, Rev. J. D. Morrow. On the conclusion of the ceremony, the Police Athletic Association presented the pastor with a cheque for one hundred dollars. This calls attention to one of the most interesting features of what the new church stands for. It is intended to be especially the church of the athlete and of young men. The pastor, Rev. J. D. Morrow, was at one time a famous sprinter, and as a result of his athletic career, has come to take a very special interest in the religious welfare of young men. This, he has shown in a variety of ways, and as a result young men have rallied around him and are supporting his efforts to the utmost. As the Lieutenant-Governor stated in his address, everyone will follow with a great deal of interest the future of the pastor and the success of his church. He certainly deserves every encouragement for the manner in which he has devoted himself to a task seldom taken up.

A Well-Worn Election Cry.

A CASUAL remark made by a Cabinet Minister in a recent bye-election campaign has revived the discussion in the editorial columns of the political newspapers as to whether lawyers or farmers make the best representatives in Parliament. It is a question which will never be decided, but it will always be revived by both political parties whenever there seems to be a chance to beat a lawyer-candidate with it and other arguments are scarce. Is like the old debating society problem as to which is the greater evil, intemperance or war. Its use of late, however, recalls to mind the fact that the argument last did service under a somewhat different guise on the last occasion when a Liberal was elected for a Toronto seat either in the Legislature or the House of Commons.

In 1896 the old riding of Centre Toronto was redeemed to Liberalism by the late William Lount, who, by the way, happened to be a lawyer. After sitting for about a year, Mr. Lount decided that he did not care for political life and resigned. Two or three years later he was promoted to the bench. The bye-election in Centre Toronto was one of the earliest that the new Laurier administration had to fight, and the Liberals found a candidate of great strength and ability in the person of Mr. Geo. Bertram, the prominent ship-builder, whose son is now collector of customs at this port. So disrupted was the Conservative party after the crushing defeat of 1896, that many were favorable to giving Mr. Bertram an acclamation. But for the old guard, who held that the party would die of disgrace if such a thing should take place in Tory Toronto, prevailed on the late Oliver Howland, member of the Legislature for South Toronto, to resign his seat in that chamber and make the fight. As Mr. Howland was a lawyer, the old cry which has been used ever since Upper Canada was settled, was raised. The electorate was asked whether it wanted to be represented by a plain business man or by a lawyer. Mr. Bertram and his orators painted the picture of a representative chamber sapped of its power and usefulness by the presence of too many lawyers who would legislate in their own interests and with an utter disregard of the community at large. No mention was made of the fact that the constituency had less than two years previously sent a Liberal lawyer to Ottawa, and the cry took with the populace. Mr. Bertram had a handsome majority, and perhaps would be sitting at Ottawa to-day had not a malignant disease carried him off before his time. Since then the Tories, except in municipal affairs, have had it all their own way, and the argument had fallen into disuse until it turned up in Middlesex.

A Football Hero's Experiences.

SOMEONE, in congratulating Stronach, of the Ottawa Rugby team, last Saturday night, hailed him as chiefly responsible for the Tigers' defeat. The big Scot declined the honor.

"People are very kind," said he, "but Williams won the game."

His interviewer tried him on another tack. "Which game do you prefer, the English or Canadian?" The Rough Rider thought he couldn't express an unprejudiced opinion. He had been brought up in the Old Country style of play, and had played in Canada only two years, but the Canadian game was well enough.

"Do they make it rough for you?"

"No," said Stronach, gently rubbing the centre of his forehead whence a nondescript bruise extended to the bridge of his nose.

"Just where Ben Simpson's toes landed when I threw him once," he explained.

In Scotland, he volunteered, he had experienced a few knocks. His collar bone was broken and his skull fractured. "I lost the originals of these in one game," said he, removing an upper set of store teeth; "then I had an ankle broken, and my knees haven't been any good for a long time. Finally, my best friend was the occasion of my suffering a fractured thigh, and curiously enough, he sustained the same injury at my hands later on. But it's all in the day's work."

Sir Wilfrid is No Horseman.

THERE are some things not generally known about Canada's Premier, and one is that, although he guides the reins of the administration with masterly skill and diplomacy, he cannot drive a horse. When Sir Wilfrid goes to his pretty rural retreat at Arthabascaville, where he spends a few weeks every summer, he frequently takes some intimate friend out with him. Sir Wilfrid always insists on driving, but his companion is never very easy in mind. While the Premier can easily keep his followers within party lines, he cannot control nearly so well the lines over the steed that he is directing. The animal has a tendency to wander all over the road, and sometimes the carriage is dangerously near the ditch. But the polished and tactful chief of the Liberal party is totally oblivious of danger, no matter what haunting fears his escort may have. The humor of the situation lies in the fact that Sir Wilfrid thinks that he is an admirable horseman, but others, although they do not care to openly declare their opinions, says he pushes on the reins like a woman, and are always thankful for one more escape when the journey is ended.

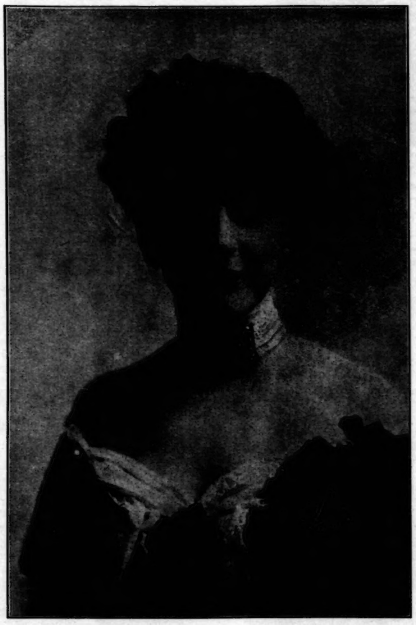
PRINCESS
One Week Opening, Mon. November, 29
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
THIRD SEASON
L. S. SIRE Presents
MAY ROBSON
In the Delightful Comedy
THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY
By ANNE WARNER
A Play with a thousand laughs
Prices: 25, 50, 75, 1.00, 1.50

SHEA'S THEATRE
Matinees Daily 25c | Week of Nov. 29 | Evenings 25 & 50
A Welcome Favorite
BESSIE WYNN
The Dainty Comedienne
BARRY AND WOLFORD
It Happened on Monday
THE SIX ABDALLAHS
Whirlwind Acrobats
GUS WILLIAMS
An Old-Time Favorite
JACK MARGARET
CONNELLY AND WEBB
In "Twisted Opera"
JORDAN'S PEKIN GRADUATES
In Southland
THE KINETOGRAPH
New Pictures
Special Extra Attraction
ALBERT WHELAN
The Australian Entertainer

MAJESTIC Music Hall...
Toronto's Leading Vaudeville Theatre
Next Week Nov. 29 All Star Co.
THE QUEEN OF THE STAGE
CECILIA (Cissy) LOFTUS
World's Highest Salaried Woman Artist, in
"SOCIETY IMPERSONATIONS"
9 Other Big Feature Acts
Seats now selling.
Matinee daily—Reserved 25 & 50c.
Evenings—Reserved 25 & 50c.
Boxes $1 00.

GAYETY
HIGH CLASS
BURLESQUE
DAILY MATINEES LADIES 10¢
WEEK OF NOV. 29
SAM A. SCRIBNER'S 'OH YOU WOMAN' CO.
4 Collegians 4
Brianza Trio
Prices 15, 25, 35, 50 & 75c.
WEEK OF DEC. 6
Bob. Manchester's Cracker Jacks

THE DRAMA



MAY ROBSON
In "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," at the Princess next week.

FOR the lover of the drama this week in Toronto has not been a particularly eventful one, with one of the leading theatres devoted for half the week to Yiddish plays—which necessarily have a rather limited appeal—and the other given up to grand opera. In the consideration of grand opera, the musical point of view is always the more important; and from that standpoint, the merits or otherwise, if there be any otherwise, of the National Grand Opera Company, which is giving performances this week at the Royal Alexandra, have been discussed in the department of this paper devoted to music. For no matter what the enthusiasts may say, grand opera is seldom good drama. It may be often good music, but it is only at rare intervals that it can be said to hold the mirror up to nature in the sense in which the stage is supposed to do it. The public which goes to grand opera, however, does not want drama. It wants singing. Every season we behold our fellow men, and more particularly our sister women, throbbing with a species of emotional madness whenever an opera singer emits tones musical, unmusical, or even shocking, or wriggles in spasmodic contortions excitedly described as acting.

It would be manifestly unfair to consider the work of the National Opera Company exclusively from the dramatic standpoint. Their acting is, at the best, merely an adjunct to their ability as singers, and though several members of the company have given evidences of dramatic ability of no mean order, the very nature of their work prevents their being seriously considered from that point of view. It is true that in Richard Wagner's colossal conception of grand opera it was a union of all the arts. And he did much to realize his dream—more, perhaps, than any other man has been able to do. But it can hardly be said that even his great genius has been able to make grand opera really important from any other standpoint than that of music. All this is merely to explain why I do not feel called upon to discuss the work of the National Grand Opera Company, in spite of their prominence as a theatrical event—or rather, an event in a theatre.

* * *

IN Montreal some interest has attached lately to the pastoral letter of the Roman Catholic Archbishop Bruchesi, forbidding his people to go to the Academy theatre, where French plays are being given by a stock company. This is an old difficulty in Montreal, this task of reconciling the authorities of the Roman Catholic church to the ethical tone of the plays put on at theatres devoted to the French drama. What makes the problem a very difficult one to solve, is the fact that almost all the plays to which a French theatre-manager is limited in his selection are more or less open to objection from severe critics on moral or religious grounds. And there is every reason to believe that Archbishop Bruchesi is a particularly severe critic. In fact, in the present instance he would seem to have passed the bounds of a justifiable severity.

In the first place Archbishop Bruchesi must base his judgments almost entirely on hear-say. His ecclesiastical position makes it impossible for him to go to the theatre himself. He cannot even send his clerical assistants, but must depend on the judgment of laymen as to the actual performances. Of course, he can always get the books of the various plays. This, however, is not a particularly safe way to judge of a production; and no better instance of this could be given than the present case. According to the statements of the management of the theatre and of independent witnesses who are in a position to judge, the French plays put on at the Academy have been very carefully pruned, with a view to this very same severity of criticism. But it seems that these precautions were insufficient. At any rate they have quite evidently failed to satisfy the Catholic Archbishop. At this distance it is, of course, rather difficult to judge of the merits of the case; but at the same time it seems to me rather unfortunate that the French theatre of Montreal should be under an absolute censorship whose means of forming a judgment are so very inadequate.

* * *

MAY ROBSON, who will play next week at the Princess Theatre in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," announces that she will write her own plays in the future, believing that she will obtain better results in that way. Miss Robson holds that the best playwrights have been those who are themselves, or have at some time been, actors, and that it is necessary for every star to practically rewrite any part in which he or she appears; and, that it would be just as well and as easy to construct the whole thing themselves in the first place.

Said Miss Robson: "The best dramatists in every age have been players, beginning with Shakespeare down to our own time and country. The late Dion Boucicault and James A. Herne were eminent examples of worthy and successful playwrights, as are David Belasco and Augustus Thomas to-day. It is not from the literary viewpoint that I speak, but from the mechanical or 'actable' quality—if I may use the term—which it is impossible for laymen to breathe into their work. The most exquisitely rounded sentence will often go for naught when spoken in a public performance of a play, and it is only by long experience that the actor learns how not only to speak the words, but to so arrange them that they will prove most effective in conveying the thought.

CISSY LOFTUS,
at the Majestic Music Hall next week.

Sometimes it is necessary to try a dozen different intonations with one speech before the proper one is reached, and times without number the wording of it must be changed entirely. Then, again, think how much must be conveyed to the audience through action and facial expression, without any use of words whatever, and I therefore hold that the actor is the most important element in the success of a play, and that in nine cases out of ten he should receive equal credit with the writer, not only for his delineation but in the authorship as well. There is no reason whatever why the majority of stars, those possessing any literary instinct at all—and most of them do—should not write their own plays."

* * *

THERE are many veterans on the stage, veterans of many parts, such as Thomas McGrane, of the Wilton Lackaye Company, due to play "The Battle" at the Royal Alexandra next week. But there

WILTON LACKAYE AND THOMAS McGRANE,
In "The Battle," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

The Art Collection of Steinway Pianos

A sight of this unusual exhibit of Steinway & Sons' masterpieces should not be missed. The collection presented for view includes such instruments as are only seen in monarchs' palaces and in the houses of the world's wealthiest personages. In fact, such an exhibition would be impossible but for the courtesy of Messrs. Steinway & Sons, who have permitted up to use these works of art for one week, for the benefit and entertainment of our patrons, our friends and the cultured public, whom we are inviting to this private view.

In addition to the collection of Steinway Art Pianos, the wonderful Welte Mignon will perform a selected programme. This instrument possesses a secret mechanism which reproduces faultlessly the perfect performance by great masters, with every slight variation of shading, tempo, emphasis, phrasing, etc. Those who have heard it say, "By closing one's eyes they seem to feel to be in the real presence of the artist." It is the most wonderful mechanical player in the world, and this is the only example in Canada. The delight of hearing it is added to the pleasure of seeing the exhibition of Steinway Pianos.

The Nordheimer Piano & Music Co., Limited
15 KING STREET EAST - - - TORONTO

ANALYSIS OF
St. Lawrence Sugar
THE STANDARD OF PURITY

Laboratory of Provincial Government Analyst.
MONTREAL, 22nd February, 1909.
I HEREBY CERTIFY that I have drawn by my own hand ten samples of the St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co's EXTRA STANDARD GRANULATED SUGAR, indiscriminately taken from four lots of about 150 barrels each and six lots of about 450 bags each. I have analyzed same and find them uniformly to contain 99-99/100 to 100 per cent of pure cane sugar, with no impurities whatever.
(Signed) MILTON L. HERSEY, M.Sc. LL.D.
Provincial Government Analyst.
The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Company Limited, Montreal. 20

The New Scale Williams
88 NOTE PLAYER PIANO

This Player Piano plays every note on the keyboard and any one can play it.
With 65-note players many compositions require re-arranging and mutilating, thereby destroying the conception and musical ideas of the composer.
The touch of this instrument is so delicate and firm that it makes it impossible to distinguish it from the manual playing of a great artist.
With this wonderful instrument you have at your command practically the entire library of the world's best music.
If you are interested in player-pianos and will call at our warerooms, we will be pleased to give you a demonstration at any time.
Old Pianos taken in Exchange.
Easy Payments if Desired.
The R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO. Limited
143 YONGE ST.

TRULY WORTH A LENGTHY INSPECTION
is the collection of Antiques, etc., now on view in our Galleries. There is a wide variety of Furniture, Art Goods, Old Silver, etc. Drop in any time and spend an hour. You will not be bothered to purchase.
B. M. & T. Jenkins
Antique Gallery
422-424 Yonge St. - - Toronto

ROYAL ALEXANDRA Absolutely Fireproof
WEEK NOV. 29---MATS Thurs. Satur.
Direct from an all-season's run at the Savoy Theatre, New York
Wilton Lackaye
In Cleveland Moffett's Great Play
THE BATTLE
(LIEBLER & CO., Managers)
SEATS—BELL PIANO ROOMS, 146 YONGE ST

THE DRAMA

FAYE CUSICK,
Leading lady with May Robson, at the Princess next week.

are few veterans like Thomas McGrane, who also deserve that name because of the battle-fields on which they've fought. McGrane is an Irishman born, bred to civil engineering. In the pursuit of his profession he went to Canada, where he heard the call of the Great Northwest, and entered the Northwest Mounted Police. The Louis Riel rebellion broke out, and McGrane had a taste of real warfare. The Queen gave him a tiny gold medal, in recognition of his services, which flatly contradicts his modest assertion that they didn't amount to much.

After this adventurous career, an ordinary life was, of course, too tame, McGrane, in his search for adventure turned cattle puncher. It was probably during the long night-watches, or by the lonely camp-fire that McGrane discovered he had a voice, for his first visit to the city got him a place in the chorus of Emma Abbott's Opera Company. Once on the stage, it did not take long to discover that he was also gifted with some ability as an actor. Did doubt exist on that score, McGrane has only to turn to a record of two score or more solid hits scored in the companies of Frohman, Belasco, and Liebler and Company to establish his claim.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra—"The Battle."
Princess—"Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."
Grand—Cecil Spooner.
Majestic—Cissy Loftus.
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Gayety—"Oh, You Woman."

CLEVELAND MOFFETT'S successful play, "The Battle," which has been doing good service for Wilton Lackaye ever since he became a Liebler & Company star, is the attraction scheduled for the Royal Alexandra next week. Thanks to the notoriety attending the participation of John D. Rockefeller in the authorship of its dialogue, and the attack upon the play by the New York socialists, "The Battle" is well known, even where it has not yet been seen. It is roughly described as a play on brains, business and the tenement question, though at the same time disclaimers are thrown out that any attempt has been made to advance any theories or solve any problems. This is undoubtedly due to the general belief that no play can involve itself with serious questions without sacrificing its essentially dramatic qualities and becoming dull and prosy. That "The Battle" is not dull or prosy, and that its dramatic integrity has not been impaired by the author's interest in social matters is proven by the play's popular success. Moreover, that the play's attitude on the questions it deals with is worthy of consideration is made obvious by the interest aroused among persons and classes seldom attracted by matters of the theatre.

Mr. Lackaye's role in "The Battle" is that of John J. Haggleton, supposedly the richest man in all New York. In the quest of his long lost son, Haggleton is enticed into a tenement house in "Lung Block," all of which he owns, and is persuaded to remain for a while, incognito, in these squalid surroundings, in order that he may be brought to a realization of the full horrors of existing conditions. Now, Haggleton puts a test to his theory that brains will win out under any conditions, how he proves that many of the evils complained of are due to the complaining individuals, how he succeeds in winning back his son, and how this son succeeds in capturing the heart and obstinate hand of a fair young hater of millionaires, all of this and more is told in the four acts of the play. Mr. Lackaye will receive capable support from a company of unusual strength.

* * *

"THE Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," Anne Warner's delightful comedy, in which May Robson is starring, will be seen at the Princess Theatre next week. Miss Robson has made the hit of her stage career and is fortunate in securing for her first starring vehicle a comedy so interesting and unique. Miss Robson has played Aunt Mary in all the principal cities from Coast to Coast, and will be seen here with the same cast and production which opened at the Garden Theatre, New York, over two years ago. Aunt Mary is so fresh and unconventional, so laughable and so interesting, that Miss Robson's peculiarly charming personality only serves to bring out the part more forcibly to us.

The story of the play concerns a maiden aunt who is wealthy and is duly provided with a nephew named after her father, for which she has a motherly affection. The nephew, who responds to the name of Jack, has a predilection for getting into all manner of scrapes—from beating a cab-driver and sending him to the hospital for repairs, to promising to marry a girl from Kalamazoo and going back on his promise. Aunt Mary, with her purse strings loosened, is ever ready to come to the rescue of her nephew, with a great deal of grumbling, and violent and spasmodic exhibitions of temper, in which she disinherits the young man and forgives him in the same breath.

Aunt Mary is finally inveigled into a visit to New York by a letter written by one of the quartette of college boys announcing that Jack is sick with the measles which takes the maiden lady to the big city, green as the grass in the region in which she has spent her life. It does not take long under the guidance of her youthful tutors, for her to "catch on" to the ways of life in a large city.

There are midnight suppers, and automobile rides, and sundry divers' occasions, on which she confesses she has not the least idea of what she has been doing or saying, but the foaming bracers they give her in the morning fix her all right and she is captivated by the life.

Then she returns to her home in the country, adopts as far as possible the ways of the city, scandalizes her servants, and says the country is a living tomb. And Aunt Mary, taking advantage of a love match between Jack and Betty Burnett, gives her home to her servants and moves to the city with the admonition to marry and live happy.

* * *

Cissy Loftus is naturally the great attraction at the Majestic Music Hall next week, and her coming is looked forward to with a great deal of interest. She is to give some of the imitations of stage celebrities which made her famous, and which she has done much to establish as a distinct form of entertainment. Her supporting company has been carefully selected. Among the other numbers on the bill are Miss Alice Lorette and her white setter, "Ben"; Tuder Cameron and Bonnie Gaylord, presenting a playlet "On and Off the Stage"; Hanlon and Clifton, the acrobatic team; Dorsch and Russell, in their own original spectacular novelty, "The Musical Railroaders." Several other acts will be given, including a special series of motion pictures on the Kinetoscope.

* * *

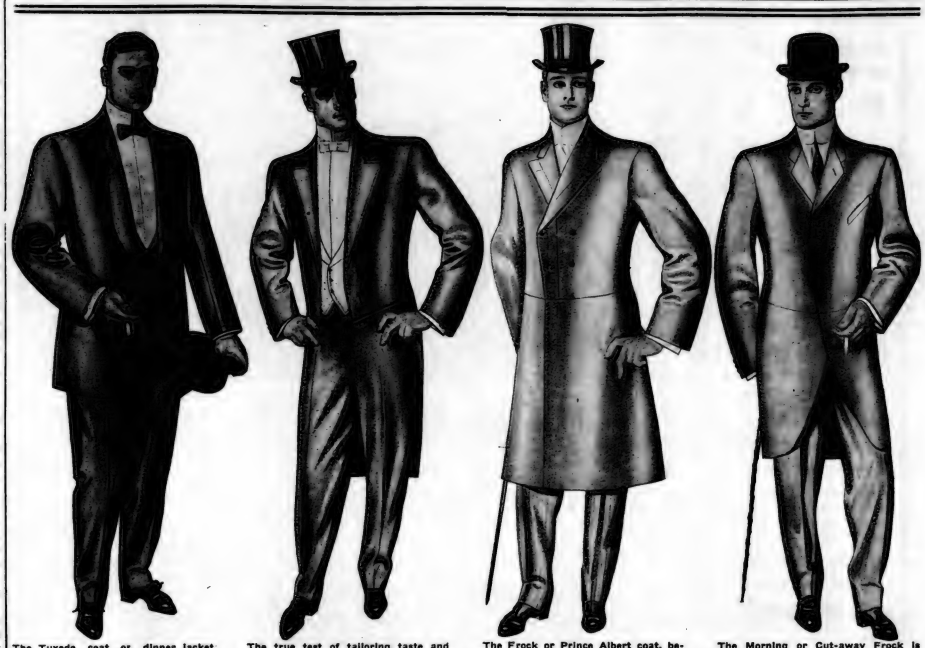
Bessie Wynn, the dainty and charming comedienne, will be the headline feature at Shea's Theatre next week, presenting a new and sparkling budget of songs. Others on the bill include Albert Whalen, the Australian mimic and pianist; Connelly and Webb, Gus Williams, Jordan's "Pekin Graduates," Barry and Wolford, and Six Abdallahs, whirlwind acrobats, and the kinetograph.

* * *

Coming to the Gayety Theatre next week, with the usual matinees, Sam A. Scribner presents his famous "Oh, You Woman" Company. Jean Bedini, Sid Sidman, Mike McDonald, Miss Carrie Daehr, Miss Lillie English, Roy Arthur, Miss Glenion, Miss Lydia Jospy, William Mansey, Edward L. Nelson, Miss Maida Dupree, Joseph Falardo, and the noted Brianzo Trio are in the company.

FIRST-NIGHTER.

MISS CLARA BLANDICK,
Leading lady in "The Battle," at the Royal Alexandra next week.



The Tuxedo coat or dinner jacket should fit faultlessly and be tailored with scrupulous care. Made with peaked lapel or shawl roll. Much of the reputation that 20th Century Brand Garments have won is based on the production of dress and semi-dress clothes.

The true test of tailoring taste and ability is in the making of the full dress suit. This is a special department, with special tailors and special care in every detail. Silk lined throughout, with dull cord facings to ⅝-inch from edge, or mohair lined and silk faced.

The Frock or Prince Albert coat, being worn on dress occasions particularly, calls for special care in styling and tailoring. We make it only in finest imported vicunas, cheviots and llamas, silk lined throughout with barathea facings, or mohair lined with silk facings.

The Morning or Cut-away Frock is made from cheviots and vicunas, both in black and Oxford grey, and is very proper for afternoon wear. It is a dressy garment when styled correctly and tailored with the greatest care. The style shown is absolutely correct in every detail.

Styled with absolute fidelity to the mode, made from choicest imported cloths, trimmed richly, and tailored by experts in a manner to please the most fastidious dresser.

20th CENTURY BRAND
TAILORED BY Lowndes TORONTO

Agents in every city and town in Canada. The styles illustrated are produced exclusively by

The Lowndes Company, Limited
142-144 West Front St., TORONTO

"One paper in the home is worth a million on the highway."
—Marshall Field

The News

is Toronto's Acknowledged Home Paper

Bulloch, Lade & Co's

"GOLD LABEL"

Scotch Whisky

The brand with a world-known reputation for quality and absolute purity.

JOHN HOPE & CO., MONTREAL
Sole Agents for Canada

For sale by all leading Wine Merchants.

Investigate the merits of the Wonderful New Style

Bell Player Piano

The Autonola

The Bell Autonola is an instrument that should be in the home of every lover of piano music who cannot play for himself. With this piano, through the aid of music-roll and treadles anyone can play, and play with feeling and expression. All classes of music can be rendered—popular, classical, dance, vocal, etc.

This piano can also be played by hand in the regular way. It is TWO PIANOS IN ONE.

We can take your present piano in part payment. We mail illustrated catalogue to any address on request.

Bell Piano Warerooms
146 Yonge Street

Who Repairs Your Car?

MR. MAX BACHEM, M.E., is generally recognized as the most expert Motor Car Mechanical Engineer in Canada.

A graduate engineer holding a diploma from the Techikum Bingen of Germany, and before coming to Canada held responsible positions in the world-famous "Mercedes" factory in Germany and the "Darracq" factory in Paris.

Mr. Bachem is possibly the only Engineer in Canada who is thoroughly competent to dismantle, overhaul and adjust a high grade motor car.

The International repair department is fully equipped with the latest machinery and parts to make all necessary repairs to all makes of high grade European and all the principal high class American cars.

Only skilled motor car mechanics are employed on motor adjustments or repairs, and all work is under the personal supervision of Mr. Bachem, who will be pleased to give you an estimate for the overhauling of your motor car, including repainting, etc.

All repairs will be put through as expeditiously as possible and at a reasonable charge. We respectfully solicit your patronage whenever in need of our services.

THE INTERNATIONAL MOTOR CAR CO., Limited
60-64 Jarvis St.
Phone M. 3618 Toronto

Emperador
is the sherry to ask for when you want
the Sherry that surpasses all others
Very Old Very Dry
John Robertson & Son, Ltd.
Montreal
CANADIAN AGENTS

SPORTING COMMENT

McCANN, OF OTTAWA, MAKING THE ONLY TOUCHDOWN OF THE OTTAWA-HAMILTON FOOTBALL MATCH AT ROSEDALE LAST SATURDAY.

JUST now all the talk is football and more football—and then football. And there is all the reason in the world for the general interest in it. In a great game here last Saturday the Rough Riders rode rough-shod over the sure-thing Tigers, to the immense surprise of Toronto and Ottawa and the intense sorrow of Hamilton. And now the victors in that game are to contest for the championship of Canada at Rosedale to-day. It is always a dangerous thing to venture predictions at such a juncture, and there could be no better proof of it than the unexpected outcome of last Saturday's match. Everyone looked for a decisive victory for Hamilton, but the great work of the Ottawa line more than off-set the accuracy and skill of the Tiger backs, and Ottawa gained a real victory quite as decisive as the one expected for Hamilton.

* * *

OF particular interest to Torontonians are the recollections of James C. Rice, the famous rowing coach of Columbia University, who was for some years a resident of Hanlan's Point, and an intimate friend of Ned Hanlan's. According to the story, which is told in a recent issue of the New York Sun, all the early part of his life Rice was very friendly with the renowned oarsman and the records show that in 1896 Rice pulled two races against Old Ned. "I had him in the second race, sailed at Sault Ste Marie that year," says Rice, "because Ned had a big heavy boat and I had a light shell that Wallace Ross owned. But I couldn't afford to beat him, because I'd have lost my job training the old fellow if I had. So we bluffed an exciting race and Ned won."

The very air of Toronto was full of rowing in those days and Hanlan was the great man in the times when Rice was a very small boy. "I remember we once sold an old fellow a towel for $1 that we said Hanlan rubbed down with," says Rice. "Whenever a boat got broken up we took the timbers, broke them up small and sold them for souvenirs to the folks who wanted to get them, as if they were pieces of Hanlan's shell."

It was the most natural thing in the world that a boy reared in that atmosphere should be keen on rowing. The very sight of the great turnout of folks to welcome Hanlan whenever he returned to his town would be enough to make any boy resolve to become a great sculler himself.

So Rice knew very well this man, whom he followed by not many years as coach at Columbia. There was another man whom he saw in those days. It was on one occasion when Rice was a very young lad that he was going across the ferry at Toronto in company with his father and they saw a sculler coming down the water in a shell.

"He was a big, handsome man," says Rice. "He wore a white rowing suit with a large blue star on his chest, and he had a white skull cap with a blue tassel. I remember now how he looked, a powerful, great man, with black curling whiskers. He reached away out for the water and caught it hard and swung through with power and grace. A splendid looking man he was in a boat. I asked my father who he was. 'That's Charlie Courtney,' he told me."

That was Rice's first view of the man whose chief rival as a rowing coach he is to-day. Some folks, Columbia folks of course, may be suspected of prejudice in the matter when they say they think Rice is Courtney's equal as a coach.

When Jimmy grew up and was just in his teens he got into the rowing game. He rowed a number of races, in particular one with Ralston at Orillia in 1888, which he won. In 1889, when the Canadian Rowing Association held a meeting at Hamilton, they threw Rice out of the amateur ranks, saying he was a fisherman, and immediately he went into the professional game with spirit.

Even when so young, Rice turned to the coaching game, so that his record as a coach goes back twenty years. It seems odd that this lad, not yet of age, should have been coaching such men as Hanlan, Durnan, O'Connor and others, as well as rowing in races with them. He was with Ryan and Durnan in 1892. In 1894 he and Jake Gaudaur competed the greatest race of Rice's career. This pair beat Ras Rogers and Eddie Durnan. Rice was in a four that rowed in Texas in 1894, Hosmer being bow, Rice, 2; Teemer, 3; and Gaudaur, stroke. The English crew beat them.

He rowed around a great deal and in a great many places, fifty races altogether, his last race being in 1898 at Halifax, N.S., where he and his partner were beaten by the Lynch brothers. His nine year career as a professional covered races with and against all the great men of that time, and he and Hanlan were a strong pair.

"Folks don't care so much to know what you've done as what you can do," Rice told a man once who asked him for the history of his career; but it is interesting to know that Rice had charge of the Argonaut R. C. from 1894 to 1897; was with the Brockville R. C. in 1898 and 1899; went to Detroit to the boat club there until 1904, coaching also when not engaged at Detroit the Ottawa R. C. and the Toronto R. C., and eventually entered upon his college career with an engagement with the Wold R. C. at Harvard.

* * *

BRITISH polo players seem to be quite confident of winning back the American Cup, which they lost this season. It has been figured out that the cost of accomplishing this feat will be $100,000. This sum is made up of the transportation and living expenses of five or six players with several ponies apiece and an army of grooms. The finest English polo ponies cost anywhere from $1,000 to $1,500 apiece. The hotel expenses of the team, the board and lodging of the ponies and attendants, and the cost of equipment would bring the total up to the amount stated. It is thought that the team would have to have at least two months' residence and practice in America before being thoroughly in shape and accustomed to the ground. This will give the uninitiated an idea of the costliness of polo—at least when it is indulged in by international experts.

* * *

A WRITER in The Congregationalist and Christian World, of Boston, says that "the most popular citizen of Detroit" is Hugh Jennings, manager of the baseball team which has won the American League pennant for three successive seasons. Jennings is a clean and sober man. In his more active days he was one of the greatest short-stops that ever played ball, but the secret of his remarkable success and popularity seems to be discoverable in the fact that he always "plays the game," as English sportsmen put it—which is to say that he plays fair. The writer in question would also lead us to believe that Jennings is a philosopher. Just what his philosophy of sport is will be seen from an extract from a speech he once made to a gathering of newsboys. This is what he said:

"I am more than pleased to see so many faces on the batting list," began the speaker. "You are the boys who make this game of life worth playing.

"When you are called on, pick your bat carefully and then face the pitcher with the mental resolve that you're going to make a hit.

"If you find it easy to reach first, don't think it's going to be so easy to get second. Watch the ball every minute and don't take chances when you know you can be put out. In the game of life you are on the bases most of the time. Sometimes they catch you at the home plate. If they do, make up your mind that they won't the next time.

"And don't kick if you're an outfielder. Things may be faster on the infield, but from your position you have just the same chances in the game. You go to bat like the rest. The good pitcher is the one who delivers the goods. You can all be pitchers in a way, that is, you can always throw straight. And never think a game is lost until it's over, and then you know you'll play another later."

If there were more men like Jennings engaged in sport on this continent it would be a good thing for baseball and every other branch of athletics. He seems to be more of a sportsman than a sport, evidently believing, like the best type of amateur, that the same spirit and ethics that govern decent men in everyday life ought to govern men who don athletic uniforms.

* * *

THE very greatest care should be exercised in the matter of athletic records. This necessity has been proven very conclusively in connection with one of the running records of the past season. Of all the track events the half mile furnished the real episodes of the season in the thrilling tussle for the national championship at Seattle and the new record at the Canadian championship at Montreal. E. Lunghi, the Italian champion, representing the Irish A.A.C., ran 880 yards at the latter meeting in 1 minute, 53 4-5 seconds, a world's record, supplanting the old mark of 1 minute 53 2-5 seconds, made by C. H. Kilpatrick, at the London-New York A. C. international meet September 21, 1895. Hardly had the man from the sunny clime crossed the finish line when a wave of suspicion crept over the land that everything was not right, and the sceptics drew their conclusions from two things. These were that in the race Frank Riley did 1:54, and up to that time Lunghi had not shown within seconds of his record.

After he made this wonderful burst there was great anxiety to see him in the half, but his astute mentors adroitly kept him away from that distance. The fall games of the New York A. C. offered a golden opportunity for Lunghi to substantiate what he did in Canada, for the track was good and the day fine, but he elected to come to the Dominion for another record which never came off, for he only showed a shade better than 1:59. He started in the 1,000 yards in the indoor championship at Madison Square Garden, but pulled up when beaten before the last turn for home. The winner of the race was Harry Gissing of the New York A. C., who made a new indoor record of 2 minutes 18 4-5 seconds, and it is a fact worth noticing that Gissing beat the Italian every time he met him.

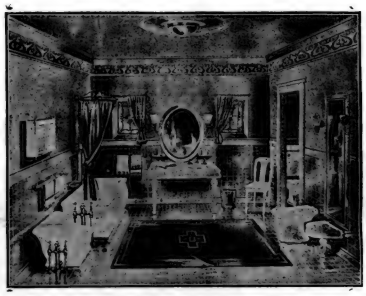
In a 600 yard race at Newark, Gissing took the measure of both Lunghi and M. W. Sheppard on the same occasion and incidentally made the best outdoor mark for that distance, doing 1 minute 11 4-5 seconds. Again at the games of the Monument A. C., at Celtic Park, Lunghi was heralded to do all sorts of things to the outdoor record for the 1,000 yards, which is 2:13, by Lon Meyers. Sheppard was opposed to Lunghi when he made the attempt to wipe Myers off the books, and not only did the Italian fail, but he was forced to take second place to Sheppard, who won in a little better than 2:20.

PLAYFAIR.

It is absolutely impossible to say what we think. The best we can do is to think what we say.—Life.

MEERSCHAUM
an absolutely pure
plug cut tobacco
Tin foil packages
and pouches

No brand could obtain the high reputation of
B. B. B. PIPES
except by reason of "HIGHEST QUALITY"
ON SALE AT ALL FIRST-CLASS TOBACCONISTS



There's No "Wear-Out" to Alexandra Ware

Graceful in design, and of beautiful finish, "ALEXANDRA" Ware is also specially worth your consideration because of its extreme durability.

A clay product such as the so-called "solid porcelain ware" will inevitably *crack*, and therefore, cannot be considered durable.

"ALEXANDRA" Ware, on the other hand, is made of cast iron, which, of course, cannot crack. The heavy porcelain enamel with which it is covered, inside and out, gives this ware a beautiful finish.

The Standard Ideal Company Ltd

Sales Offices and Show Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg
Head Office and Factories: Port Hope, Canada.

"CEETEE" UNDERWEAR

Perfect Fitting—Elastic and Unshrinkable

"CEETEE" Underclothing is made from the finest Australian Merino Wool—fully combed and thoroughly cleansed. Our special process removes all the short fibres and foreign articles, thus disposing of that irritation to the skin so frequent in ordinary underwear. For elasticity and strength it is unequalled.

In all sizes for men, women and children. Insist on your dealer showing you "CEETEE." Backed by our guarantee.

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE CEETEE PURE WOOL

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, Limited
GALT, ONTARIO
1879 Manufacturers—Established 1859

THE BEVERAGE FOR ALL WEATHERS.

"Epps's" means Excellence

EPPS'S COCOA

A delicious food and drink in one.

Grateful A cup of "Epps's" at breakfast Warms and Sustains you for hours. As a supper beverage it is perfect. Comforting

MOTORS and MOTORING

ONE of the most remarkable of recent developments in the manufacture of automobiles, has been the increasing attention devoted to the small car. More and more is it coming to be recognized among the manufacturers that if the automobile is to really come into its own it must be put within reach of the man of moderate means. By good fine it happens that what these men want is exactly what is the best for the manufacturers, even though some of these latter have not yet recognized the fact. Simplicity and economy are the qualities most desirable in every machine, and the automobile is no exception.

The demands of this class have added to the designer's repertory the block cylinder casting, thermo-syphon cooling, magneto ignition with fixed spark timing, the circulating system of lubrication and the pressed-steel live axle. They have called the designer from the making of road locomotives, and have showed him that greater possibilities and problems even more worthy of the solving lay in the light four, and even in the humble "one-lunger." Any man of moderate skill and some experience can design a fairly satisfactory 40-horsepower car; but the small car calls for original and inventive talent.

To the man of moderate means we must look for much future progress in design. We can hardly build cars of speed which must be close to the limits of human endurance; and the reliability of the present automobile compares favorably with that of any other piece of machinery. Were it a question of speed alone, we might well rest on our laurels; but first cost can always be reduced, and running expense and maintenance lightened. These are the directions which future improvement must take; and the industry owes a debt to the men of moderate means for awakening it to this fact.

* * *

IN addition to the international automobile regulations which have recently been studied in Paris, France is interested in bringing up to date her national laws governing traffic. The present set of regulations was drawn up in 1851, at a time, naturally, when automobiles were unknown, and when traffic was not as intense as to-day. Admittedly the laws need modernizing, and in order that his work should be done properly Louis Barthou, then Minister of Public Works, appointed a Commission of experts representing the automobile industry, road makers, horse owners, cyclists, and the ministries of justice and public works to draw up an ideal road code which should be presented to the Minister of Public Works, and by him brought before the government for presentation to parliament.

The commission is now in two sections, one of them studying the road tions, one of them studying the road itself and dealing principally with the weights of vehicles that shall be allowed on of vehicles that shall be allowed on the road, the type of wheels they shall employ, etc. The other section has the larger problem of creating laws for the regulating of traffic. It is very probable that the new code will adopt a free speed limit. At present official France is in contradiction with itself, for it has a maximum speed law of 18 miles an hour, which if rigorously applied would put every French automobilist into prison. Practically no limit is imposed, but there is always danger of an attacking party taking advantage of the legal limitation. What will doubtless be done will be to make the law as reasonable as its present application, which is no limit, but every man responsible for the accidents he may cause. This will also put a check on mayors of little villages, who, at present have power to fix local speed limits varying from a walking pace to 10 miles an hour —but rarely have the courage to enforce them.

Lights on vehicles will be a strong point of the new code. Where the maximum speed is less than 18 miles an hour, only one light will be required, but it must be of such a nature and placed in such a position that it will be seen as clearly from behind as from the front. Cattle and sheep driven on the road at night will have to show a light in a similar way, and it is more than probable that the same regulation will apply to troops and any considerable body of men marching together.

Another proposed improvement is that all cases of dispute between any stranger and a native shall not be tried before the local courts, but in the chief town of the department, corresponding to the capital of the State in America. Almost invariably in a dispute between an automobilist and another person the automobilist is a stranger to the district, or probably a foreigner, while his opponent is a native. The local judge has such strong local attachments that it is rare indeed that the stranger receives fair treatment. It is but natural that in case of a doubt the local judge should decide in favor of his townsman rather than of a stranger he has never seen before and may never see again. At times, too, the automobile brings exceedingly important cases before exceedingly unimportant courts, the judge of which has not the experience necessary to arrive at a just decision. The transference of all such cases to the capital town would not cause much inconvenience to the natives and would assure fairer treatment to the automobilist.

* * *

A USEFUL piece of work which is being done by the Touring Club of France, and one which might be followed with advantage by similar organizations in this country, is the placing on the road of simple and legible signs giving notice of difficulties and dangers ahead. Some of these signs are reproduced in an accompanying cut. It will be seen that they are of a nature to be recognized with ease even in a dim light or when going at a fair rate of speed. They are placed on the right of the road, mounted on poles ten feet in height, and are situated 250 meters before the obstacle to which they refer. Other sign-boards erected by the Club have been placed on the highways leading from Paris to the international frontiers. They give primarily the terminii of the route, as Paris—Geneve, and the distance from either end; then, in the largest letters of all, the name of the town near which it is placed, and, finally, the nearest large town in either direction. Of all useful and readable sign boards to be found in any land these recently erected by the omnific T. C. F. are certainly the best planned and the most useful.

Some of the signs for autoists placed on the highways of France by the Touring Club.

* * *

IT is the general impression that the organization of insurance men who are known both in New York and London as Lloyds will issue insurance of any kind. The New York Lloyds have been known to insure promoters against loss by rain on days set for outdoor contests, and everyone knows of the election insurances which they frequently make. The Pierce-Arrow Company now says that before the Glidden Tour this year it wrote to both the New York and London Lloyds asking if they would insure the Pierce-Arrows against losing the trophy. Two policies were proposed, one covering the winning of the trophies by Pierce-Arrow cars and the other that at least one of the four cars of that make entered would get a perfect score. Both the New York and London Lloyds decided it was a matter they did not care to handle.

* * *

THE theory of having as large wheels as possible to save tyres is one that chances to stand the test of practice, therefore "it is entitled to respect." It was advanced again by Dr. Samways in the course of an admirable and interesting discussion at the Royal Automobile Club. Perhaps the chief point of interest in that meeting was the proving that the strain of pressure in a tyre is not greatest whereabouts it rests on the ground but at exactly the opposite point, namely, "at the very top" as it were. This means that in the case of a pneumatic tyre the weight is not carried on the top of the air compressed below the rim of the wheel but is rather suspended from above owing to the support of the ground causing compression of two columns of air, one on either half-circle of the tyre, which meet at precisely that point where the tyre chances to be the highest from the ground at the moment. This is why in about ninety-five cases out of a hundred a tyre bursts always in that part and not near the ground. In that connection please bear in mind that there is a deal of difference between a burst and a puncture. The experience of men connected with big motor houses goes to show that bursts occur in the parts named.

* * *

THE number of women, who, within the past few years, have taken up motoring intending to drive cars themselves, has steadily increased during the past season. In several localities they have already organized clubs restricted to their own sex. It is proposed now to hold, next year, an endurance race, in which women alone shall participate. It is declared by a writer in the New New York Times that women drivers already exist who are known to be able to operate a car as well as the best men drivers. During the past year, many women have taken part in long runs, including trips from New York to San Francisco. These runs "have proven beyond the slightest doubt, that a trip across the country in a motor-car is none too difficult for women." So far as safety is concerned, "they are as well off while touring as when taking short spins."

* * *

SOME one in Boston has made an estimate of the expenditure, last summer in that city, by motorists coming from outside of New England, and places it at $600,000. Similar conditions prevailed elsewhere in New England, but the most notable income seems to have been obtained in the White Mountain resorts. Hotel proprietors at Bretton Woods have compiled figures on the subject. For the whole season, it was found that, at one of the largest and newest hotels, 74 per cent. of the business done for the whole season was due to motor parties. At one of the smaller hotels the percentage was 37. The two hotels showed that about 55 per cent., or more than half, of the business which came to their doors arrived in motor-cars.

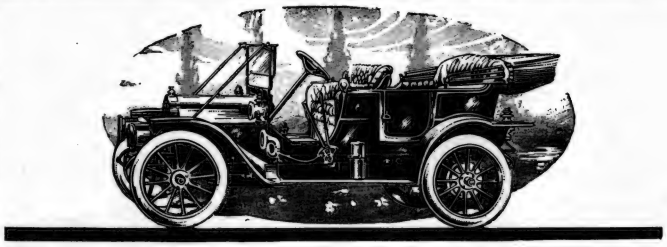
At the large hotel in question, between July 10, and October 1, 5,414 persons registered, of whom 4,014 came in cars. These figures are exclusive of chauffeurs and maids. As the number of cars registered at the garage was 964 the number of chauffeurs is estimated to have been at least 300, and of maids or valets, 200. Altogether, close to 5,000 persons came to this hotel in cars. At the other hotel the registered guests numbered 4,019, of whom 1,534 came in cars. The cars registered numbered 409. The two hotels are believed to have cared for 1,379 machines and at least 7,000 persons.

* * *

The Automobile Club of Buffalo will conduct a series of lectures by technical experts at the club this winter. A change in the by-laws has been made whereby additional committees will be appointed, to have charge of maps, road signs, contests and the club journal. Approval has been made of the proposition to make a new and up-to-date map of roads in Western New York.

CHAUFFEUR.

Visitor—What have you in arctic literature? Librarian—Cook books and Pearyodicals.—Brooklyn Life.



The 1910 "REO"—at $1,500—is the equal—in power, speed and beauty—of cars that sell at $3,000 and more

As soon as we got our four-cylinder car up to the Reo standard in every detail, we offered it to you—not before.

A big, powerful, handsome car—fifty miles an hour and a wonder on the hills—with the famous get-there-and-back ability of every Reo car ever built.

Never before this season has the equal of this car been sold for less than three thousand dollars. And—this year or any year —it is the peer of any car at any price, for comfort and reliability.

A lot to say—and a lot more to do; but the car is here to *prove* it.

Also there's a book that shows you clearly how it's done.

GET THE BOOK AND SEE THE CAR

Reo Motor Car Co., of Canada, Limited

ST. CATHARINES - - CANADA

You Can do it with a REO

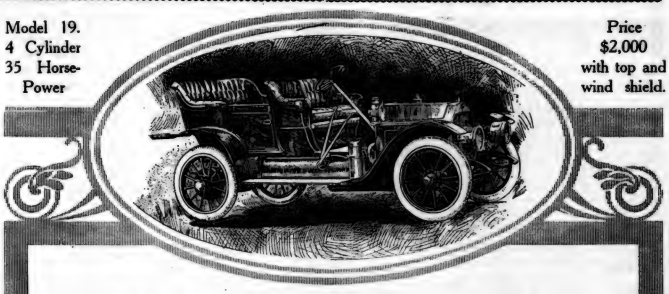
Agents for Reo Cars:

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED, TORONTO.

MAW & CO. LTD., WINNIPEG. RED GARAGE, ST, CATHARINES, M. C. ROSE, LONDON, ONT VANCOUVER AUTO CO., VANCOUVER.

Model 19.
4 Cylinder
35 Horse-Power

Price $2,000 with top and wind shield.



"McLaughlin-Buick"

The Car with the Best Reputation and the Best Reasons for Having That Reputation

Wisdom in motor car selection consists principally of delay in purchasing—just enough delay to enable you to look carefully into every make of car on the market.

If all motorists possessed this kind of wisdom, an even larger percentage of the cars in use in Canada would be "McLaughlin-Buicks."

The cause of most motor car troubles is hasty purchase—buying on the "say-so" of a smooth salesman.

Don't *you* make that mistake. Don't even take *our* word for it that the "McLaughlin-Buick" is the only car for you.

We do honestly believe that—believe it so strongly, in fact, as to feel confident that complete investigation and calm deliberation will surely end in your owning a "McLaughlin-Buick."

All we ask is a chance to give you a demonstration.

Send *to-day* for Catalogue.

McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Limited

Head Office and Factory:---OSHAWA

Toronto Garage, Cor. Church and Richmond Sts.

VOICE PIANO ORGAN THEORY
Incorporated 1890
TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC LIMITED
IN AFFILIATION WITH UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.
12 and 14 Pembroke Street.
F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Doc. (Tor.)
Musical Director.
Branches: 1,781 Dundas St., 47 Hepbourne St., 215 De Grassi St.
Pupils may enter at any time.
Send for Calendar and Syllabus.

ARTHUR BLIGHT
Concert Baritone
Teacher of Singing. Vocal Director Ontario Ladies' College.
Studio: Nordheimer's, 15 King Street East. Phone Main 4669.

PERCY R. HOLLINGSHEAD
Lyric, Dramatic Tenor
Soloist Bloor St. Presbyterian Church.
Studio: Nordheimer's, 15 King St. E.
Method: Modern Italian—"Bel Canto."

FRANK E. BLACHFORD
Solo Violinist
Studios for teaching—
Conservatory of Music.
168 Carlton Street.

Vocal Studio
MISS MARIE C. STRONG
Tone Production and Singing
Studio: Nordheimer's, 15 King St. E.

P. J. McAVAY
Teacher of Singing
Studio: 58 Beaconsfield.
Voices tested free.

W. PRESTON MacHENRY
Voice
Musical Director High Park Presbyterian Church.
Studios: 449 Spadina Avenue.
Phones: Coll. 4799; Res., Park. 3405.

MENDELSSOHN CHOIR
OF TORONTO
A. S. VOGT, CONDUCTOR
For all information regarding Concerts, membership in Chorus, etc., address T. A. Reed, Secretary, 319 Markham Street, Toronto.

ADA J. F. TWOHY
Mus. Bac.
Solo Pianist and Accompanist.
Member Piano Faculty, Toronto Conservatory of Music. Address, 588 Spadina Ave.

THE MISSES STERNBERG
Dancing, Physical Culture, Fencing
SIMPSON HALL, 734 YONGE ST.
Classes now forming. Teachers' Training Course.
Office hours, 2-5 p.m., except Saturdays.

ERNEST J. SEITZ
Pianist and Teacher
Studio:
DOMINION BANK CHAMBERS
College St. and Spadina Ave.
Phones: Studio, C. 4799; Res., N. 2815.

FRANK CONVERSE SMITH
Violinist
Studios at Dominion Chambers, corner of College St. and Spadina Ave.
Phone College 4799.

W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
Piano, Organ, Theory
Studios at Nordheimer's and Toronto College of Music.
Residence: 48 Hawthorne Avenue, Rosedale. Phone: North 2937.

FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD
For Teachers and Children.
Mrs. C. Farmer, 750 Bathurst Street
Advanced Piano and Theory
E. J. Farmer, B.A., A.T.C.M.
Pupil of Schreck, Hofmann and Wendling, Leipsic. 750 Bathurst St., or Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Phone: College 3791.

MR. E. W. SCHUCH
Instruction in Voice Culture and Expression in Singing
Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.
Tuesday and Friday evenings.
Studio: 3 Carlton St.

EDMUND HARDY, MUS. BAC.
Teacher of Piano Playing and Musical Theory
Organist and Choirmaster of Parkdale Presbyterian Church.
Studio: Toronto Conservatory of Music.

H. ETHEL SHEPHERD
Soprano, Concert and Oratorio
Pupil of Oscar Saenger, New York; Frank Sing Clarke, Paris; Jean de Reszke, Paris. Voice Instruction. Studio: Toronto Conservatory of Music.

FRANK S. WELSMAN
Pianist
Studio for Lessons at Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence: 30 Willcocks Street.

J. D. A. TRIPP
For Piano Instruction and Concerts
Apply Toronto Conservatory of Music.

DR. ALBERT HAM
Voice Production and Singing
Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 561 Jarvis Street.

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portrait Painter
Studio: 24 King Street West.

The Apollo School of Music
E. M. ROBINSON, Musical Directress
174 Oakington Ave. Phone Coll. 4463.
Piano—Vocal—Theory—Kindergarten Music. Recitals and Music Examinations a specialty.

RATIONAL SUNDAY LEAGUE
Object: A better Sunday for all the people. Information sent.
V. J. GILPIN, Gen. Sec.,
Temple Building, Toronto.

MUSIC

THE second concert of our Toronto Symphony Orchestra has come and gone, carrying with it the metaphorical imprimatur, or sanction of a host of music lovers. Thus, there was a strengthening of the constantly increasing impression of the excellent work in the direction of musical culture for this city which this admirable organization is accomplishing in the present series of concerts.

The orchestral numbers for the evening—Haydn's ever fresh and lovely Symphony in D major, No. 2, and Weber's Overture to "Oberon," with its spirit of intoxicating sweetness and revelry—were performed with distinct success. Once or twice the difficulties in *embouchure* for the French horns and flutes were slightly apparent, but these were very minor flaws in an otherwise excellent performance.

The flexibility of the orchestra in the accompaniment to the Rachmaninoff concerto was astoundingly demonstrated, and it was here that its nearest approach to virtuosity was shown.

In Rachmaninoff, one can say that Toronto has been visited by a great personality and a man of genius. As a pianist, he is a performer with a lovely touch and an exquisite sense of *tempo rubato;* while his work as a composer is modern and original to a remarkable degree. His concerto is not a work to be hastily judged, but that it was full of charming themes and beautiful unhackneyed harmonies no one will deny.

Canada will never be a great country musically until the orchestral side of the art gains its proper place. Without the inspiration of this class of music our composers will continue to produce nothing more important than anthems and piano compositions. But let the orchestral effort receive adequate support, and our native talent will begin to turn its attention to the creation of bigger works; and thus our musical culture and standing will be advanced.

But this general diffusion of musical culture amongst us Canadians cannot be brought about unless we support the initial effort. Judging by the amount of labor and expense involved, a Symphony Orchestra is no small undertaking. The history of all great orchestras has been the same, however, and it is a well known fact that the Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and other great orchestras have had for many years to be subsidized to the extent of many thousands of dollars.

It may seem to a large number of people that an organization of this kind should maintain itself upon the receipts from its concerts, and it is difficult for many to understand, for instance, why the crowded and popular concerts of our own orchestra should not furnish sufficient funds for its maintenance. The answer, however, lies in the fact that the highest forms of art are always beyond the financial reach of the masses of the people. The highest forms of opera and drama have always been endowed, and the life history of almost every great painter records the fact that at one time his talent might have languished but for the support furnished him by some lover of his art.

It appears to be an incontrovertible fact that the concerts given by the Toronto Symphony each month should produce twice the amount of revenue in order to meet expenses which have been kept down to the minimum. Yet it is not feasible to double the charge for admission, nor would the object of the orchestra—to furnish the best music to all classes of the people—be furthered by any such attempt.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori, but we trust that inadequate support will not render this the fate of our orchestra. Sweeter far if it may live as a far-reaching influence in the cause of art, and to that end let us all get busy and encourage it in every way possible. The solution of the problems before the committee of management must depend upon the public support they receive; and with the needs of the orchestra in mind, along with the prospect of a first-class concert, it is to be expected that the next audience on December 16th will be a large one. David Bispham, that finest of baritones, will be the assisting artist.

* * *

We have had an instructive week of Grand Opera at the Royal Alexandra. The performance of "Aida," which the writer attended on Monday evening, while execrable in spots, served as a very tolerable means of familiarizing the music student with the work. In this opera Verdi tried to break away from the old Italian style, and much of its method and orchestral coloring show the modern tonality; but the solos, duets and the like almost invariably hark back to the saccharine flavoring of the works of the older Italians.

The National Grand Opera Company deserves to be encouraged, as educative performances of this class of work come too rarely amongst us.

* * *

The series of standard pianoforte compositions edited by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp includes Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp minor. During the visit of the great composer, Mr. Tripp submitted this edition for his critical inspection, and was very much gratified when Mr. Rachmaninoff autographed a copy as a seal and expression of his approval of the same.

* * *

A letter from Mr. George Dixon informs me that he has secured a very good church position in New York, and also has been engaged for a 5,000 mile tour, leaving Dec. 1, and taking in many of the big American cities.

* * *

Mr. H. M. Fletcher's right to the title of educator in matters musical is one which no one will dispute. His Elementary Chorus reaches a class which no other organization deals with—that of the veriest beginners in the vocal art; while his Schubert Choir presents programmes of genuine and increasing merit as season follows season. Three concerts are now being prepared by this latter organization and these will be given in conjunction with the Pittsburg Orchestra in Toronto and Rochester. The selections to be performed are of great interest, and among the novelties which will have their first production on this continent will be, Schubert's dramatic and melodious work, "In Nature," for soprano solo, eight part chorus and orchestra; Choral Variations on an old English folk song, "Widdicombe Fair," by Rutland Boughton, which is delightful in its country side life and rustic humor; "Bebgrabinisgesang," by Kahn, an eight part, a capella chorus for mixed voices; "In Wald," a very beautiful eight part male chorus. Mr. Fletcher has had the last two mentioned selections translated into English by Bote and Bock, Berlin. The programmes will also contain selections by Handel, Mozart, Elgar, Purcell, Wagner and Tschaikowski.

* * *

The following programme in the fortnightly series was given at the Toronto Conservatory of Music by pupils of the piano and organ departments—intermediate grade—on Saturday afternoon last:

Nevin, Shepherds All and Maidens Fair, Miss Constance Oakley; Liszt, Consolation, No. 6, Miss Beatrice Dinnis; Jensen-Niemann, Murmuring Zephyrs, Miss Evelyn Phillips; Godard, Mazurka, Op. 102, No. 4, Miss Violet Matthews; Rubinstein, Kamennoi-Ostrow, Op. 10, No. 22, Miss Margaret Grove; Lavallee, Le Papillon, Miss Ida Crompton; (a) Godard, Guirlandes (b) Schumann, Novelette, No. 7, Miss Irene Weaver; Merkel (organ) Overture in E flat, Miss Myrtle Horner; Bach, Prelude and Fugue, C Sharp Major, Book 1, Miss Rita Haynes; Schumann, (a) Warum, (b) Grillen, Miss Mary Manser; Sibellius, Romance, Op. 24, Miss Edith Burnett; Hollins (organ), Grand Choeur, G Minor, Mr. Ernest D. Gray.

The teachers represented were Miss Edith Myers, Miss Ethel Rolls, Mr. Donald Herald, Miss Mabel F. Boddy, Miss Eugenie Quehen, Mr. G. D. Atkinson, Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc.

* * *

On Monday night of last week a rare treat was given music lovers when Mr. William G. Armstrong was heard in a song recital at the Toronto College of Music. Mr. Armstrong has a fine baritone voice of very high range and sang each of his numbers with true feeling and artistic appreciation. His programme was as follows:—Verdi, Recit. and Aria, "Eri tu che Macchiavi" (Un Ballo in Maschera): Handel, Where e'er you walk (Semele); Brahms, Sapphische Ode; Gounod, "Dio Possente" (Faust); Angelo M. Read, Requiem; La Forge, Schlupfwinkel; Ponchielli, Barcarola, "Pescator affonda l' esca" (La Gioconda); Schumann, Two Grenadiers, and his encores, "My own Country" and "Calm as the Night," were very much enjoyed. A decidedly talented young pianist, Miss Alma V. Clarke, who is a pupil of Dr. Torrington, delighted the audience with her piano solos, the beautiful Nocturne in F sharp minor of Chopin, "Were I a Bird," by Henselt, Etude Op. 10, No. 5, Chopin and the Liszt Rhapsodie No. 6. Mrs. Armstrong was a sympathetic accompanist.

* * *

Subscription lists for the Mendelssohn Choir concerts are now open at the leading music stores and at Massey Hall. Subscriptions will be received by any member of the committee or chorus.

A prospectus giving full particulars regarding the concerts and details concerning the method of subscription has also been published, and can be obtained from any of the above named.

As the lists will only remain open for four weeks, being called in on December 14, it is advisable that all subscribers should place their names on the lists at an early date.

* * *

The second of the series of Reception-Musicales will be given on Saturday evening at the Dominion Chambers Music Studios by Messrs. W. Preston MacHenry, Frank Converse Smith, Ernest J. Seitz and George F. Liddle.

Miss Bernice Layton, lyric soprano, a pupil of Mr. MacHenry, has just signed a lucrative concert contract for one year with the Chicago musical bureau.

* * *

Miss Florence M. Galbraith has left for a second tour of the Canadian West, under the management of Wallace Graham, Brandon.

ARPEGGIO.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc., Musical Director
GRADUATING COURSES under eminent teachers in Piano, Singing, Organ, Violin, Theory, and all other branches of Music.
Pupils May Enter at any Time. Year Book (160 Pages) Mailed on Application
CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION
SPECIAL CALENDAR F. H. KIRKPATRICK, Ph.D., Principal
Public Reading, Oratory, Physical and Vocal Culture, Dramatic Art and Literature

W. H. SHAW
ATTEND THE
CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE
Cor. Yonge & Gerrard Sts.
for the most modern methods of training for Office Pursuits.
Catalogue on request. Enter any time.
W. H. SHAW, Principal

C. B. COLLEGE

MME. SEMBRICH.
THE VICTOR
brings Mme. Sembrich and all of the world's greatest artists into your own home.
Caruso
Melba
Mischa Elman
Schumann-Heink
Scotti and many others are all always ready to perform when you own a Victor.
After hearing an opera it is delightful to have your favorite selection reproduced in such a perfect manner.
Come and Hear the New Type
VICTROLA
Style XII $150.00 Style XX $240.00
OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS
Victor and Edison Distributors
THE R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS Co., Limited
143 YONGE STREET

The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression
North Street, TORONTO
MRS. SCOTT RAFF, Principal
Daily and Evening Classes in English Literature, French and German, Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Singing, Interpretation, Oratory and Dramatic Art.
Reading ...—Wednesday, Dec. 1st, at 2.30 p.m. Dramas by Lady Gregory, "The Rising of the Moon," "The Gaol Gate," Miss Topley Thomas, Reader. Course ticket, $2.00. Single admission, 25c.
Telephone North 4544.

Under the distinguished patronage of His Honor, the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Gibson
RECITAL
—BY—
MISS CLARICE SPENCER
(Pupil of Owen A. Smily.)
ARTHUR BLIGHT, Baritone
Miss Lilyan Smith, Accomp.
ASSOCIATION HALL, DEC. 6th at 8.15 p.m.
Seats, 50c. and $1.00.
Plan at Mason & Risch piano warerooms, Nov. 27th.

Purchase where you will, but FIRST investigate the
MASON & RISCH
"THE PIANO WITH A SOUL."
HERE you have the utmost development to which the modern high-grade piano has yet attained. Supreme in profundity and wealth of tone—unmatched for endurance under any climatic conditions—unrivalled for responsiveness of action and lightness of touch—the Mason & Risch will not fail to satisfy the most exacting critic.
Investigate Freely
The privilege of examining Mason & Risch Pianos is cordially extended at our warerooms, where, without obligation to purchase, we will take pride in explaining to you some of the reasons that have helped to make the Mason & Risch a masterpiece. Our famous Allquot System of perfect tone distribution and enrichment, the most notable improvement in piano construction in the last generation, will especially interest you.

Bygone Piano Art—Italian Spinet.
Period 1561. With projecting keyboard, decorated with ivory studs. The instrument could be removed from its outer case of cedar wood, flamboyantly decorated with gilt bossing on a green ground. An instrument whose appearance promised more than its mechanism performed, it was still an important forerunner of the present-day piano.
A Princely Gift
Your most important gift, during the forthcoming Christmas season, could find no more fitting exponent than a Mason & Risch Piano. Its magnificent beauty of tone is a continual incentive to musical achievement—its enduring beauty will be a life-long memento of the giver. Let us send you our descriptive pamphlet "Inside Information," it will post you fully on the construction of our instruments. Mailed free to any address.
THE MASON & RISCH PIANO COMPANY, Limited
32 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

McQUARRIES, LIMITED

FASHIONABLE ULSTER COATS

Showing very swagger winter Ulster Coats in the newest New York Models.
Newest weaves, all Man-Tailored garments.
Prices start at... **$10.**

282 YONGE STREET 282
PHONE M. 7726-7727

GRAND OPERA AT HOME

This is possible if you are the owner of a

VICTOR

The list of selections is most complete, embracing the gems from Aida, Lucia, Trovatore, La Traviata, Carmen, Rigolette, Cavalleria Rusticana, I Pagliacca and every other opera of note.

Artists such as Caruso, Melba, Tettrazini and Scotti sing exclusively for the VICTOR.

Hear the Rigoletto Quartette by Caruso, Abbott, Homer, Scotti, and the famous Sextette from Lucia by Sembrich, Caruso, Scotti, Journet, Severina, Daddi.

We will gladly play any of the above, or any other Victor music you ask for.

The complete operas of I Pagliacci, Il Trovatore and Ernani are made on the VICTOR.

TORONTO GRAM-O-PHONE CO.
VICTOR HEADQUARTERS
286 Yonge St. (Opp. Wilton Ave.) Toronto

Cutlery Suitable for Xmas Gifts

Carvers in Cases, Fish Servers, Table and Dessert Knives and Forks, Manicure Sets, Scissors in Sets, Razors, Safety Razors, Pocket Knives.

SEE OUR DISPLAY. GET OUR PRICES.

AIKENHEAD HARDWARE LIMITED
17, 19, 21 Temperance St.
Toronto

Aikenhead's

Put 'KODAK' on that Christmas List

We are exclusive dealers in photo supplies and carry all the good makes of Kodaks and Cameras on the market. We have them to suit all ages.

The Brownie Cameras, for the young folks, from $1.00 to $12.00.

The Folding Pocket Kodaks, for the older ones, from $10.00 to $79.40.

Call and see our assortment before buying.

RAMSEY FOR KODAKS
J. G RAMSEY & CO., LIMITED.
Note New Address: **66 KING STREET WEST.**

Best Quality
Coal and Wood
Offices

5 KING EAST
411 Yonge Street
576 Queen St. W.
115 Spadina Avenue
752 Queen Street E.
826 College St.
145 Broadview Ave.
Cor. Hamburg Ave. and Bloor Street
26 Dundas W., Toronto Junction.
793 Yonge Street
306 Queen Street E.
Cor. Agnes St. and Centre Ave.
Esplanade E., near Berkeley Street
Esplanade E., foot of Church Street
Bathurst Street, opposite Front Street
Pape Avenue, at G.T.R. Crossing
1131 Yonge Street, at C.P.R. Crossing
256-258 Lansdowne Avenue.
1368 Queen Street W.
93 Boyce Avenue
119 Parliament Street
2168 Queen Street E.
235 Roncesvalles Ave.
1088 Bathurst St.
1096 Bloor Street W.
663 Bloor Street W.

THE Elias Rogers Co. LIMITED

Wines for Cooking

Our Cooking Brandy at $1.00 per bottle, and Cooking Sherry at 65c. per bottle, are of exceptional value.

The Wm. Mara Co.

Wine Merchants - 79 Yonge St., Toronto

Vaults: 71, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Yonge St., and 2, 4, 6 and 8 King St. E. Phones: Main 1708 and Main 1709.

"A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg," by Charles Major. Published by the Macmillan Company of Canada; $1.50.

IT is rather surprising that more bright young men with literary aspirations, in America, do not go in for romance writing. With the field so open that Charles Major, cavorting therein at the head of a retinue of gloriously tinseled but rather wooden characters, can win the plaudits and ducats of the multitude, surely many a rising journalist on the continent could, by a little serious labor, make as brave a show and appropriate as much fame and money. This writer made a shrewd bid for popularity when he produced "When Knighthood was in Flower!" It was rather thin romance, but it *was* romance, and it had an enticing title, and it sold remarkably well. "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," was better, much better. Dorothy herself was the sort of girl to more than interest any man, especially the sort that sits in the front row when a good racy comic opera comes along. And I venture to say that many a bald-headed old rascal sat up late o' nights reading delightedly and perhaps clandestinely of how spirited Dorothy bared her back to her fire-eating papa and performed other heroic deeds in order that she might come at last to the arms of her true love. Yes, Dorothy and her story were all to the good, so to speak. But when one compares the best of Major's romances with "Simon Dale," and "The Red Axe," and "Under the Red Robe" and—well, with a good many romances written in our time by skilled craftsmen—not to mention great ones—across the sea, one is again reminded of the fact that in this generation the quality of romance is pretty badly strained on this continent.

These remarks may appear to be the idle talk of a chronic "kicker," but I am prompted to make them after reading on a literary page somewhere that "A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg" is a story which has something the quality of a Stevenson romance! When fools begin to make such comparisons, it is time that honest men began to do some comparing in the public interest. As a r of fact "A Gentle Knight of Brandenburg" is a simple, agre e tale—the love story of Wilhelmina, sister of Frederick the Great. It will be found interesting by a large number of people, no doubt. Young persons, especially, will enjoy it, for it is rather juvenile in form. But it does not compare favorably with "Dorothy Vernon," or even with "When Knighthood was in Flower." And in view of what I have already said, it is probably not worth while to proceed further with comparisons. At all events Stevenson need not be further dragged into the discussion.

* * *

"The Backwoodsmen," by Charles G. D. Roberts. Published by the Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto; $1.25.

Mr. Roberts, being a matured thinker and a finished artist—one of the few real literary artists Canada has produced—seldom writes anything which is not well worth reading. The present volume contains a collection of short stories, fifteen in number, and, with the exception of one or two which are of rather trifling significance, the tales are very interesting indeed. They are nearly all animal stories, but not of the nature-faking variety. The wild creatures introduced are not given human attributes. They appear simply as the inevitable companions, friends, enemies, plagues, and quarries of the back woods people who figure as characters in the stories. And these characters on acquaintance prove most interesting; some of them being admirable, some amusing, some truly heroic, and all very human. Indeed any reader, whether man, woman, or child, critical or uncritical, will find in this book plenty of entertainment and pleasure.

* * *

"A Soldier's Life," by Edwin George Rundle. Published by William Briggs, Toronto.

Sergeant-Major Rundle, formerly instructor at the Toronto Military School, is probably known to many of the military men of the country, not, of course, in the sense that Col. Denison, or Col. Steele and others are known, for he never became more than a non-commissioned officer. But, although his detailed reminiscences may not be of great interest to any but his personal friends, his story is of value as giving an excellent idea of life in the British army—the great Service to which the sergeant has been in every way a credit.

One cannot help adding that if Sergeant Rundle were a man-o'-war's man instead of a soldier, his book at this stirring period of Canada's history would probably make him a fortune, as so many of the able-bodied young men of the country are looking forward to a naval career and are reading with avidity everything they can lay their hands on which deals with life on the mighty deep!

* * *

"Three Thousand Dollars," by Anna Katharine Green. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.00.

If you enjoy thrillers and like to read them in a hurry, here is a story to suit you. It can be read in about fifteen minutes, allowing for reasonable pauses to look at the illustrations. And presumably it was written in about the same length of time. To outline the plot would not do at all, but it turns on the manipulation of a mysterious safe which can only be opened by singing into a tube near by, an air from "The Magic Flute." The book itself, with dollar marks emblazoned in gold all over its cover, ought to have a good sale at railway and hotel newstands, and those who buy it on its face value will not be disappointed in it.

* * *

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ALL those in America who love what is gentle and spiritual in literature must have felt a more than momentary or impersonal regret when they heard, this week, of the death of Richard Watson Gilder, editor of The Century Magazine, of New York. Mr. Gilder was a unique figure in modern journalism and literature, for his ideals never ceased to be those of the group of great New England writers who were his models. He was essentially a poet, and some of his verse is rarely delicate and beautiful. And if he nursed a disappointment of any magnitude it must have been because none of it approximated greatness. But his influence on literature in general was great and benign. He was an editor of the good old intellectual school, but no one accused him of being unprogressive. His pale, thin, wistful face, overhung with thick, limp hair all unarranged, his deep-set, dreamy eyes, his soft voice, and slight, unvigorous figure made him the personification of gentleness. But he had more courage—even more physical courage—than most big, loud-voiced, aggressive men. I know of only one instance when he was referred to with disrespect, and that was when Arthur Brisbane, editor of The New York American, annoyed by Gilder's opposition to some Hearst project, spoke of him as "a shrinking little mouse." When he made the assertion, however, Brisbane knew that Mr. Gilder had, when occasion demanded, fought for his country and had throughout his life demonstrated quite fully that gentleness of spirit and frailty of body do not preclude courage in a man.

Mr. Gilder's funeral last Saturday, brought out a noted assemblage, and as his body was taken for burial to his old home town of Bordentown, N.J., the clergyman who conducted the service in New York read Mr. Gilder's poem "Back to the Old Place," which commences with this stanza:

Back to the old place
I've come home again.
Back at last from the big town,
After so many hard and struggling years.
Back to the old home, the old home in the mountains;
In the valley of childhood,
And I say to myself, again and again I say,
There's no place like the old place.

* * *

From England comes the announcement that King Edward has knighted Frederick Macmillan; the present head of the English publishing house of Macmillan & Company, and a director of the Macmillan Company, of New York and Toronto. Mr. Macmillan is the son of the original founder, Daniel Macmillan. In 1843 there appeared a little volume "The Philosophy of Training," by A. R. Craig, bearing this imprint: "Published by D. and A. Macmillan, 57 Aldersgate street." That was the first the reading public heard of a name which has since become so familiar to all England and America.

HAL.

NATURAL LAXATIVE
Hunyadi János
MINERAL WATER

Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral Water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

BOOKS - WORTH - COUNTING

No. 12

Seymour Charlton
By W. B. MAXWELL
Author of "Vivien," "The Guarded Flame," etc.

This story traces the development of a man who, after trifling with life for many years, emancipates himself from frivolity, and wins happiness by an honest steadfast love.

Cloth Bound, Illustrated, $1.25.

No. 13

Anne Veronica
By H. G. WELLS

A great novel of the unrest among modern women, embodied in a lovable heroine.

Cloth Bound, $1.25
AT ALL BOOKSTORES.

The Copp, Clark Co., Limited
PUBLISHERS, TORONTO

What Would You Answer if Asked

What Present For Christmas ?

You want something to be kept—BOOKS will be kept
You want something to please - BOOKS will please young and old
You want something convenient to send—BOOKS will mail easily
You want something not too expensive—BOOKS will cost but little

Therefore send AT ONCE for our New Catalogue of

Christmas Gift Books

We have a new, large and varied stock and are ready to fill your order NOW

Please send immediately to save the Christmas rush

WILLIAM BRIGGS, - Publisher
29-37 Richmond St. W., TORONTO

TRADE MARK

JAEGER

THE BEST KNOWN UNDERWEAR IN THE WORLD

Nothing worn is subjected to severer tests than underwear.
It has to meet so many requirements.
It must be comfortable and free from all harshness and irritation.
It must resist cold and protect from chills and changes of temperature.
It must wear well and long.
These requirements are met in every particular by JAEGER PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR and because of this it has become *the best known* and *most worn* underwear in the world.
It is made to conform to nature's demands in protecting the human body.
Dr. Jaeger's book, "Health culture,' is full of interesting and necessary information rearding clothing. Sent free upon request with Illustrated Catalogue.
JAEGER UNDERWEAR is sold at fixed moderate prices by leading dealers in all principal cities.

DR. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO. LIMITED.

RETAIL DEPOTS:
10 Adelaide St. West, Toronto
316 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal
364 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

LET US RESTORE SOME SOILED GARMENT OF VALUE

"WE'LL MAKE IT LIKE NEW"

Our way of cleaning removes stains and brings back the original softness and finish of the fabric. Does not harm the garment, and is quick.

We clean Ladies' Evening Dresses, Laces, Opera Cloaks, Gloves, Feathers, Draperies, Curtains, etc.

No garment is too fragile or costly—no tints or colors too delicate—no finish too lustrous.

Send for our free booklet, "Cleaning and Dyeing." It tells of our plant—what we do—how we do it—and what we charge. And we pay the express one way on out-of-town orders.

"MY VALET"
FOUNTAIN THE CLEANER
30 Adelaide St. West, Toronto
Phone Main 5900.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H·M·THE·KING

GILBEY'S INVALID PORT

The pure juice of the grape—the far-famed Oporto Wine. Strongly recommended for invalids and convalescents—also for after-dinner use.

Insist on Gilbey's—the name is a surety of purity and quality.

Halifax Shredded CODFISH

ONCE A BOXE IN FEB

Makes delicious Fish Patties. Creamed Cod and dozens of other dainty dishes.

IN TEN CENT PACKAGES AT YOUR GROCERS

TRADE MARK

16 SIZE OPEN FACE

OMEGA

THE WATCH OF MATCHLESS MERIT

While personal taste must count largely in the selection of your watch, the really important thing is for you to see that it bears the name "OMEGA."

For Sale by All Jewelers

Omega 16 Size Watch
Open Face Full 15 Jewaled
Price, each fitted in cases

Nickel-Silver	$7.80
Banner, Gold Filled	11.75
Sovereign, Gold Filled	15.00
Regal, 14k. Solid Gold	49.50

Money refunded if not satisfied.

Order From
ELLIS BROS., 108 Yonge St., Toronto

The "Ellis Red Book" No. 7—a complete Jewelry and watch catalogue—sent free on request.

"The quality goes in before the name goes on."

BREDIN'S HOME - MADE BREAD

The quality is the first consideration in Bredin's Home Made loaf. Quality in every ingredient, and quality in the baking.

And the quantity is there, too, full twenty ounces—always.

Just the most nutritious and wholesome bread to be had.

5 cents the loaf.

Bredin's Bakeshops, 162-164 Avenue road. Phone College 741. Bloor and Dundas sts. Phone Parkdale 1595.

Some Literary Reminiscences

THE death of Sir Theodore Martin at the age of ninety-three gives to the London Daily Chronicle the opportunity to recall some literary personalia of a man who could look back to the beginnings of the Victorian era and compare it with the present generation, which Sir Theodore was wont to describe as a "sad and saddening spectacle."

He remembered seeing Sir Walter Scott walking down Prince's street, Edinburgh. A very tall old man with a club foot, leaning heavily on a stick, around which his legs seemed to twist as he walked. "I can vividly recall Sir Walter," he said, "sitting as clerk in the court of session. He would sometimes seem to go to sleep during the proceedings, and then suddenly wake up and begin scratching upon paper with a quill."

Sir Theodore Martin's long friendship with Queen Victoria was a privilege he valued very highly, and some of the most vivid and charming reminiscences of the late queen were those he published only a few years ago. When it was decided to publish a life of the prince consort Sir Arthur Helps was to have been entrusted with the biography. Feeling that the task was beyond his powers, he urgently recommended that his friend Mr. Martin should undertake it. In taking up the work the latter very soon found how great were the responsibilities attached to it. On one occasion he went to Windsor to consult the queen as to the advisability of making certain statements. Her advice was unhesitating. "Tell the truth as you find it in the materials at your command," she said. "Tell the truth, no matter whom it hurts. Truth is a very precious thing to people in my position."

Among Sir Theodore's many tributes to Queen Victoria is one worth quoting. "It is always to be remembered," he said, "that Queen Victoria was two women at the same time—on the one hand a loving wife and mother, and on the other an exceedingly dignified sovereign. In talking to the one woman you were never allowed to forget the other."

The friendship brought about by the prince consort's biography did not cease on the completion of the work. Sir Theodore continued to advise the queen in literary matters and has told many humorous stories of how he was asked to turn some of Mr. Gladstone's dispatches into intelligible English. Very often the queen would send for him to go to Windsor, when he would find himself a fellow guest with either Mr. Gladstone or Disraeli. It gave him an opportunity of comparing the two statesmen. With the queen Disraeli was by far the greater favorite. "Disraeli," Sir Theodore said, "had the art of appealing to a woman. Gladstone was by far too full of his own ideas."

When Sir Theodore left Edinburgh—where he was born the year following that of Waterloo—and came to settle in London, one of the first friends to welcome him was Carlyle.

"Well can I remember," said Sir Theodore, "Carlyle bursting into my business room one afternoon and plumping himself down by the fire, and saying in broad Scotch, 'Why is it you never came in and had a crack with me, Martin?'"

With both Thackeray and Dickens Sir Theodore was acquainted, and he was present when they patched up their unfortunate quarrel. He liked Thackeray the better. "He was like a great big-hearted boy." But of all the distinguished men of the day with whom he came in contact Browning held first place in Sir Theodore's affections, perhaps because he knew him most intimately. The poet spent weeks at a time with Sir Theodore and Lady Martin at Llangollen, and his host's recollections of him are valuable personalia of one whose personality afforded scant material for biographers.

"As everybody knows," Sir Theodore said, "there was very little of the apparent poet about Browning. He looked like a business man, and talked about anything else but poetry. He was particularly full of good stories. I think it was all partly due to real sensitiveness about his poetry. He was, anyhow, far more inclined to resent parody than Tennyson, whom we knew very well." George Eliot—another friend—was to those who really knew her not a Delphic oracle of whom everybody sat in awe, but "a most genial, homely woman."

By his marriage with Helen Faucit, one of the greatest Shakesperian actresses who ever trod the stage, Sir Theodore was brought into another circle of friends—a theatrical one, and his memories of the great players went back to the days of Edmund Kean, whom he saw in various roles. "His acting," said Sir Theodore, "was very unequal, but there were moments of passion that were quite overwhelming." Coming to later times, Macready he pronounced "full of dignity and elevation."

With such memories to carry with him through the years that brought a change from the old order of things and gave place to the new, it is only natural that Sir Theodore should have viewed with despondency the social and literary activities of the present day. "We of the old order," he said recently, "see much to deplore in the new. The stately manners of the spacious Victorian days are gone. Men with brass mouths and iron lungs command undivided attention to-day. Haste, bustle, noise, the jingling of the guinea, the thousand and one meretricious allurements of the age, have for a time dimmed the fair mirror of English life; but it will pass." When rector of St. Andrews he was constantly urging upon students the necessity of striving towards the highest and the best. "Learn to labor and to wait" was a quotation he was fond of repeating. And judging by his ceaseless activities throughout his long life, it is evident he shared his friend Carlyle's opinion of the virtues of industry.

"For many a year," he declared, "early and late, often for fourteen and fifteen hours a day, I toiled to advance in my profession, and in my hours of leisure I found enjoyment in literary pursuits. It was at times a hard road to travel; but there were compensations at every turn, though progress along it could only be made by hard, steady, solid, plodding work, apart from which no abiding success is possible. Let the young men of to-day lay the fact to heart; and let them also bear in mind that sobriety in all things, regularity, precision, punctuality, are of the utmost importance to those who have their way to make in the world."

And no words than these of Sir Theodore Martin's could better reveal what manner of man he was.

Lincoln Refused to Shoot Davis.

A STORY of Lincoln's refusal to fire at a target representing Jefferson Davis is told by an eyewitness, a survivor of a volunteer company known as the Berdan Sharpshooters. In '61, when the company was stationed at Alexandria, just before going to the front, the President was in the habit of coming over with Secretary Stanton to watch target practice. He often fired a few rounds himself and proved to be an excellent shot. On one occasion, says the narrator, in The Atlanta Georgian, the following incident occurred:

Our range instructor had prepared what he considered a clever little surprise for the President when he should next try his skill on the targets. It was in the shape of a special target, painted to represent a man in civilian's attire and labeled in big, plain letters, "Jeff Davis." This target was to be run up when the President's time came to fire.

I shall never forget what followed. I was on the firing-line that afternoon when Mr. Lincoln stept up, selected his rifle, and, smiling a little as he examined it, indicated his readiness to fire.

Then, with rifle half raised, he looked full at the target for the first time.

"We want to see you take a crack at that Mr. President," said the instructor.

Mr. Lincoln lowered his rifle and turned from the target to the instructor. I was only seventeen years old then—a mere boy—but the look on his face made an impression on me that the passing of half a century has left untouched.

He didn't say a word. He simply looked at the instructor with an expression full of surprise, of disappointment, and, more than all else, of sorrow. Then he laid the rifle down, slowly and gently, and went a little way off from the group, walking up and down by himself, with folded arms and bowed head, for maybe twenty minutes.

After a time he came back and fired several shots at the regular target—that unlucky new one had vanished in double-quick time, I can tell you—but he was unusually silent and soon went away. I couldn't get the incident off my mind for several days, and I have never frogotten it.

Entertaining a Prejudice.

OF all the occupations known to men, entertaining a prejudice is the most absurd. Yet the practice is almost universal.

The prejudice is usually uninvited. He comes in quietly, removes his hat and coat, saunters up to the guest chamber, and prepares to become a permanent feature of the establishment. You entertain him royally, strain him to your bosom, exhibit him proudly to every one, fight for him, defend him, and perpetuate him. Yet you do not even admit that he is present. "I entertain a prejudice?" you say, with becoming concern. "Never!"

Birds of a feather flock together. It therefore happens that if there is one prejudice present, there are also others. They always come in unawares, and take their places silently and unobtrusively! But oh, how they hang together in an argument!

A group of prejudices is invincible. They have never been beaten.

The strange part of prejudices is that one would think they would prefer more commodious quarters. But no, the narrower the mind, the more content they are. They don't mind close quarters. The closer the better.

Prejudices are always busy. If they are not tampering with one's eyesight, they are screening the mind from the open; putting blinds on, and making it dark enough to sleep in comfortably.

A man can get insured against almost anything else but prejudices. He can insure himself against fire and water and loss of life and accidents and depreciation in his property. But there is no company so fortified that it would take the risk of insuring against prejudice. And then no man would ever think of taking out any insurance against one, because he would never admit that he had it. The prejudice himself fixes that. The first thing he does is to make the man think he isn't there.

That is why prejudices, no matter how much damage they cause to character, are never evicted. They have come to stay.—Thomas L. Masson, in Lippincott's Magazine.

Snow in Johannesburg.

A LETTER was recently received by The London Standard from a resident in Johannesburg dealing with the recent fall of snow in that city. The writer says: "Of course you have seen by the newspapers Johannesburg's latest excitement! Snow, of all things, to fall here! Last Monday there was a rather cold wind, but the day was clear and warm on the whole.

"On Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock the ground was covered with five inches of snow, and huge flakes falling. It was a lovely sight certainly. The excitement throughout the day was intense. People who had never seen snow before went crazy, and the order of the day was snowballing. They broke thirty windows in the Stock Exchange, while two deaths were caused in the streets through it. Not a stroke of business was done that day and it was really not safe to walk through the streets.

"Boys got on the roofs of buildings and simply showered down balls on any and every one. One Kaffir boy thought he had awakened in Heaven and refused to work or eat. It snowed heavily all that day, and by evening there were sixteen inches of snow. All the trees were in full leaf, and many branches snapped under the weight.

"At luncheon we heard a crash—a very tall tree had fallen across the roof of the house next door. Not being used to snow people had no idea of clearing it away, consequently we dwelt in a thick slush for a couple of days, the sun eventually drying it up. To-day I went out without a jacket, and an ordinary cotton blouse on. The sun was very hot."

When Going to New York, Travel by the Only Double-Track Route.

Trains leave Toronto 4.32 and 6.10 p.m. daily via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley. Former train has Pullman sleeper, Buffalo to New York, and 6.10 p.m. train has Pullman sleeper, Toronto to New York.

Tickets, reservations, etc., at Grand Trunk City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.

The Only One

Player-pianos of different makes have doubtless come under your notice. But you have, probably, learned, as have others, that the

Heintzman & Co. Player - Piano

made by the old and original firm of Heintzman & Co., Limited, is a very different Player-piano to any other.

Anyone in the family can play it, though not knowing a note of music, and to-day it is bringing joy into hundreds of homes, where the piano had not been heard for a long time past.

For fifty years Heintzman & Co., Limited, have produced pianos—the finest in the country. It was natural, therefore, that this great Canadian piano house refused to take up the manufacture of player-pianos until they had evolved a player-piano that is one complete artistic whole.

Why not a Player-Piano—a Heintzman & Co. Player-Piano—for a Christmas Gift?

Piano Salon: 115-117 King St. W., Toronto, Can.

A. D. RUSSELL, Agent

Telephone Main 7658 27 Front St. East

SATURDAY NIGHT.
WOMEN'S SECTION

VOL. 23, No. 7. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 27, 1909. TERMS—Single Copies, 10c. Per Annum (in advance), $3. Whole No. 1147

THE OTHER PAGE

IT is only a fragment of dialogue from a play, but it seems to epitomize the ideality that should exist in man's relations towards women, in spite of the many realities that serve at once to bind them together and keep them apart.

"Hurt a caterpillar," said Septimus, "and you may kill a butterfly."

"And if you hurt a woman," asked Emmy.

"Is there anything higher?" queried Septimus.

Most men, even the worst of them, have a shadowy ideal deep down in their hearts, of what a woman should be. The most rough and uncouth have a tender spot which, if reached, will reveal a depth of love, devotion, and tenderness that cannot be plumbed. Your pronounced cynic is not free from a belief that somewhere once there existed the one perfect woman, could he but have been lucky enough to find her. The attitude of the woman hater may be traced to the fact that his faith has been poorly repaid. Even the roue once believed that women—those roses in the great garden of this good world—were intended to live on in their beauty, instead of being plucked and thrown aside. And the story of the loss of the roue's faith is often as pitiful as the history of some poor girl who has loved well and unwisely.

That these ideals which so often lurk in the recesses of the masculine mind are but shadows instead of something stronger and more real, is largely the fault of women themselves. Some of them, serene in the sense of their own goodness, expect to be taken at their own valuation of themselves, while the women who are struggling upwards towards goodness, or have fallen back into the slough, lack the influence, even if they possess the wish, to raise man's standard of womanhood. Men are less complex than women. Their minds seldom wind in tortuous paths. They strike straight across lots to reach their goal. They are more open minded, whole-hearted and childlike. The women of the West still veil themselves, not in actual fact, like their sisters of the East, but in fancy. They hide their real selves in a drapery of their own devising, and they fail to realize that they are smothering in their wrappings. They think themselves honest, but their point of view is too often distorted. Always they mean much better than they seem to do. It is only because men cannot understand the woman's outlook that they regard her as an inferior animal—to be petted and dressed up and used as a home companion, but not as a business associate.

The beginning of this fatal misunderstanding of women by men is too often to be traced to the boy's early environment, where he learns his future attitude towards his mother's sex by what he sees in the home life. On the mother of a family lies much responsibility. It is she who sows the seeds of her son's future beliefs, and upon her devolves the duty of teaching him to reverence womankind through her and because of her. If she sees to it that through her at least his ideal of womanhood can never be lowered, she has started him on his way as most good men have been started—with a chivalrous feeling towards all women because of the one he knows best.

Later, in his association with the outer world, woman plays a big part in advancing his education, and even when he finds her unworthy he will forgive much. It is, however, to the girl he marries that the average man owes his final lesson in womanhood, and if she fail in the essential things, the companionship, the trust, and above all, the faith which at the outset every man is ready to give the woman he loves, then, indeed, he is to be pitied, for the best that is in him will be spoiled. In nine cases out of ten, the unhappy home is of the wife's unconscious making, and usually she who best succeeds in making a man's house a place of torture to him, is one who, while holding as priceless her own fair name, is lacking in the broad charity without which the greatest of virtues is lessened.

A man looks for truth, as flawless as the finest diamond, in the woman in whose hands he places his future. Let her give him that in all its countless meanings, as well as love and good fellowship, and he will hold with Septimus, the gentle hero of Locke's book, that there is "nothing higher" than woman; and with Solomon, that much married man, that "her price is above rubies."

***

BABIES bulk large in the public eye just now, and a more or less devoted champion of the cause of woman's suffrage—a man, of course—has raised the slogan in Canada "No babies, no ballot." This cry has its claims to consideration just as has the property or education test. Education one can acquire, and property one can hope to obtain, but babies—bless them—can't be picked up on the counter of a department store on bargain day. They must be regarded as Heaven-sent gifts for which all women may not hope to qualify. It seems feasible, therefore, as there are so many bachelors in this land where single women are not unknown, that this "family" test should be applied to men as well as women, and that when it is enforced—if that time ever comes—the bachelor, and the spinster, alike be forced to stand aside while parents only have access to the polls.

***

IT'S the habit nowadays, as presumably it was generations ago, to lament that things are not as nice as they once were. "When I was young,' says many a grandmother, and then follows a long list of the things which she thinks were better managed in that far off period than they are at present. The fault of her mistake does not lie at grandma's door. She really thinks, among other things, that girls were young ladies then and are only hoydens now. In seeking to establish her point that deportment isn't all it ought to be, the early Victorian lady forgets that with an increased freedom has come a wider mind and a more open horizon. To be sure, they were pretty little satin slippers in which grandma danced when a girl, but they weren't half as useful as the stout little boots that grace the feet of the out door girl of to-day. Golf has replaced crewel work, and a knowledge of affairs is regarded as of more importance than a surreptitious interest in the doings of the neighbors. Since grandmama's time the idea that marriage is the aim of woman's existence has been greatly modified. The best of women still look upon a happy domestic life as the best fate that can come to them, but they approach it from quite another point of view. A husband is not now merely regarded in the light of a "meal ticket," a sort of universal provider, a being who will put an end to the fear of one's being an old maid. Instead, he is looked upon as a fellow-being who can share one's joys and sorrows, who will admit one into full partnership, and who will treat one as a comrade instead of as a doll or a deity.

This is the woman's century, if grandmama were only alive to the fact, and the average woman of to-day is too busy accomplishing things that are worth while, to spend several hours a day on a back board, acquiring that uprightness of carriage that still distinguishes her ancestress. Women's manners doubtless often lack the distinction of sixty years ago, but women's lives are fuller, rounder and much the more worth living. If something must be given up, better the pretty manners than the active life, but unfortunately the well poised woman has proved that charm of face, person and deportment, are not incompatible with emancipation from the thraldom of the hoop skirt, and other early Victorian trammels, both mental and physical.

***

THE president of Bryn Mawr College is authority for the statement that co-educational colleges do not lead to more matrimonial ventures among the students than when men and women are educated separately. At least that is one of the leading facts in a report she made on the subject to a recent convention of the association of the college alumnae. She also said that college women married later in life, but chose better husbands, and that college women had an average of 3.6 children each, while non-college women had an average of 3.5. If she is correct, and her statistics seem to have been carefully compiled, it does away with one more of the bugaboos urged against the higher education of women. Time was when "going to college" on the part of a woman was regarded something in the light in which the radical departure of a man from the straight and narrow path, is looked upon by his friends and neighbors. It was customary to say "'no good can come of it." To-day the college bred woman brings a carefully trained mind to bear upon the great problem of rearing her children. There is no hit or miss about her methods. She knows what she is doing, and if by chance she makes mistakes, they are errors of heart rather than of judgment. The children and grandchildren of college women already promise well. When girls of the future have half a dozen generations of college traditions to look back upon, they will value them as highly as men do now. The women of to-day are in a transition stage, and each step must be taken cautiously. When men began to evolve their present position for themselves, there was no world to stand by and gibe and jeer. Women are handicapped because they must break through a cocoon of prejudice before they too can emerge triumphant, and try their wings. Every woman, be she college bred or otherwise, has it in her power to wield a very real influence in favor of those who come after her. The women on this continent have been wonderful pioneers in the past, and now that there are no longer log cabins for them to build and fields to cultivate, let them turn their attention to educating their children so that each of their young, as it passes from the home, will carry forth, whether consciously or otherwise, the will to spread the gospel of women which, after all, is only "Duty"—as women see it when they are able to bring well trained intellects to bear logically and loyally upon the problems that are exclusively their own, as well as upon those which they share with the rest of humanity. To-day women are only making up their minds. When they shall have arrived at the great conclusion, they will realize, as will the rest of the world, that it is not enough to just be mothers, but that motherhood is the highest of professions, and more than any other requires the development of all the faculties.

LADY GREY

Their Excellencies held the last Drawing Room of their regime at the opening of the present Parliament

***

NOW that hammock days are over, and the crisp breeze of autumn makes the fireside the pleasantest place in which to while away leisure hours, the health of many a school girl will begin to fail. She will get white and tired and anæmic, while parents worry and doctors prescribe. The girl who was pertectly well when her vacation ended is often by Christmas little more than a wreck; and the cause is not hard to find.

Lack of exercise is at the root of most of the trouble, for with cold days comes the disinclination for long walks, and the street car ride to and from school takes the place of the health-giving tramp. Gymnasium work does not satisfactorily fill the place of out-door exercise, and the wise mother will insist that her girls spend some time in the open air every day, no matter what the weather may be.

A second cause for much of the run-down condition in which the school girl is likely to find herself, is the injudicious use of sweets. The munching of candy between meals is bound to affect the health unfavorably, and yet it is a habit to which the majority of school girls are strongly addicted.

Overwork, too, has prematurely ended the school career of many an ambitious student. Late hours are bad for everyone, but most of all for the growing girl. Many a break down and subsequent years of ill health are due to the ignorance or negligence of mothers who do not insist upon their young daughters leading healthy well-regulated lives in which simple amusements are blended with plenty of work and exercise. If the boy is father of the man, still more is it true that the girl is mother of the woman, and on her perfect mental and physical development depend much of the future glory and greatness of the race.

***

THE cussedness of inanimate things isn't in it for a moment with the slavey who has original ideas of her own. This reflection, familiar to every woman who has ever had to deal with the "help" who is long on good intentions and short on everything else, is called forth by a story going the rounds just now of what the charwoman did when the mistress of a home not a thousand miles away, was busy the other day. The mistress was going away in a hurry, and enlisted the services of the woman in the matter of a little amateur laundry work, a thing that was not customary in that particular household. Once the splashing of soapsuds emanated from the kitchen she left the woman to her work and departed to other duties. An hour or two later she was summoned to the drawing room to entertain callers—people with whom she was on the most formal terms—and to her horror, as she passed through the hall, discovered the radiator near the front door liberally draped with the most elaborate of her lingerie placed there to dry. She explained to her callers the eccentricities of her assistant in the kitchen, and went airily on with the usual small talk until seeing the eyes of one of her visitors apparently riveted upon a point just behind her hostess, she turned to discover to her horror that the radiator there was draped with a single woollen garment belonging to the male member of the family, and as the said male member of the household suffers from rheumatism it was red as roses, but alas, not half so beautiful.

That particular woman is now strongly in favor of the establishment in this country of a society similar to the German Housewives Society, which awards prizes to model servants every year, the said prizes having so much value in the eyes of the recipients that they strain every nerve to win them, and would never be guilty of hanging a red flannel undergarment on a radiator to dry, and so convert a parlor into a wash-drawing room.

***

IN Bulgaria, the spinster is to have a better chance than ever of changing her state for the matrimonial one. A kindly Government has decided that all bachelors are to be taxed. The tax amounts to something like three dollars a year in our money, but it is to be paid by all bachelors who are thirty years old and over. For years it has been the delightful custom of the country to make things as hot as possible for the man who wouldn't or didn't get married, the first day of Lent being specially set apart for bachelor-baiting. Now it has been decided to attack his pocket-book, and a large portion of the feminine world will anxiously await the result.

***

ONE hears a lot of talk about the absurdity of women's clothes, and the critics, of course, are usually men. Yet somewhere or other the advice has been given that it is wise to mend your own ways before you blaze a trail for others. Men's clothes are just as open to criticism as women's, and certainly they are more ugly. There is no doubt that the average male being is much more afraid of appearing odd in his appearance than is the vainest woman of us all. Men believe that they should all dress to look as much alike as peas in a pod, and they have no opportunity of showing their individuality save in the matter of pocket handkerchief borders, the clocks on their socks, or in the number and variety of their waistcoats and ties. But not Solomon in all his glory showed a greater fondness for a touch of something bright than does man in his selection of the dress accessories in which he has a chance to show his taste. It is only the fear of being conspicuous, of not looking just as all other men in his class think they ought to look, that prevents him bursting forth in colors that would make Joseph's coat look like a cheap pink calico after it has been three times to the wash. It's fear of what people would say that keeps a man in dark tweeds and black broadcloth. He only needs the seal of society's approval to array himself in something as far removed from ordinary wear as—well, say something that approximates the white satin "oreeks," etc., donned by His Excellency the Governor-General when he holds a Drawing Room. The heart of man delighteth in prinking, and not alone by his ties may it be known, but by the avidity with which he hath availed himself of his tailor's permission to don a bright green suit with a verdant "sky piece" to match.

***

THE question of granting women the suffrage, like the poor, is one we have always with us. "To vote or not to vote" is agitating many a home in city and hamlet. Women are demanding that they be placed upon an equal standing with men, and no matter how heartily one may agree in the abstract with the petticoated contingent, one cannot but pause and wonder what the mental and moral effect of the movement will be upon women who are hysterical, vituperative and fanatical. Men, to be sure, haven't set the best example for women to follow in these matters, and only a little while ago, not a hundred miles from Montreal, the masculine argument used on one occasion prior to an election, consisted largely of main force, extremely antiquated eggs, and stones. Certainly the repose of Vere de Vere is not always self-evident among those to whom a paternal government has already granted the right to vote. Suffragette methods are masculine methods on occasion here in Canada, but that would not excuse suffragette tactics in the women of the Dominion. If woman is to be a reforming force in politics, she must preserve her dignity. More than that, she must learn to govern her own emotions if she would make her influence felt. She must rise above the petty interests that have worked her on occasion into a frenzy over the election of a president of the sewing society, or have kept her awake nights wondering if she or her rival will get most votes in the club's next popularity contest. To prove herself worthy of the franchise in the highest sense, woman must rise above her tendency to regard big questions emotionally rather than logically. And if man has failed to set her an example worthy of being followed at all times, let her make it her aim to worthily show the way instead of weakly following.

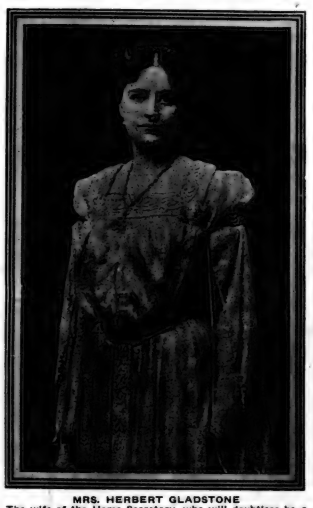
MADAME.

TORONTO SOCIETY

MRS. F. H. PHIPPEN will receive for the first time since coming to Toronto on Tuesday next, between the hours of 4 and 6.30, at Clover Hill, 40 St. Joseph street.

The dance given in the Metropolitan parlors by Mr. and Mrs. George H. Clarkson, for their debutante daughter, Miss Dorothy Clarkson, was a bright event of last week. The guests were from the young set, with two or three married friends of the host and hostess, and needless to say, they had the best of good times The floor and music were excellent, and there were just enough dancers for comfort, with that generous overplus of men, which has marked the youthful gatherings this season. Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson welcomed the guests in the drawing room, the little debutante, in white satin and pearls, beside them. Her elder sister, not so far from her own debut, was a capital assistant hostess. Mr. and Mrs. Lambe, of Fallingbrook, and Miss Lambe, relatives of the host, were at the party. Miss Mackenzie, of Chicago, visiting Mrs. Clarkson, the dainty brides of October, Mrs. Fred Clarkson and Mrs. Henderson, and several of the attractive girls visiting in Toronto, were also guests. Supper was served at eleven, the table being decorated with mums and ferns. The improved quarters for the ladies' dressing rooms, were a distinct boon, and the dance went with great *eclat*.

Mrs. Gibson received last week, and although there were a great many callers at Government House, the crush of the first reception was not repeated. The house party were, as usual, busy in kindly hospitality. Among those whom everyone was shaking hands with were Mrs. Cattanach, just arrived from England, and looking remarkably well; Mr. Percival Ridout, to whom regretful good-byes were said, as he sailed this week for England; Mrs. John Cawthra, who returned from abroad quite recently; Mr. Edmund Morris, back from a sojourn among his Indian types, where he has been making new studies; several of the later debutantes with their parents, and a few hundred well-known citizens besides.



MRS. HERBERT GLADSTONE
The wife of the Home Secretary, who will doubtless be a little worried by Suffragitis during the campaign.

The officers of the Canadian Society of Applied Art have a charmingly interesting exhibition in the Art Gallery, King street west, which was privately viewed by a large number of invited guests on Thursday evening of last week. Mrs. Agar Adamson, president of the Society, received, and Mr. Holmes assisted in welcoming the guests. A buffet in the hall was decorated with golden mums and set with the usual refreshments. There was an exceedingly smart attendance, although the Toronto Symphony concert kept some away who could not, obviously, attend both events.

Miss Curlette was one of last Friday's hostesses and gave a most enjoyable reception and tea at Westbourne School. The hostess wore a delicate shade of grey, and the staff and some ex-pupils looked after the guests. Tea was served from a buffet decorated with mums, and a great many people enjoyed the bright hour and graceful ministration of attractive girls.

A perfectly arranged and most successful dance was that given at McConkey's last Friday (19th) by the Nelson Chapter of the I. O. D. E. There were just enough people, a very good (new) orchestra, and a floor absolutely faultless. Mrs. Nordheimer, Regent of the I. O. D. E. in Canada; Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet were the chaperons, the Regent wearing a beautiful pink brocade with jewels and a little copper model of the Victory, Nelson's famous ship, as a corsage pin. The decorations of the charming ball room were nautical, pennants and flags floating everywhere. Supper was served in the palm room at eleven o'clock, the overflow tables being set in the cafe, where the Hungarian Band proved an extra attraction. Never has a more uniformly pretty party of girls assembled at a dance, and after supper their number was slightly augmented by the arrival of Colonel and Mrs. Albert Gooderham's party from the Temple ballroom, where the Grenadier Sergeants were holding a very smart regimental dance. The young people were enthusiastic enough to keep up the dance until after three. The committee presented Mrs. Nordheimer and Mrs. Vankoughnet with beautiful bouquets.

The marriage of Miss Ethel May Treble, youngest daughter of the late Mr. J. M. Treble, and Dr. F. L. Barber, of Preston, was quietly celebrated at Euclid Hall, the home of Mrs. Massey Treble, on Tuesday, at half-past two o'clock. The Chancellor of Victoria College and Rev. A. R. Terryberry, of Grimsby, brother-in-law of the bride, officiated. Miss Laureen Terryberry, the little niece of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. Mr. Wheeldon played the appropriate music on the splendid organ which was installed last year in Euclid Hall. Dr. and Mrs. Barber have gone South for their honeymoon, and will make their home in Preston.

The pictures in the McGillivray Knowles studio are always interesting, and a number of new ones are hung and have been admired by scores of friends while Mr. and Mrs. Knowles kept open studio. Mrs. Knowles found a barn at Atherly this summer with all the rich dim shadows of the Dutch homesteads at Laren, and a crowd of fascinating fowls of which she made some capital studies. Mr. Knowles has a big landscape which is the *piece de resistance*, and a splendid portrait of the Chancellor of Victoria, and Mrs. Knowles' Moonlight is perfectly lit for the best effect. By the way, it was good to see the National Gallery pictures of this clever pair well hung in Ottawa, and other good things we have grown fond of here: Curtis Williamson's Klassje, of the Millhouse, Laren; Beatty's Hollandaise, with her sabots and great copper water jug, and others, altogether forming a notable collection. The splendid new Museum, which is now sufficiently progressed to show its fine proportions and possibilities, will be a better *locale* for what is the nucleus of a worthy collection in the Capital.

Mrs. Walter Green (*nee* Henderson) held her post-nuptial reception at her home in Madison avenue, wearing her *robe des noces*, and had her four bridesmaids, Miss Clarkson Jones, Miss Vansittart, Miss B. Spragge, and Miss Green as assistants. Miss Ridout and Mrs. Neilson, of Quebec, presided over the tea and coffee urns. Deep red roses were used to decorate the tea-table.

The Griggs' lectures are providing a Tuesday evening treat to a great many delighted people who confessed they had never heard so masterly and humorous and sympathetic a handling of Shakespeare's great play, "The Merchant of Venice," as was presented this week. Last week they were equally charmed with the lecturer's handling of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," a truly lovely bit of work.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Robert S. McIndoe, 36 Sussex avenue, gave a tea for her daughter Marion's coming out, at which the debutante was a picture of girlish grace in a rich white satin gown and a collection of boquets, which she carried, or which were grouped near her in exquisite profusion, a fragrant assurance of the interest and affection of her many friends. Miss McIndoe has been a "not-out" of great charm and attraction, and now that she has formally made her debut, she will continue to reign as one of the prettiest of the rosebud garden of 1909. The absence of affectation which is the characteristic of this year's harvest of youth and beauty, has a pleasant example in Miss Marion's manner and expression. That she may have the happiest of seasons was a wish often heard at the tea. Among those assisting was a rarely pretty girl, Miss Hope McMurtry, with Miss Dorothy Boyd and several others equally kind and popular. The tea-table was centred with a mound of yellow 'mums, beautifully bordered with green

Mrs. Howard Bovell, formerly Jessie Hay, of Owen Sound, will receive for the first time since her marriage next Tuesday afternoon and evening, at 50 Western avenue. Mrs. Hay, her mother, and Mrs. Machell, aunt of Mr. Bovell, will receive with Mrs. Bovell on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hector Lamont and their family have removed from Sherbourne street, where they have so long resided, to the Madison Apartments, 99 Madison avenue. Mr. Lamont is convalescing from his fractured limb. Mrs. Lamont will not receive this year.

Owing to a bereavement in the family, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Flavelle found it necessary to postpone their At Home, from Thursday, November 25, until Thursday, December 9, at 8.30 o'clock.

On Monday evening Mr. Charles Lindsey, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsey, celebrated his twentieth birthday by a pleasant dinner to some of his men friends at his home, and a theatre party to hear Aida.

That fascinating collection of clever artistic work known as the Thumb-box Exhibition, is now on at the Canadian Art, Limited, 95 King street east, from 10 to 6 each day, and is well worth a visit. The Canadian artists who have contributed are highly thought of.

Miss Blackwood, of Guelph, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lionel Clarke, who gave a large tea last week, on that day of fog and rain, when the quality of friendship was shown by the large turnout of friends to this and other festivities. Miss Blackwood received with the hostess, who wore a handsome blue gown embroidered in silver. The tea-table was done in golden baby-'mums, and Mrs. Graham Thompson matronized the assistants, who included Miss Hodgins of Cloynewood, Miss Hoskin, and the Misses Fuller, wearing corsage boquets of violets presented by their hostess.

A hearty welcome to Toronto society was extended to Mrs. Arthur Jarvis (*nee* Winter), of St. John's, Newfoundland, when she received, with Mrs. Salter Jarvis, at 246 St. George street, for the first time since her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis have a cosy flat in the Alexandra. On the days of the receptions, the bride of October wore her handsome wedding gown of white satin, and held a boquet of lily of the valley. Miss Austin, of Spadina, Miss Somerville, of Atherly, Miss Flora Macdonald, and the sister-in-law of the bride, Miss Muriel Jarvis, were busy looking after the visitors in the tea-room, where Mrs. S. Murray Jarvis and Mrs. H. A. Patterson poured tea and coffee.

Mrs. W. A. H. Kerr, accompanied by her sister, Miss Dorothy Cross, has left for Edmonton. Mrs. Kerr and her fine little son have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Cross in St. George street.

Mrs. Boone, Mrs. Charles Boone, and Mrs. Trounce have been in New York on a visit, and are returning home

The death of Mrs. W. F. MacMaster, relict of the late Captain MacMaster, and mother of Mrs. Hertzberg, Miss Flora MacMaster, and Mr. Charles MacMaster, took place at Norse Cottage, West Toronto. Mrs. MacMaster was a woman of attractive personality, keen and original thought and great charm of manner. Her picturesque and handsome face, with snowy hair and dark flashing eyes, was always admired and noted when she appeared in society. She had been for a very long time resident in Toronto, and was a daughter of the late Dr. Sumner, of Rose Bank, Beamsville.

Among the pretty debutantes who are coming out a little late in the month is Miss Grace Webster, an attractive, graceful brunette, for whose presentation to her friends a tea was *en train* last Wednesday. At Mrs. Horrocks' tea, Miss Grace Webster came with her mother, and looked very nice, indeed.

Miss Edith McLeod, of Durness, went South this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Patterson have come from Barrie for the winter, and have taken 218 Beverley street. Mrs. Patterson received last Thursday for the first time.

Mrs. Newell Bate, of Ottawa, has come to town for the winter, and has taken the Gosling residence in Wellington place.

Chevalier and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson entertained the Spanish Club at their residence, recently. Among those present were His Excellency the Consul General for Argentine and Mrs. Mayer, Mrs. F. I. Fox, Miss Warren, Professor Ricardo Mendoza, Messrs. Ernesto Brin, Alberto Perez, Leopold Martinez, Carlos Brin, Antonio Segin, Ricardo de la Espriella, Julio Campillo, Alberto Marbotin, and W. R. Bird. The guests included the Consular representatives of Argentina, Spain, Mexico, Cuba and Panama.

The Rev. Canon and Mrs. Gill, of Minnedosa, Man., announce the engagement of their daughter, Evelyn Jordan, to Mr. Shirley Stewart, of Winnipeg. The marriage will take place very quietly in Minnedosa, on Tuesday, December 28, 1909.

Mrs. Laurence J. Lugsdin, (formerly Miss Marion Wilson), received for the first time since her marriage on Thursday, November 25, at her home, 42 Walker ave.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gladys Forster, daughter of the late Mr. W. D. Forster, of St. Andrew's, N.B., to Mr. Norman Foster, of Toronto.

Benvenuto was the scene of a very delightful dinner and dance for a smart party on Monday evening. A few intimates, married friends of the Misses Beretia and Grace Mackenzie, and a number of young folks, enjoyed the evening in perfect surroundings.

On Monday Mrs. Cotton gave a young people's tea for Miss Dana, of New York, Mrs. Cromarty's guest, and Miss Chalcraft, the bride of mid-week. Mrs. Treble and Miss Marguerite Cotton looked after the guests, and tea was served from a table decorated with roses and pink-shaded candles.

Mrs. Owen Parry, Spadina avenue, gave a dance for her guest, Miss Berkeley Powell, of Ottawa, and Miss Dana, of New York, on Monday night. With two or three exceptions, those invited were of the young set, for whom so much is being done just now.

Professor and Mrs. Lang have taken up their residence at 11 Spadina Gardens.

Mrs. Willie Gwynne is visiting Mrs. Hebden in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Grace, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Scholfield are at the Prince George.

The stork has brought Professor and Mrs. McGregor Young, a little daughter.

Mrs. Spence, 302 Avenue road, gave a small dance on Monday evening for her guest, Miss Drinkwater. Several pretty debutantes were of the party.

Trinity Conversazione is fixed for the evening of January 27.

Mrs. James MacEvoy, 611 Jarvis street, receives next Monday afternoon for the first time since coming to Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. MacEvoy have returned recently from abroad. Mr. MacEvoy is a keen geologist and has been professionally occupied with mining properties in the West.

Mrs. Mulock, Cluny avenue, will be at home next Tuesday and on the last Tuesday in each month during the season. Mrs. J. J. Dixon, Cluny avenue, will also receive only on the last Tuesday of the month.

Next Tuesday in Association Hall, Mr. Griggs will lecture on Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." The lecture is called "The Individual and the State."

Major Churchill Cockburn, V.C., came back from Muskoka last week, and is with his people at 132 St. George street. Mrs. Cockburn, who has been such a sufferer from acute neuritis for several months, is now slightly better.

The annual conversazione of Victoria College is announced for December 3. The patronesses of the occasion will be Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Falconer, Mrs. Burwash, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mrs. Cochrane, Mrs. Birge, Mrs. Burns, and Mrs. Fudger.

CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS

One of the nicest ways of conveying your holiday greetings is by means of a Personal Christmas Card.

We have over 150 exclusive and artistic designs to choose from—being the work of our own artists right on the premises.

These cards are decorated by hand and embossed in delicate colors and gold, with floral decorations produced in their natural colors.

They are made in the form of a folder with inserts, such as the two following, and tied with dainty silk ribbon and cords.

R 507	R 502
HERE'S WISHING YOU a Christmas time merry, and joyous, and gay, and a happy and helpful New Year.	Happiness Just good old-fashioned Christmas Happiness is what we wish you.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. King "Kensington Apartments" Winnipeg	Mr. & Mrs. D. Donald Toronto

It is most important that orders should be placed immediately, so please

ORDER NOW

RYRIE BROS., LIMITED
134-136-138 Yonge St.
TORONTO

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY (REGISTERED)

Fairweathers FURS

One woman in ten enjoys exceptional good appearance in her Furs from season to season—not because she pays more, but because she buys on the principle that

"It pays to Pay for Quality."

It has long been the experiences of Canada's best dressers that our Furs cost less in the end because they preserve their good wearing qualities and good appearance year in and year out.

MINK SET
Fancy Stole and large fancy Pillow Muff to match, $250.00

ERMINE SET
Throwover Stole, 60 in. long, large new Imperial or Pillow Muff to match, $115.00

PERSIAN LAMB SET
Large shaped Tie, 60 in. long, large Imperial Muff to match, $55.00

SEALSKIN JACKET
30 in. long, semi-fitting style, best brocaded silk lining, $375.00

CARACUL SACQUE
29 in. long, semi-fitting, $250.00

LADIES' FUR-LINED COAT
Brown Broadcloth, lock squirrel lining, natural mink collar and lapels, $110.00

Write for Fur Catalogue "M"

Fairweathers' Limited
84-86 YONGE STREET

SAVE TIME TROUBLE AND MONEY
SYMINGTON'S
OF ALL GROCERS
LARGE AND SMALL BOTTLES

CATERING
FOR WEDDINGS RECEPTIONS, Etc.
SAGE & CO.
245 COLLEGE ST. PHONE COLL. 666

SPECIAL VALUES IN GENUINE SEAL HAND BAGS

When you buy a "Julian Sale" Bag for *Real Seal* we guarantee that it is *Real* and not an embossed imitation.

The enormous quantities we have made of these Bags this year enables us to give special values at $4. 00, $4.50, $5.00, $6.00, $7.00, $8.00.

Other Bags from $1 to $30.00.

Catalogue 24 illustrates the newest styles of Traveling Goods and Leather Goods.

We send it free.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co Limited
105 KING ST WEST

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler
THE GREATEST AMERICAN PIANIST
MASSEY MUSIC HALL,
Monday Evening, November 29th
Seats $1.50, $1.00, 75 cts., 50 cts.
PLAN OPEN NOVEMBER 25th.

ACADIA BONELESS CODFISH
No bones or waste; nothing but pure Atlantic Codfish with a delicate seasalness.
IN 2 LB. BOXES AND 1 LB. TABLETS AT YOUR GROCERS.

MONTREAL SOCIETY

MONTREAL, Nov. 25, 1909.

THE social season in Montreal seems to be keeping pace with the advent of cold weather; that is to say, neither one has yet become very brisk. Apart from informal dinners and small teas, most of the entertaining thus far has been on behalf of the debutantes, which is, no doubt, as it should be. The Montreal debutantes number some thirty or forty this season. Miss Armorel Thomas, daughter of Mrs. F. E. Meredith (formerly Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas, of Toronto), is coming out this year, and so is a school-girl friend of hers, Miss Davida Wigmore. Of the two debutante daughters of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Ives, Miss Marion is an accomplished violiniste. Miss Margaret Greenshields, daughter of Mr. R. A. E. Greenshields, K.C., is a debutante, and Judge Doherty's two daughters, who have the pretty Irish names, Aileen and Kathleen, will be introduced to society at a tea next month. Miss Marjorie Morgan, daughter of Mr. Colin D. Morgan, made her "finishing" trip abroad last year, but did not make her formal debut till this season. Miss Jean Allan, daughter of Mrs. J. S. Allan, is a debutante, and Miss Dorothy Macpherson and Miss Florence Watson will join their elder sisters in society. Miss Isobel Fitz-Gibbon, daughter of Mr. Robert Fitz-Gibbon, made her debut at the last vice-regal Drawing Room. Among the representatives of French families are Miss Marguerite de Lery Macdonald, a descendant of one of the old French families; Miss Marguerite Beaubien, daughter of the Hon. Louis Beaubien; and Miss Jeanne Chevalier, daughter of Mr. M. Chevalier, president of the Chambre de Commerce Francaise.

Lady Clouston and Miss Clouston, who were in New York during the Horse Show, for which Sir Edward had a box, have returned to town. Miss Clouston was bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Eleanor Whitridge and Mr. Charles E. Greenough in Grace Episcopal church, Broadway, on November 16. The bride is a granddaughter of Matthew Arnold, and is therefore related to Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The wedding was a very fashionable affair, for which hundreds of invitations were issued. Miss Alice Shaughnessy was with Lady Clouston's party for the wedding.

Mrs. D. McNicoll and Miss McNicoll, wife and daughter of the general manager of the C.P.R., were in New York for a few days, where Miss McNicoll, who is herself an artist, was visiting the art exhibitions. Notable among these, as a sequel to the Hudson-Fulton celebration, was an exhibition of Dutch art.

Miss Maud Mitchell, who came out from England three or four years ago to keep house for her brother, Major Victor E. Mitchell, has her two nieces, Miss Dorothy Vaughan and Miss Eugenie Tatam, staying with her for the winter. Miss Vaughan, who spent last winter in Montreal, and made many friends and acquaintances, gave a luncheon the other day for her cousin, and Miss Mitchell later entertained at a tea for the two girls.

Some of the Montrealers who have been spending the past summer and autumn abroad are returning home, while others will remain away all winter. Lady Allan has taken a house near London, and will probably not return to "Ravenscrag" before spring, as her son and eldest daughter, Master Hugh and Miss Martha Allan, are at school over there, and Lady Allan likes to be near them. The two younger children she has with her. Mrs. A. F. Riddell has taken apartments in London, and will spend the winter there to be near her younger daughter, Mrs. Freshfield, who is the wife of a solicitor to the Bank of England. The elder daughter, Mrs. Austin C. Stead, who has been visiting her sister, arrived home a few days ago. Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury Budden and their sons have returned after spending several months abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Nelles have returned after a stay of several months on the other side; and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gault and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Marler, who went across for a few weeks, are home. Mrs. W. A. Grant has gone over to join her young daughter, Miss Gladys Grant, in England. Mrs. Hugh Mackay and her three children have sailed for England, and will be away for some months. Mr. and Mrs. Hartland MacDougall, and their daughters Grace and Lorna, have sailed, and expect to spend the winter in the South of France. Miss Katie Reford accompanied them.

A very delightful little dance was given by Mrs. Baumgarten in honor of Miss Mimi Baumgarten's twenty-first birthday. The party was quite informal—invitations being by telephone—and the seventy, or so, young people present had a delightful time. Mrs. Baumgarten, who is like an elder sister of her daughters, is as successful a hostess with young people as she is with their elders. Miss Baumgarten had a birthday dinner with a few guests, and afterwards the others arrived and dancing went on merrily in the beautiful old rose brocade draped ballroom, where the picture in the place of honor is that of Miss Mimi, herself, painted some years ago when she was a fair-haired school girl. Miss Baumgarten, who made her debut two years ago, on the completion of her education in her parents' native country, Germany, has hosts of friends, and on this occasion of her coming of age she received such quantities of flowers, that her bouquets made quite a garden, and filled the rooms with fragrance. She began the evening by carrying the lovely big bunch of Colonial roses from her father. Mrs. Baumgarten wore a rich green satin gown, and Miss Baumgarten also was in green satin of a pale shade, very becoming to her fair coloring. Miss Ilse Baumgarten had on a cloud-like tinted dress of superimposed layers of pale blue and pale pink chiffon mounted over blue satin.

Word was received this week of the marriage of Mr. Paul Lacoste, one of Montreal's younger advocates, a son of Sir Alexandre Lacoste, with Miss Anita Duchastel de Montrouge, daughter of Mr. Leon Duchastel de Montrouge, at the Church of St. Philippe du Roule, Paris. The bride's father, who is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, was Consul-General for France in Montreal, and afterwards in Vancouver. This is the second marriage between the two families, a sister of Mr. Lacoste being married to Mr. Jules Duchastel de Montrouge. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lacoste return to Montreal shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ross are staying for some time at Old Point Comfort, Virginia. Mr. Ross has not been in his usual vigorous health, and has gone south for a rest. Mr. and Mrs. Ross were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Stephens.

Mrs. Percy Nobbs, wife of the Professor of Architecture of McGill University, held her postnuptial reception recently in her suite at the Kent Apartments. The young hostess, who is a daughter of Dr. F. J. Shepherd, Dean of the Medical Faculty of McGill, had her sister, Miss Dorothy Shepherd, to receive with her, both wearing pretty lingerie frocks. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ernest Shepherd, poured the tea, and her cousins, the Misses Lois and Edna Shepherd, Miss Violet Haswell, and Miss Harrington, served the refreshments.

Lady Hingston and Mr. Harold Hingston, who went abroad early last June, and stayed in France and elsewhere on the Continent, have returned to Montreal. Lady Hingston and her sisters, Mrs. Campbell Macdougall and Mrs. Macdonald McCarthy, are nieces of the late Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, Ontario's first Premier. Owing to illness, and for other unavoidable cause, the Montreal members of the family were unable to go to Toronto for the unveiling of the monument to the late Premier, but the eldest daughter, Madame Langlois, of Portneuf, was present with her two sons.

Among the social doings of the last few days were a luncheon given by Mrs. J. N. Greenshields for her debutante niece; a tea given by Mrs. Arthur Hamilton for her sister-in-law, Mrs. Fulton, of Toronto; a tea, of which Mrs. Albert Delorimier was the hostess, for Mrs. Joseph Delorimier (formerly Miss Brodeur, daughter of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries). Mrs. Chevalier had a dance at the Hunt Club for young people. The McGill Junior dance opened the season's festivities among the University young people, and the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity gave a very successful At Home in their house on University street, at which Mrs. Moyse, wife of the Dean of the Arts Faculty, and Mrs. Walton, wife of the Dean of the Law Faculty, received.

Owners of spacious houses, by "lending" them once in a while, make them a source of revenue for some philanthropy. It is a well known fact that many people will go to a drawing room sale, and buy, too, when they wouldn't trouble to attend a regular bazaar. Recently Mrs. C. M. Hays (wife of the president of the G.T.R.) opened her fine residence on Ontario avenue for a tea and sale of dolls in aid of the Day Nursery. The scheme, which proved a great success, was the idea of Mrs. Thornton Davidson, Mrs. Hays' daughter, and a member of the Nursery committee. Others were interested, and worked on and off through the holidays at the wardrobes of the little waxen ladies, in some cases even calling the services of skilled dressmakers and milliners into requisition. The result was an elaborate and varied display, and nearly everyone who had received an invitation, came and bought liberally. The doll beauties and their furniture were shown to advantage in groups in the large drawing room and in the billiard room. In the library behind the drawing room, in the conservatory opening out of the library, and in the dining room, were set small tea-tables adorned with roses. Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. R. A. E. Greenshields, Mrs. Savage, Mrs. A. H. Gault, and ladies of the committee conducted the sale, assisted by Miss Kingman, Miss Emma MacDougall, Miss Louise and Miss Clara Hays, Miss Margaret Greenshields, the Misses McLennan, Miss Dorothy and Miss Elizabeth Brown, Miss Jeanne Chevalier, the Misses Marjorie and Dorothy Macpherson, and others.

The fondness of Republican America for anything with the sound of a title is only equalled by its lack of accuracy in the handling of the charmed symbols of distinction. Montreal newspaper editors have been amused over some of the Chicago effusions on the marriage of Dr. Grenfell and Miss MacClanahan, which took place in Chicago on Thursday evening, November 18. One reporter wired triumphantly that "Dr. Grenfell was knighted recently, and by her marriage, Miss MacClanahan becomes Lady Grenfell," and another, in literary style, thus: "Sir Wilfred Grenfell, as he must now be called," etc. The fact is that Dr. Grenfell received a C.M.G. in the King's last birthday honors, but to the American these magic letters spelt knighthood. However, to thousands who have read of Dr. Grenfell's noble work on the Labrador, he is a real knight, and they are glad to know that he has now a companion who, while sympathizing in his work, will cheer and brighten his home in the midst of his strenuous activities. It is a far cry in more ways than one from Chicago to St. Anthony's in the north of Newfoundland, but Mrs. Grenfell, so it is said, is looking forward to helping on her husband's work, and, with practical foresight, has added plenty of furs and warm garments to her trousseau. B. E.

Social and Personal.

Mr. John F. Smith, Toronto, announces the engagement of his daughter, L. Christine, to J. Frederick N. Kennedy. The marriage will take place late in December.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Lundy, of Boldenhurst, Newmarket, Ont., announce the engagement of their daughter, Laura Estelle, to Mr. E. J. Barker, Toronto. The wedding will take place in December. Mr. Barker is one of Toronto's most popular young men, and his bride-elect is all that is attractive.

Mrs. Oliver W. Adams (formerly Miss Agnes Young) received on Wednesday and Thursday, November 24 and 25, at 88 Farnham avenue, and will be at home on the first and second Thursdays.

Miss Blanche Walter, the talented young elocutionist, whose services have been so much in demand this season, filled engagements last week in Thornbury, Meaford and Barrie in conjunction with the Sherlock Male Quartette. This week Miss Walter will give a Dickens evening in Hamilton under the auspices of the Dickens Fellowship branch in that city.

Mrs. Courtice and staff of the Balmy Beach College received on Saturday, November 20, at 59 Beach avenue, and will be at home on the first Saturday of each month.

Mrs. Stephen Heward, Peter street, gave a tea on Tuesday for her grand-daughter, Miss Violet Heward, who came out this month. The debutante wore a violet crepe de chine embroidered frock, and carried roses and violets. Yellow 'mums and lily of the valley were the decorative flowers on the tea-table, which was handsomely set with many silver articles and finest china.

Mrs. Somerville, of Atherly, had a girls' tea on Tuesday for Miss Gladys Francis, which was an extremely smart affair.

Mrs. Villiers Sankey has returned from Ottawa where she has had a very delightful visit.

Dust, wind and smoke are the chief enemies of skin health and beauty. The destructive effects of these can best be guarded against by the frequent use of

SANITOL FACE CREAM
The Oxygen Face Cream

It is the only cream that really benefits the skin as well as cleanses it. But Sanitol Face Cream is more than a cleanser—it is a positive beautifier because it goes to Nature for aid. It contains oxygen—Nature's great purifier—which penetrates the pores, driving out impurities and leaving the skin in such perfect condition that the ravages of time and weather are easily resisted.

Pure white, delightfully fragrant and agreeable to use. It contains no grease. It is warranted not to promote the growth of hair.

25c. everywhere

Russian Bath Pleasure

The Russian Bath is one of the most important and enjoyable features of a Turkish Bath. It starts the perspiration quickly, and allows nature to throw off poisonous acids from the system through the seven million pores. Effete matter is forced to the surface of the skin and rubbed off during the massage process.

COOK'S is the only Bath in America that has a perfect Russian Room. The steam is vaporized by Cook's Special Vaporizer, cold air being mixed with steam and forced into Russian Room in the form of warm, pleasant vapor. This will be found very beneficial for Colds, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc.

COOK'S BATHS are considered by experts as the most complete and up to date in America.

A dainty Bill of Fare served day or night.
Excellent Sleeping Apartments and Rooms.
Massage, Chiropody, Clothes Pressing Service, etc.

Established 1874. Phone Main 1286.

COOK'S TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS
202-204 King Street West - - - - - Toronto

CHRYSANTHEMUMS (The Queen of Autumn Flowers)
ARE HERE IN ALL THEIR GLORY
Dunlop's
96 YONGE ST. Toronto, Can.
are showing the choicest blooms, also American Beauties, Violets, Orchids, Lily of the Valley, and all seasonable flowers. Owning and operating our own greenhouses we can furnish the freshest flowers. Design work a specialty. Send for Price List.

Taylor's
Jap Lily Perfume
Jap Lily is our greatest triumph in perfumes. It has a most delightfully exotic odor that brings you the breath of the choicest blossoms that grow in the far-off "Flowery Kingdom." Jap Lily is just the perfume that refined women will like. It is powerful but it is not offensively strong—just a drop or two is all you need and the odor is wonderfully persistent. Your druggist has Jap Lily. Try it. You will be delightfully pleased.
John Taylor & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada
[15]

Make Your Christmas Gift to the Family An Extension Telephone

IN the home where there is only the one telephone there could be no more thoughtful and appropriate gift than to have a second telephone installed before Xmas.

On the remaining 364 days of the year, the convenience and comfort from its use will remain a constant reminder of the giver.

An Extension Set if placed upstairs in the hall, sewing room, den, or bedroom will save endless stair climbing. For then, no matter whether the call finds you upstairs or downstairs, your telephone will be close at hand.

An order left now with Contract Dept., Main 5460, will ensure having the Extension Telephone in place before Christmas. Rates and particulars given upon request.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
The BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY of CANADA

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

Even an expert won't buy coffee by its looks. He wants to taste it in the cup—because all coffee looks very much alike.

If you want a delicious cup of coffee, get a brand that has proved its quality like "SEAL BRAND".

The delightful flavor and fragrant aroma of the finest coffee berries are brought direct to your table by means of the sealed cans.

The flavor and aroma are sealed in.

Insist on having Chase & Sanborn's "Seal Brand" Coffee—in 1 and 2 pound sealed tins—never sold in bulk. 113

CHASE & SANBORN, - Montreal.

Electric Coffee Percolators make most suitable Christmas Gifts.

Your friends will enjoy making coffee at the breakfast table with an electric coffee percolater. Call at our electrical show-rooms to see the coffee percolater demonstration.

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited
12 Adelaide St. East.
Phone - - - Main 3975.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Removed by the New Principle
De Miracle

a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for $1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1012 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class druggists, department stores and

The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited
TORONTO

DOCTORS
find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.

HANSON'S DRUG STORE
444 SPADINA AVENUE
TORONTO - - ONT.

CARPET DYEING We can take a soiled or stained Axminster or Wilton Carpet and return it to you as good as new. We dye them a beautiful green or red.

R. PARKER & CO.,
Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.
201 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. W., 471 and 1324 Queen St. W., 277 Queen St. E.

ALEX. MILLARD
UNDERTAKER
Private Mortuary
Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

Coiffures of the Moment.

HAIR dressing has changed. The new style began last Spring and was widely adopted in Paris and by some fashionable women in America, but it remained for the late autumn to bring it into wide popularity. Over here we call it the mop coiffure. In Paris they call it the Sans Gene.

It is doubtful if a more disorderly coiffure has been invented. In the hands of the fastidious it may be attractive, but in the hands of the masses it cannot fail to be too casual.

There is far more chance of its looking well if it is artificial and mounted on a cap of gauze. Then it is pinned in place and stays there. But when one's own hair is used the result is doubtful.

The way it is done is this: The hair is divided into about ten strands after it has been drawn together at the back of the head. A slight roll may be put in, though it is proper to leave it out.

The hair is tied together with a tiny self-colored string and then divided. Each strand is wrapped around the head and caught with small bone or shell hairpins. When it is finished it looks as though one wore a closely wrapped head turban. It closely resembles the linen or bandanna mop around the head of one who is sweeping or housecleaning.

The artificial method is more graceful, even if artificial hair is regarded as an error of taste or judgment. One buys a cap that fits the crown of the head made of gauze the color of the hair. On it are arranged great coils of hair caught with sizable shell hairpins that show. One's own hair is parted in front or slightly raised, and the mob cap is put down over the head, brought to within an inch or two of the growth of the hair, and securely pinned in place.

There it remains. The strands do not loosen and fall around the face as they do in the natural coiffure. The cost of this cap is not slight, but its popularity will probably bring it down on a level with the switches and puffs and rolls which the shops have sold for years.

There is still another way of arranging this flat hairdressing, but it is not called the mob. It is a variation of it and is called the Brittany coiffure. A slight roll is used under the hair, and then two wide, thick braids are wrapped around the head, resting on the roll and fastened with shell pins.

It is usual now to suggest a parting. If one's forehead is high the hair is merely parted at the edges of the pompadour.

Hats of the Day.

IT takes all sorts of hats to make the millinery world, big and little, eccentric and commonplace, but assuredly there is much that is pleasing, and it is a true relief to be able to wear a small hat once more. The small Francois I. capotes, in draped velvet with a panache of feathers towards the back, velvet and feathers attuned to a harmony in some bright color, are decidedly attractive, the more so when worn with the all-black costumes now so high in favor. The mania for fur somewhere or other in the toilette has resulted in a great vogue for fur toques, fur brims, and fur crowns. These enveloping brims when of dark rough fur are not really becoming, and moreover are very heavy. The success of the small hats depends almost entirely on the pose and the hairdressing. They demand the smoother, flatter arrangement of the hair, and curls and bird's nest fluffed out puffs make them ludicrous and vulgar at once.

In London just now some of the smartest hats are quite simply trimmed, the milliner depending for the desired effect upon her skill rather than upon a multitude of trimming. One beautiful model recently imported had a wide sweeping brim slightly tilted at the left. The covering of the shape was of heavy black satin, and the only trimming was a deep band of metal and silk embroidery in black relieved with a touch of old silver and amethyst, the band ending in a sort of buckle effect of the same. This note of simplicity is very pleasing after the over trimmed hats of the past summer, and is an illustration of how women rebel every now and again against the extreme.

In New York, big hats are still very popular, and the best are undoubtedly most artistic as special stress is laid on the lines of the shape, the result being largely a return to the old picture variety.

VOGUE.

BEAUTIFUL EVENING GOWNS.

THE charm of the well designed evening gown is particularly well shown in the two models illustrated. That to the left is of primrose satin veiled in ivory silk ninon, with pale amethyst velvet ribbon drawn through elongated buttonholes worked in the overshirt.

Cut in princess form, this gown is not fitted closely, but shows the straight, graceful lines now so desirable. The decolletage is bordered with amethyst ribbon velvet, and the trimming in Empire style consists of shaded silk embroidery in tones of yellow and gold, with pale violet and mauve beads.

Beaded garnitures in delicate colorings are the mode of the moment, and used for floral designs, with stems and trails of golden thread, the foliage is worked in shaded silk, thus ensuring a really lovely effect. Black gowns are liberally adorned with jet and the revived bugle, which is also shown in opalescent tints, interspersed with paste studs and pearl cabochons.

The black toilette on the right of the page is of silk marquisette over black satin, and the bands of satin are overlaid with large roses of velvet and chiffon, and jet studs loop the draperies over the hips. As a white gown relieved with touches of pale color this toilette could be primarily of satin, with the overdress of creamy marquisette, the ribbons or strappings in faintest blue, and the roses of delicate pink, the velvet leaves of a deeper note than the pink chiffon.

Annual Opening of Our New Holiday Book Section——

Every year it is customary for us to increase the selling space of our Book Department during the Holiday rush. This seems to be very much appreciated by thousands of book buyers who prefer to make their selection with care and comfort.

This year we have again given over our spacious Basement to the selling of Books, and it will be known to all from now till Christmas Eve as "Murray's Library," and as we are starting the greatest campaign of Book selling ever known in this city, we expect that to many, many thousands of book lovers "Murray's Library" will mean much during the next month.

We open to-day, Saturday, November 27th, and to introduce this new feature we place on sale 5,000 Copyright Books, many splendidly illustrated, some by Harrison Fisher and others by well known artists both in color and black and white. All regular $1.25 and $1.50 editions, Saturday, in our new Book Section, "Murray's Library," each ..... .25

In addition to this special line of Fiction at 25c., you will find a number of other most interesting tables, containing many lines of Gift Books for Children, priced from 5c. up.

Cut Crystal, China and Brass Goods

These three sections are all situated on the fourth floor, and nowhere can you find such beautiful and dainty objects that are suitable as gifts both for personal and household use.

Dinner and Tea Services in lovely new and exquisite designs and selected from the finest potteries of England. Prices from $15.00 to $350.00.

Fancy Vases and Ornaments in China and Art Pottery, priced from $1.00 to $100.00.

In Cut Crystal we have a larger selection than ever. Beautiful cuttings in Decanters, Jugs, Vases, Water Bottles, Punch Bowls, Bon Bon Dishes, Celery Trays, etc., etc., and all marked at low prices ranging from $2.00 upwards.

In the Brass Goods Section we have a large line of imported goods that are particularly pleasing for presents. Bronze Figures, Tea Kettles with Stand, Brass Trays, Candle Sticks, Chafing Dishes, Ink Stands, Pen Trays, Jardinieres, Jewel Cases, and innumerable other articles suitable for household or personal use.

Tea or Coffee Caddie.....	$ 1.00
Pierced Brass Tray.....	1.50
Combined Match Box and Ash Tray	1.75
Kettle with wrought-iron Stand....	3.50
Coffee Percolator 1½ pints.....	12.00
Chafing Dish in nickel or copper....	12.00
Polished Brass or Copper Tray....	2.50
Hanging Fern Pot.....	1.20
Polished Brass Jardiniere, 5⅝ in..	2.50

Novelty Hand Bags

We have just received a new shipment of all the latest ideas in Women's Handbags and Purses. New shapes, new leathers, new colors. An inspection along these lines will prove very interesting to gift-givers. Made from seal, walrus, sea lion, alligator, pigskin, buff alligator, etc., some plain, others fitted with card case, mirror, powder-puff, purse, etc., and priced from $2.50 to $20.00.

Fancy Beaded Bags in jet, dull jet, steel, black and natural color, gold and silver, and all the new Dresden effects, $2.00 to $32.50.

Silver, Gold and Gunmetal Mesh Bags, $1.75 to $17.50.

Christmas is less than a month away and we must impress upon our many customers that early selection means more comfort to themselves, better selection of stocks and better attention from our employes.

W. A. Murray & Co., Limited

THE RED ROOM

By William Le Queux

(*Rights Reserved.*)

CHAPTER I.

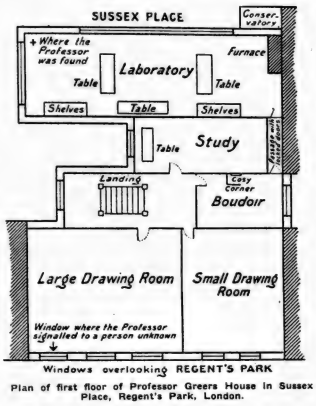
THREE INQUISITIVE MEN.

THE fifteenth of January, 1907, fell on a Tuesday. I have good cause to remember it.

In this narrative of startling fact there is little that concerns myself. It is most of the doings of others—strange doings though they were, and stranger still, perhaps, that I should be their chronicler.

On that Tuesday morning, just after eleven o'clock, I was busy taking down the engine of one of the cars at my garage in the High road, Chiswick. Dick, one of my men, had had trouble with the "forty-eight" while bringing home two young gentlemen from Oxford on the previous night, and I was trying to locate the fault.

Suddenly, as I looked up, I saw standing at my side a man who lived a few doors from me in Bath road, Bedford Park—a man who was a mystery.



Plan of first floor of Professor Greers House in Sussex Place, Regent's Park, London.

He greeted me pleasantly, standing with his hands thrust into the pockets of his shabby black overcoat, while, returning his salutation, I straightened myself, wondering what had brought him there, and whether he wished to hire a car.

I had known him by sight for a couple of years or more as he passed up and down before my house, but we had not often spoken. Truth to tell, his movements seemed rather erratic and his shabbiness very marked, yet at times he appeared quite spruce and smart, and his absences were so frequent that my wife and I had grown to regard him with considerable suspicion. In the suburbs of London one doesn't mix easily with one's neighbor.

"Can I speak to you privately, Mr. Holford?" he asked, with a slight hesitancy and a glance at my chauffeur Dick, who at that moment had his hand in the gear-box.

"Certainly," I said. "Will you step into my office?" And I led the way through the long garage to my private room beyond, through the glass windows of which I could see all the work in progress.

My visitor was, I judged, about fifty, or perhaps fifty-five, an anxious, slight, intellectual-looking man, with hair and moustache turning grey, a pair of keen, dark, troubled eyes, a protruding, well-shaven chin, an aquiline nose, sniffing dimly the uncertain future, a complexion somewhat sallow, yet a sinewy, athletic person whose vocation I had on many occasions tried to guess in vain.

Sometimes he dressed quite smartly in clothes undoubtedly cut by a West-End tailor. At others, he slouched along shabby and apparently hard up, as he now was.

My wife—for I had married three years before, just after I had entered the motor business—had from the first put him down as an adventurer, and a person to be avoided. Her woman's instinct generally led to correct conclusions. Indeed, one night, when out with her sister, she had seen him in evening dress seated in a box at a theatre with a lady, in pale blue and diamonds, and another man; and on a second occasion she had witnessed him at Charing Cross Station registering luggage to the Continent. He had with him two smartly-dressed men, who were seeing him off.

I myself had more than once seen him arrive in a hansom with well-worn suit-cases and travelling kit, and on several occasions, when driving a car through the London traffic I had caught sight of him in silk hat and frock-coat walking in the West-End with his smart friends.

Women are generally inquisitive regarding their neighbors, and my wife was no exception. She had discovered that this Mr. Kershaw Kirk was a bachelor, whose home was kept by an unmarried sister, Miss Judith, about nine years his junior. They employed a charwoman every Friday, but, as Miss Kirk's brother was absent so frequently, they preferred not to employ a general servant.

Now, I was rather suspicious of this fact. The man Kirk was a mystery, and servants are always prone to pry into their master's affairs.

My visitor was silent for a few moments after he had taken the chair I had offered. His dark eyes were fixed upon me with a strange, intense look, until, with some hesitation, he at last said:

"I believe, Mr. Holford, you are agent for a new German tyre—the Eckhardt it is called, is it not?"

"I am," I replied. "I am sole agent in London."

"Well, I want to examine one," he exclaimed, "but in strict confidence. Other persons will probably come to you and beg to see this particular tyre, but I wish you to regard the fact that I have seen it as entirely between ourselves. Will you do so? A very serious issue depends upon your discretion—how serious you will one day realize."

I looked at him in surprise. His request for secrecy struck me as distinctly peculiar.

"Well, of course, if you wish," I replied, "I'll regard the fact that you have seen the Eckhardt non-skid as confidential. Is it in connection with any new invention?" I asked suspiciously.

"Not at all," he laughed. "I have nothing whatever to do with motor-cars or the motor trade. I merely wish to satisfy myself by looking at one of the new tyres."

So I went upstairs, and brought down one of the German covers for his inspection.

He took it in his hands, and, very careful that Dick should not observe him from the outside, closely examined the triangular steel studs with which the cover was fitted.

From his pocket he took a piece of paper, and, folding it, measured the width of the tyre, making a break in the edge of the folded paper. Then he felt the edges of the studs, and began to ask questions regarding the life of the new tyre.

"The inventor, who lives at Cologne, was over here three months ago, and claimed for it that it lasted out three tyres of any of the present well-known makes," I replied. "But, as a matter of fact, I must admit that I've never tried it myself."

"You've sold some, of course?"

"Yes, several sets—and I believe they've given satisfaction."

"You are, I take it, the only agent in this country?"

"No; Farmer & Payne, in Glasgow, have the agency for Scotland," I replied, greatly wondering why this tyre should attract him if he had no personal interest in cars.

A second time he examined the cover, again very closely; then, placing it aside, he thanked me, apologizing for taking up my time.

"Mind," he said, "not a word to a soul that you have shown me this."

"I have promised, Mr. Kirk, to say nothing," I said; "but your injunctions as to secrecy have, I must confess, somewhat aroused my curiosity."

"Probably so." And a good-humored smile overspread his thin rather melancholy face. "But our acquaintance is not very intimate, is it? I've often been on the point of asking you to run in and have a smoke with me. I'm a trifle lonely, and would be so delighted if you'd spend an hour with me."

My natural curiosity to discover more about this man, who was such a mystery, prompted me to express a mutual desire for a chat.

So it was arranged that I should look in and see him after dinner that same evening.

"I travel a good deal," he explained, in a careless way, "therefore I never like to make engagements far ahead. I always believe in living for to-day and allowing to-morrow to take care of itself."

He spoke with refinement, and, though presenting such a shabby exterior, was undoubtedly a gentleman and well bred.

He looked around the garage, and I showed him the dozen or so cars which I let out on hire, as well as the number of private cars whose owners place them in my care. But by the manner he examined them I saw that, whatever ignorance he might feign regarding motors, he was no novice. He seemed to know almost as much about ignition, timing, and lubrication as I did.

And when I remarked upon it his face only relaxed into a smile that was sphinx-like.

"Well, Mr. Holford," he exclaimed at last, "I'm hindering you, no doubt, so I'll clear out. Remember, I'll expect you for a chat at nine this evening." And, buttoning his frayed overcoat, he left, and walked in the direction of Turnham Green.

Half an hour later I was called on the telephone to the other side of London, where I had a customer buying a new car, and it was not before six o'clock that I was back again at the garage, where I found my manager, Pelham, who during the morning had been out trying a car on the Ripley road.

"Funny thing happened this afternoon, sir," he said as I entered. "Two men, both mysterious persons, have come in, one after the other, to see an Eckhardt non-skid. They had no idea of buying one—merely wanted to see it. The second man wanted me to roll one along in the mud outside to show him the track it makes! Fancy me doing that with a new tyre!"

His announcement puzzled me. These were the persons whose visit had been predicted by Kirk!

What could it mean?

"Didn't they give any reason why they wanted to see the cover?"

"Said they'd heard about it—that was all," my manager replied. "Both men wanted to take all sorts of measurements, but I told them they'd better buy a set outright. I fancy it's some inventor's game. Somebody has got a scheme to improve on it, I expect, and bring it out as a British patent."

Put I kept my counsel and said nothing. I was already convinced that behind these three visits there was something unusual, and I determined to endeavor to extract the truth from Kershaw Kirk.

Little did I dream the reason why the Eckhardt tyre was being so closely scrutinized by strangers. Little, likewise, did I dream of the curious events which were to follow, or the amazing whirl of adventure into which I was to be so suddenly launched.

But I will set it all down just as it happened, and try to present you with the complete and straightforward narrative—a narrative which will show you what strange things can happen to a peaceful, steady-going, hard-working citizen in this Greater London of ours to-day.

CHAPTER II.

SOME STRANGE FACTS.

MR. KIRK opened his front door himself that evening, and conducted me to a cosy study at the end of the hall, where a fire burned brightly.

In a black velvet lounge coat, a fancy vest, and bright, bead-embroidered slippers, he beamed a warm welcome upon me, and drew up a big saddle-bag arm-chair. From what I had seen of the house, I was surprised at its taste and elegance. There was certainly no sign of poverty there. The study was furnished with solid comfort, and the volumes that lined it were the books of a studious man.

The cigar he offered me was an exquisite one, though himself he preferred his well-colored meerschaum, which he filled from an old German tobacco bowl. In one corner of the room stood his pet, a large grey parrot in a cage, which he now and then addressed in the course of his conversation.

One of his eccentricities was to think audibly and address his thoughts to his queer companion, whose name was Joseph.

We must have been chatting for a full half an hour when I mentioned to him that two other persons had

(*Continued on page 30.*)

Baking Results

The minute you take the light, crispy, golden brown crusty Pure Gold Biscuits out of the oven you will discover why you used

Pure Gold

(Trade Mark Registered)

Baking Powder

When you break open a biscuit and see its white, light interior—when you taste its flaky deliciousness you will conclude that this pure, Cream of Tarter Baking Powder best repays baking skill.

Our Book of Recipes Sent Free

Let us send you our valuable little book "The Secret of Delicious Desserts." It tells you how to make any number of dainty desserts and delicious salads in a very little time and almost no trouble at all. And the delightfully good part of it all, remember, is that the speed with which these results are obtained only serves to enhance the enjoyable favor of the result.

2 P

PURE GOLD MFG. CO.
Limited
Toronto

Samples on Request
Send us 10c in stamps to pay packing and postage and let us send you generous samples of our Vanilla and Lemon Extracts and a small can of Baking Powder. Mention your own and your dealer's name and address

MADE IN CANADA

BY ROYAL WARRANTS FURRIERS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES

Long Fur Coats that Combine Distinctive Style with Perfect Workmanship

The demand for Long Fur Coats has been remarkable. Fortunately our display is complete with widely variant styles in Persian Lamb, Sealskin, Hudson Seal and Caracul—furs that are adaptable to the season's style, and will give satisfactory wear.

A desirable model is illustrated in Sealskin. The Coat is 36 in. long, double-breasted, semi-fitting, with shawl collar of medium width. Price, $500.00.

Made from less expensive skins, $350.00 and $440.00.

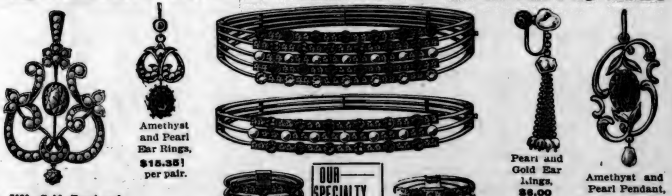
The same Coat in Hudson Seal is $175.00.

The new turn-down collar and single revere is shown on the Persian Lamb Coat illustrated. This garment is also double-breasted and 30 in. long. Price, $225.00.

Made from less expensive skins of dependable quality, $170.00.

HOLT, RENFREW & CO.
LIMITED
TORONTO AND QUEBEC

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, LTD.



No. 7039—Gold, Pearl and Peridot Amethyst Pendant $3.50

Amethyst and Pearl Ear Rings, $15.35 per pair.

Pearl and Gold Ear Rings, $8.00 per pair.

Amethyst and Pearl Pendant, $8.

YOU CAN BUY FROM **ENGLAND** PAY YOUR DUTY, AND PURCHASE CHEAPER AND BETTER THAN YOU ARE NOW DOING.

OUR SPECIALTY Fine 3 and 5 Row Rings and Bracelets, composed of Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires, Emeralds and Pearls. Prices:—
3 row Ring, $15.35 | 3 row Bracelet, $37.75
5 row Ring, $25.50 | 5 row Bracelet, $37.25

PLEASE WRITE FOR **CATALOGUE** 6,000 ILLUSTRATIONS POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

6 Grand Hotel Buildings, London, England

A limited number of these Catalogues can be obtained from Room 107, Mail Building, Toronto. 1889

INGERSOLL
REGISTERED
TRADE MARK
CREAM CHEESE
"Spreads Like Butter"
Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks
For sale by all Grocers.
Manufactured by
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO., LTD.
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada

OLD STYLE DESIGNS

in window draperies and furniture coverings are prominent in our stock this season. Inexpensive reproductions of beautiful old examples in cretonnes, taffetas, printed linens, etc., many of which are specially selected to hang with our new wallpapers.

ELLIOTT & SON
LIMITED
79 King St. W. - Toronto

Tired, Sleepless, Out-of-Sorts

An attack of "blues," a headache, that tired-out feeling. These are chased away and the etchings and lines they made gently, surely and soothingly rubbed out.

Our Face Treatments

do the work while the tired, weary patient often enjoys restful sleep. No smothering steam or hot applications used to ruin the complexion. The treatments cure spots, blotches and blackheads.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, Moles, Warts, Ruptured Veins, etc., permanently removed by our reliable method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Descriptive Brochure on request.

HISCOTT DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
61 College Street, TORONTO
Established 1892.

HOOPER'S MELODERMA

Delightfully softens, harmlessly heals, and matchlessly beautifies the skin. : : :

PRICE 25c
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

THE HOOPER CO.
Limited
83 King St. West

Xmas Fancy Work

Handmade fancy novelties for the most fastidious. Knitted wool shawls, kimonas, vests, etc., quality, style and individuality in every piece. We will embroider table linen, blouses, handkerchiefs, etc., in any way you may desire. An unequalled line of table, dresser and stand covers for inspection.

Early shopping gives you a choice.

LADIES' WORK DEPOSITORY
Yonge St. Arcade
Room E. Main 1431.

THE RATIONAL SUNDAY LEAGUE
OF CANADA

Organized to secure a reasonable Sunday with moral, intellectual and social privileges for all the people. The Sabbath was made for man, not for any one institution. The public is cordially invited to co-operate. Information sent on application. Annual membership fee, $1.00.

J. ENOCH THOMPSON, Chairman.
V. J. GILPIN, Secy.-Treas.,
1106 Temple Bldg., Toronto.

CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

An Elizabethan Home.

A very short distance south of the Bloor street stone gates to Queen's Park, Toronto, on the west side, setting behind two beautiful old elms, with a low cut English hedge in front, is one of the best examples of modernized Elizabethan architecture in domestic work to be found in Toronto. It is the home of Mr. E. R. Wood, and was designed by Messrs. Sproatt & Rolph. Although the exterior is simple, in general effect it is rich in the extreme. The absence of heavy pilasters, broken with quoins and bands, that had a tendency to render the architecture of the Elizabethan period gorgeous rather than elegant, together with the simple breaking of the gables and the excellent square treatment of the windows gives the building all that is desirable in the architecture of this period in domestic design, and produces an effect that is elegant, graceful and comfortable, rather than one that is rich and gorgeous.

The exterior color scheme is well suited to the environment; the brick is of the dark red common variety, with one-half inch grey mortar joints; the trimmings are of grey cut limestone, while the roof is of green slate.

The general lay-out of the house has been planned with a view to comfort and convenience, rather than display and grandeur. The ground floor contains reception hall, drawing room, living room, library, dining room, palm room, billiard room and kitchen service.

The front entrance opens into a spacious reception hall, with beamed ceiling and heavy pilasters. The wood work is white enameled, and the panelling in the ceiling is of a delicate tone of yellow. The drawing room to the right is decorated in white and fawn, relieved with a touch of delicate tones of green and red in the draperies, silk wall hangings and carpet. This room, as well as the reception room, in both decoration and furnishings, have a strong feeling of Georgian.

To the right of the hall are the living and dining rooms. The woodwork and the mission furniture in the living room are of oak, finished in an Early English tone. A large Elizabethan recessed fireplace lends an air of comfort to this large well appointed room.

The most unique, and at the same time, the coziest room in the house, is the library, which is at the left of the living room. The woodwork is enameled a sea green and the walls above woodwork, with the ceiling, are decorated with mural work of naturalized ornament in subdued tones. The furniture is of the heavy mission style, with Early English finish, and has dark red leather cushions. The color combination, although unusual for a library, is harmoniously worked out.

The dining room, which has a large bay, with southern exposure, is finished in mahogany. The wall panelling runs up to within three feet of the beamed ceiling. The walls above the panelling are finished in a grey tone with a greenish tint, relieved with a narrow gold stripe. The ceiling panels are painted a delicate yellow, with borders of blue and a narrow stripe of gold. This room, with the living room, in decorative detail, is purely modernized Elizabethan, although they lack the cumbersome heavy ornament that characterized the work of the early designers of this period. The carved mantel and built-in sideboard are among the best pieces of modern Elizabethan decoration I have ever seen.

The palm room, which leads from the dining room back to the billiard room, is decorated and furnished in Georgian style. The woodwork is white enameled, and the walls are hung with a silk of a delicate sea green. The furniture is upholstered with silk of the same texture and color. This is a very bright room, and in addition to a large bay on the south, has a skylight of slightly ornamented glass. The billiard room is panelled with selected circassian walnut to the coved ceiling, which is richly decorated in white plastic relief work. It has two large bay windows, one in the south wall, and one in the west wall. At the north end of the room is a high, richly carved mantel.

The arrangement of the kitchen service is ideal. The pantries and kitchen are so located as to provide the maximum degree of convenience, with the least possible domestic labor.

The main stairway leads to a large hall sitting-room on the first floor. To the left is the owner's bedroom, which is tastily decorated in white and old rose, with mahogany furniture of Early English design. The guests' room, located at the south-west corner of the house, is decorated in white and pale green. A feature of this room is a fireplace nook on the south, with windows and seats on each side of the mantel.

All the bedrooms and the first floor hall sitting room have white enameled woodwork, and the same general style of simplicity of decoration prevails throughout. In all, the house has about a dozen bedrooms, and five large, well appointed, tiled bathrooms. The servants' quarters are finished in white enamel, and are cut off from the main portion of the house.

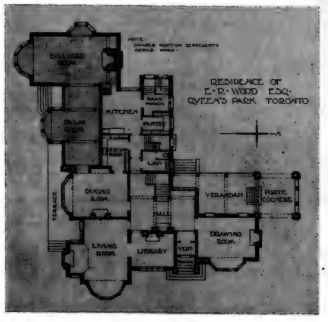
In short, this Elizabethan home may be termed a well designed, tastily decorated, appropriately furnished English house, in which there has been no lavish expenditure in meaningless ornament, vulgar decoration, or costly, cumbersome furniture. It is a home made elegant and graceful by the architect in his design, and beautiful and comfortable by the owner in his tasty decoration and appropriate furnishings.

A MANTEL

DRAWING ROOM

EXTERIOR VIEW

LIBRARY



HOME OF MR. E. R. WOOD, QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO, AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF ENGLISH DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE, WITH A STRONG ELIZABETHAN FEELING. ELEGANCE IN GENERAL DESIGN, SIMPLE RICH DETAIL AND COMFORTABLE APPOINTMENTS ARE NOTABLE FEATURES. SPROATT & ROLPH, ARCHITECTS.

THE LIBRARY.—This is one of the most unique rooms in the house. The woodwork is finished with a sea-green enamel; the mural work is in naturalized ornament in subdued tones, while the furniture is finished in Early English.

THE LIVING-ROOM.—This apartment is truly Elizabethan with its large coved fireplace and oak woodwork and furniture with Early English finish.

A BEAUTIFUL MANTEL.—The correctly designed and beautifully carved Elizabethan mantel in the dining-room.

There is nothing hardier indoors than the rubber plant! It will endure darkness, gas-tainted air, an atmosphere so dry that the furniture cracks, and dust, and still put forth leaves that might as well be cast-iron, they are so stiff and unlovely. But where the conditions can be made a little better than the requirements for a rubber plant, there are other things which will give more pleasure, though they may need a little more care.

KAY'S
Christmas Gift Suggestions

DRESSING TABLES

A Dressing Table is peculiarly a woman's piece of furniture—designed and made especially for her use and for this reason is a most happy choice for a Christmas gift—one sure of appreciation.

Our present stock is very large, covering so great a variety in wood, style and price that there will be no difficulty in selecting just the design best suited to the room it is intended for.

Dressing Tables in White Enamel, from $12.50 to $175.00

Dressing Tables in Mahogany, from $10.75 to $160.00.

Dressing Tables in Bird's-eye Maple, from $30.00 upwards.

Dressing Tables in Circassian Walnut, from $21.00 to $105.00.

JOHN KAY COMPANY
Limited
36 and 38 King Street West
TORONTO

NOVEMBER'S WILES

November is the month of cold and dusty winds, and raw, biting air.

The hands become easily chapped, and the face rough and red.

But lovely woman knows that she need not worry about chaps, or rough skin if she has on her dresser a bottle of Campana's Italian Balm.

It has never once failed, in twenty-seven years.

It is woman's dainty boudoir accessory.

If you have not yet made its acquaintance buy a bottle to-day

Only 25c from any Druggists or direct from the sole Canadian Agents.

E. G. WEST & CO., WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, TORONTO.

View of Residence in Rosedale, Toronto, on March 8th, 1909.

The same residence on July 15th, less than six months later. All the big trees were moved by us in March.

WE MOVE BIG TREES

Nothing gives more dignity to a home than a few large trees, well placed. Why wait fifteen or twenty years for a tree to grow, when we can supply you with trees from 30 to 40 ft. high, immediately?

Our tree machines are the most improved, and enable us to move trees with perfect safety.

WE GUARANTEE THE TREES TO LIVE.

STONE & WELLINGTON,
NURSERYMEN
'Phone Main 1109 49 Wellington St., E

City and Country Homes

Made in Colonial Times.

Colonial desk of unusual beauty of design and finish at the Hudson-Fulton Art Exhibit.

One of the most interesting features of the recent Hudson-Fulton celebration, was the Dutch and Colonial Art Exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. The idea of the exhibition was to commemorate the age of Henry Hudson, and the country which sent him out on his famous voyage of discovery, and also the age and country of Robert Fulton and his predecessors. The Dutch exhibit consisted of one of the most superb collections of Dutch paintings ever seen in America There were no less than thirty-four Rembrandts, twenty works of Franz Hals, five by Jan Vermeer, of Delft, and a number of paintings by such men as Hobbema Jan Steen, Gabriel Metsu, Pieter de Hooch, van Ruisdael, and Cuyp. And not the least remarkable feature of this display was the fact that all the pictures are owned by Americans. Small wonder that European art-lovers are becoming wrought up over the sacking of their art-treasures by enterprising Yankees.

But superb as was the collection of Dutch paintings, the Colonial exhibit is much more interesting from the point of view of the "house beautiful." This is due to the fact that it was largely devoted to the industrial arts, which naturally flourishes more vigorously in a young community, all whose thought was instinctively devoted to the struggle for existence. The art of pioneers would naturally find its expression in the endeavor to make beautiful the necessities of life.

Chief in importance among the industrial arts represented are cabinetmaking and silversmithing. The exhibition rooms are divided into three periods of Colonial development in these arts; the first room is devoted to the seventeenth century, the second to the eighteenth, the third to the nineteenth. One may see the history of American furniture from sixteen hundred and twenty to eighteen hundred and fifteen, tracing the evolution of the "high-boy" from the simplest chest, and that of the stately cabinet-top secretary with secret drawers from the humble box with slanting cover in which writing materials were kept in early days. The most interesting objects in the seventeenth-century room are the carved oak chests in which the Pilgrims and Puritans packed their possessions on their first voyages; while the nineteenth-century room is distinguished by the beautiful work of the famous New York cabinetmaker, Duncan Phyffe, whose simple, graceful furniture reflects the Empire style of France.

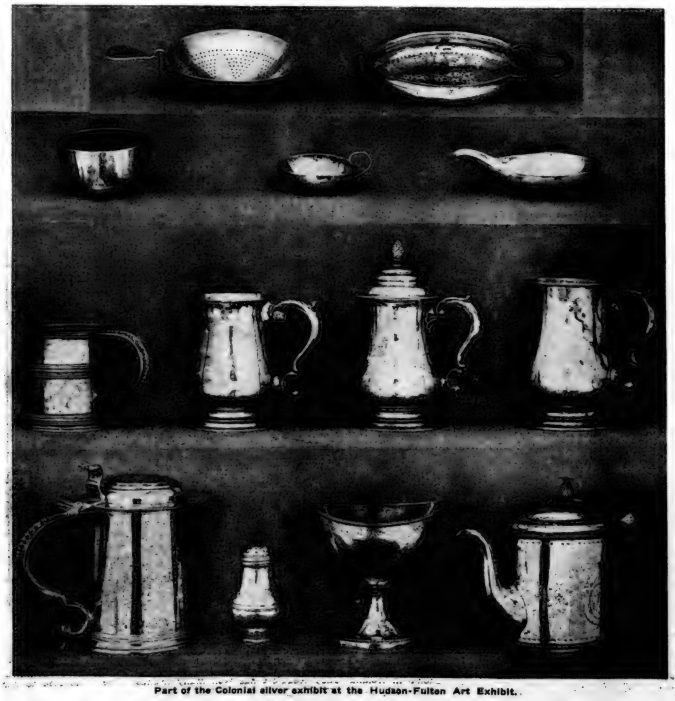
The idea of thus immortalizing literal "family trees" by converting them into chairs and tables is no less quaint because impelled by economic necessity. We may imagine how humorously dear, says The Craftsman, such bits of furniture must have been to the children of the household who in old age could look over their spectacles at the time-honored pieces, recalling the primitive farm in the wilderness and the old ash or maple under which they used to play.

All the silverwork in the exhibition is the product of American craftsmanship; much of it is from Boston, where among the names of other silversmiths we find that of the famous Paul Revere; a large collection of it is from New York State and bears the signature of both Dutch and English artisans. It is interesting to see how apparently instinctively the craftsman of the humble Colonies sought simplicity of form and motive. Indeed, one is struck throughout the exhibit by the element of refinement and good taste, the absence of display and the dignity of line and curve that characterize Colonial workmanship.

One interesting feature of the eighteenth-century room is an interior wall from a Colonial house, with fireplace and cupboards. The wall is of paneled wood and was preserved intact by the owner of the house, with the intention of inserting it in a modern dwelling The Museum has placed before the wall the high-backed chair and the stiff cane couch of the period, and has given brass andirons and fender to the fireplace. In the quaint cupboard is a collection of American glass,—Pitkin glass made in Connecticut at the end of the eighteenth century and Stiegel glass from Pennsylvania; a string of glass beads is historically interesting because manufactured in Jamestown, Virginia, for trade with the Indians. On the wall of this section of a Colonial room hangs a framed "Family Record" worked in worsted, giving the births of the many children who blessed some Colonial household; we learn on reading the record that it is the "Sampler of Charlotte Pierson, aged thirteen years." There are many other homely little touches that bring the daily life of the vanished centuries before us. Though much of the furniture exhibited is the product of the New England and other Colonies, the association is so near that these suggestions easily conjure up a vision of old New York,—the New York of the Battery, of Broad Street, Pearl Street, Wall Street and Maiden lane,—a quiet country town, which though first Dutch and then English, long held the social and industrial elements of both nations. As

Tankards by colonial artisans exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

we look at New York to-day, the Colonial period seems so remote that it is hard to realize how few have been the years that have seen such great changes. Not a trace is left of the little gable-roofed town,—the green *bouweries*, the grazing kine, the windmills have long since vanished from "Mana-hatta;" and as we think of the dark, narrow canyons leading from lower Broadway, with the skyscrapers towering on every side, it seems impossible to believe that those very streets once held the homes of the scrupulous Dutch, who in the old country washed even the outside of their houses three times a week!



Part of the Colonial silver exhibit at the Hudson-Fulton Art Exhibit.

OUR NEW SALESROOMS. - - 41 QUEEN ST. W.
(OPPOSITE CITY HALL)

THE GERHARD HEINTZMAN

IS THE HIGHEST TYPE OF

PIANO PERFECTION

Three most important points must be considered in purchasing a Piano: TONE, DURABILITY, BEAUTY OF FINISH.

The superiority of the

GERHARD HEINTZMAN

in these three points is universally recognized; it is pronounced by our leading musicians

CANADA'S BEST PIANO

A visit to our beautiful new salesrooms will serve a two-fold purpose. You will see the famous

GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANOS

in new and exclusive Art designs, displayed in

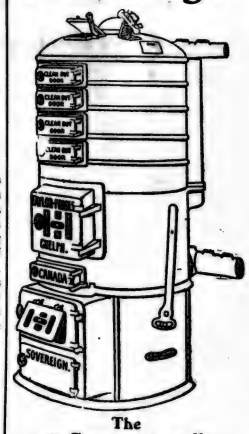
THE FINEST SALES PARLORS IN CANADA

Gerhard Heintzman, Limited

NEW SALESROOMS

CITY HALL SQUARE - - TORONTO

A "Sovereign" Boiler Will Tone Down Winter.



The "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler Made by the TAYLOR-FORBES Company, Limited GUELPH, CANADA

Be prepared early by installing a "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler. It will heat all the house equally and comfortably, and supply abundance of hot water for the Bath and Kitchen. Burns just the average, or less than the average, amount of coal.

Ask your plumber for an estimate. The "Sovereign" may be readily installed without tearing down walls or partitions —without noise or confusion.

Toronto Office and Show Rooms:

1088 King Street West. Phone Park 2711

Toronto Taxicab Stock

AN UNRIVALLED INVESTMENT

An investment in an industrial which can be classed as a public utility is not a speculation.
Toronto's Taxicabs are an investment upon which profits can be figured with the same certainty of any other common carrier.
At the present time the demand for Taxicabs is great and constantly increasing.
We advise the purchase of stock in Toronto's Taxicabs at **$6.00** per share, par value $5.00, because it is already in the big earning class.
Subscriptions will be accepted up to 100 shares in the order received at this office.

E. A. ENGLISH

Adelaide and Victoria Sts. - - - - TORONTO

Send for Our Illustrated Booklet

A Woman who Lived Under Five British Sovereigns

AT the beginning of the last century—no one seems quite certain of the exact date—was born in Neufchatel, Switzerland, the girl who afterwards became the wife of John Clarke, who was associated with the original John Jacob Astor in the fur trading business. Last week Mrs. Clarke died in Westmount, and in between her birth and death she had played a strenuous part in the history of Canada. She was a pioneer of pioneers, inasmuch as she followed her husband into the Great Northwest, roughing it as he did while he served as factor, and later as chief factor, of the Hudson Bay Company. Not only did she see the beginnings of that development which has made the Western provinces among the greatest assets of the Dominion, but she went with her husband to Labrador, which in those days was pretty much at the world's end. Later on, she was a recognized leader in Montreal society, and her daughters among its belles.

When last I saw Mrs. Clarke, a few weeks before her death, she was full of interest in what was going on around her. In spite of her years, which numbered 105 at least, and probably more, she was both alert and cheerful. Propped up among big white frilled pillows, her tiny form seemed lost, but her face marvellously wrinkled, sharp featured, and smiling, was full of attraction. Her hair, of which she possessed a quantity, was absolutely silvery white, and stood about her face like a great Pompadour, unless held smooth and flat by a white lace scarf. Her physical strength was still remarkable, and not only could she hear, without difficulty, but she took part in the conversation. That her eyesight was still good was shown by her interest in a camera when it was placed in a position to photograph her.

The sight of that wonderful little old lady seemed to annihilate time. To take her hand seemed to link one at once with those far off days of Napoleonic glory when the destiny of Europe lay with the great Corsican. One can hardly realize what it means—to have lived in the reigns of five British sovereigns, and to have had one's birth antedate that of Queen Victoria by many years. What progress, what wonderful development she had witnessed. During her life-time most modern luxuries were evolved. Almost, one might say, that since she was, all modern civilization as one understands it, was born.

The wonderful longevity of Mrs. Clarke was ascribed by her family to the fact that her early girlhood was passed among the health-giving mountains in her native Switzerland, and that for many years subsequently she spent her life in the open air living a simple existence where luxury was unknown and the primitive prevailed. Mrs. Clarke's parentage was mixed, her father being German, and her mother Swiss. Her birth took place at Neufchatel some time between 1800 and 1805, but her daughter assured me that the exact date was unknown. Her childhood passed peacefully, her father, whose name was Trauclair, occupying a good position. When she was no longer to be classed with the very little girls, Mrs. Clarke said the first great event of her life happened, and it took the form of her meeting with the King of Prussia afterwards William I. of Germany. The arrival of the future Emperor made a great stir in Neufchatel, and it was decided that he should be greeted by a band of Sunday school children who would sing in his honor. Dressed in their best, the children awaited his advent, and were lost in awe when he finally appeared in a marvellous chariot drawn by eight white horses. Fortunately, they recovered their nerve in time to sing their song of greeting, the solo having been given to the little girl who, in after years, was to have so adventurous a career. She acquitted herself so well that the Royal guest was attracted by her voice, and not only complimented her upon it, but shook hands with her, a wonderful happening to a child of her years, and one which made a very deep impression.

Mrs. Clarke's account of the next great event of her life was one to be remembered, for it dealt with conditions immediately preceding and following the battle of Waterloo. All her world was in a turmoil, and shared the general excitement which was felt at the time of Napoleon's last great effort to recover his supremacy. On all sides were rumors of war. Excitement reached fever pitch, finally, when the Prussian troops poured through the town in which she was living, and still in imagination Mrs. Clarke always insisted she could hear the rattle of the iron shutters of the houses, as regiment after regiment passed through the town. The excitement had not time to die down before the news came of the battle of Waterloo and of Napoleon's downfall. The banishment to St. Helena followed, and Europe was at rest.

All these things happened while the future Mrs. Clarke was still a young girl, for she was yet in her teens when she came to Canada with her parents. Her meeting with her husband was not without an element of romance, and, in fact, throughout her long life, things seldom seemed to happen to her as they did to other people. She seemed to have been selected to show just what a woman could do, could endure, and conquer. She was many sided, and it was said of her that she was as much at home leading a ball with a Governor-General as she was presiding in a Hudson Bay post, and that no one could surpass her in charm in either position.

The Clarke family have long been identified with what is now the city of Westmount, and for generations owned a large amount of property there. Until within the last year or so the old family mansion—a delightfully picturesque relic of the past—stood at the corner of Clarke avenue and Sherbrooke street. In the early days of the last century all the property immediately surrounding the house belonged to the Clarkes, the head of the family being one Simon Clarke, father of John Clarke. The latter, who was of an adventurous spirit, decided to leave home in search of adventure, and in time became associated with John Jacob Astor as a fur trader. It was at the suggestion of Mr. Astor, who is said to have been a connection of the family, that John Clarke decided upon taking a trip to Europe, going to London and Paris, and finally reaching Switzerland. While there he met Miss Trauclair, and fell in love with her. Obviously some sort of an understanding was entered upon, because Mr. Clarke, who was a widower, had not long returned to this country before Mr. and Mrs. Trauclair and their pretty young daughter arrived at Quebec. This was somewhere about 1820, and conditions in Canada, Mrs. Clarke was accustomed to say, were as different to those to which she had been accustomed, as is Montreal now changed from what it was then. Everything was new to her, but for a time after her marriage to Mr. Clarke, which took place in Montreal, she lived at the old frame house with her husband's people in Westmount. Not long afterwards she went West with her husband and partook of all the discomforts and dangers that attend the life of the pioneer.

Shortly after her arrival in the Northwest, Mrs. Clarke led the singing at the first missionary service held in the Selkirk Settlement, the missionary in charge being the Rev. Mr. West, the first Anglican missionary to the Northwest. As a memento of the occasion, Mr. West presented Mrs. Clarke with a Bible, the first taken into the country. The copy is greatly prized by Mrs Clarke's daughters, and when I last saw her, Mrs. Clarke had the Bible on the bed beside her. It was merely the association of ideas, probably, which made her cling to it, for it was quite out of the question for her to read it, as the print was small. It was a French edition, and in the stress of travel from one Hudson Bay post to another, from the Northwest to the wilds of Labrador and back again to Montreal, it had lost its covers, and the loose leaves were bound together by a white satin ribbon.

MRS. ARTHUR JOHN STRINGER,
The beautiful wife of the Canadian novelist. Mrs. Arthur J. Stringer is professionally known as Jobyna Howland and is said to be the original Gibson girl. Mrs. Stringer is a clever actress and Mr. Stringer has the distinction of being widely known as "Jobyna Howland's husband."

While Mr. Clarke was carrying on his work at Mingan in Labrador, he was accompanied by Mrs. Clarke and some of the children, one of the younger daughters being born in that oesolate region. It was while the Clarkes were in Labrador that cholera raged in Montreal, and the Clarke residence at that time, "Beaver Lodge," in Outremont, was used as a refuge by many of the citizens who wished to escape the epidemic. At the time of the Rebellion "Beaver Lodge" was fortified, and there the Governor, Sir John Colborne, sat in Council. It was after the Rebellion that a memorable ball was given at Montreal's most famous hostelry, Rasco's Hotel, the hosts being the military officers at that time stationed in the city, the ball being opened by Mrs. John Clarke and the Governor. Of those far-off days Mrs. Clarke had many reminiscences, and her stories of the great ones of Canada's early days were of wonderful interest. Once started on the past, Mrs. Clarke's conversation was full of the names of those who had helped in Empire building by laying the foundations of the Canada of to-day. The stories were all of struggles well fought, of battles well won, and of rewards which all had not lived to see.

John Clarke himself played no small part in the development of the Northwest, and following his association with John Jacob Astor in the settlement of Astoria, he took an active part in one of the expeditions under Sir John Selkirk in his endeavor to conquer the Northwest for the Hudson Bay Company against the Nor'westers. Known as "fighting" John Clarke, he, as head of the Hudson Bay forces, fought on the Assiniboine and on the Red River, in the vain attempt to save the West's first colonists from the marauding Nor'westers, who, under the direction of Simon Fraser, William McGillivray, and the rest of those old Scotch explorers, traders and free booters, hemmed them in on all sides. The Clarke family have many interesting souvenirs of early days, and among them is a photograph of a sketch done on wood of John Jacob Astor and John Clarke in a sleigh on the road to Montreal near Westmount. This sketch, which was done by an officer then stationed in Montreal, is still in existence. John Clarke lived to be 71, dying in 1852.

During Mr. Clarke's residence in Montreal, his home, wherever it was situated, and he moved fairly frequently for those days, was always a centre of gaiety and hospitality, his wife being the principal figure in all the festivities. As each old friend passed away to "where beyond these voices there is peace," Mrs. Clarke in her widowhood grew more and more of a recluse, and not long ago she said "All are gone. I must be left because I am forgotten." Last week came her turn to be remembered, and with her passed away one of the oldest remaining links between a past century and this.

The late Mrs. Clarke is survived by two daughters, both unmarried, the younger, Miss Louise Clarke, having been her mother's most devoted nurse. The elder sister, Miss Adele Clarke, was well known as a musician, and some years ago she wrote a book in which she embodied some of her parents' adventures during their long and busy lives. Both daughters still reside in Westmount within a short distance of the old home of the family.

C. C. M.

Halley's comet is still so far from the earth it will continue faint until next spring, but it will be in a position to be observed as a telescopic object during almost the entire winter, and doubtless, as it rapidly approaches nearer the sun, it will shine out occasionally with great brilliance and develop marked changes in its physical structure.

"A farmer in Canada or the States," says Mrs. Humphry Ward in her new serial in The Cornhill, "may be of all social grades." He would, thinks Punch, be a useful person to transplant to the Dukeries.

The word "lady," says Paul Taylor, is so disgraced nowadays that most ladies, I should think, would be ashamed to be called by that name.

Open Pictures, and Boomerang Ideals.

PICTURES (says Florida Pier, in Harper's Weekly), should be openings in the wall, so many escapes from the room in which they hang. If they come out of their frames to you, refusing you shelter, failing you in your dumb nosing for a recess, they are not pictures, but furniture, and consequently abominations. Always open doors, magic countries, or presences into which one can flee, their very unreality makes it the easier to enter. Their lack of resemblance to all one knows makes the distance one has come refreshingly great, when one is inside. Botticelli's botany is so quaintly impossible, the earth carpeted with tufts of hitherto unseen but intimately known flowers, with leaves embroidered on the ground, ferns arranged with all their best sides forward, roses with the habits of peacocks. It is the nicest kind of country to wander in, for space has been carefully left for one to walk on. Trampling on anything is delightfully made impossible.

Then the inaccessible castles that some of the Germans give us, banked with cypresses and yews, outlined against skies with rolling clouds of a windy whiteness! One can breathe in this land of Boecklin's, and one might reach the castle. There is perhaps a road in the dip of the hill that leads to a small green door, unseen, but to be found. It is possible that walls would have to be scaled, hard climbing found necessary, but it could be contrived, and then how near the clouds one would be, how close to the wind. Perugino's Umbrian hills, always tucked in behind his placid martyrs, takes one's eyes so far—our eyes are frequently in such desperate need of a stretch—quite away to where all is softly blue and mountains lap the sky like waves the shore. It must have been so easy in Umbria to believe that the horizon was where the world ended, for so beautiful a finish could clearly not be bettered.

And then the great, wise, human people one can go and sit by, or sometimes—which is healthy and more novel—stand before. The vitality of a Rembrandt Portrait of a Gentleman, so harmonious, big, and vibrant that one comes out of the frame laughing from sheer reassurance in mankind!

Mr. Hewlett in his Open Country, a book whose charm and advertised sting are both robbed of point by the Danteesque ideals of the hero, reminds us afresh of an argument that from time to time crops up and dazzles us with its boomerang qualities. Boomerang because the elevation of a certain very exalted ideal seems to knock the man who built it twice as far down as others, when he thought he had gone a double number of leagues upward.

Senhouse—and, looking back over talkative mankind, it is surprising how large the group of Senhouses have been—refuses to marry the lady he loves because he loves her too exquisitely. He sees her so rare and spiritual a thing that he refuses to assist her in living an ordered human life high above the average. Fighting it out with much grace, poetry, and the shimmer of heat reasoning, he explains his stand at great length to her, himself, and the reader. Marriage being the bodily, material thing it is, a mere matter of property, a buying of riches you instantly lessen in value, he will have none of it. His ideal of a controlled, chivalrous state of marriage being so strong within him, he will remain a bachelor with no laws imposed upon him, and allow her to become the mistress of a bounder, she being a free, untainted goddess too good to be asked to share a trial of his fine, sun-bathed theories. Living in a caravan being to him the sane life, he takes no steps to prevent his lady installing herself at the head of a falsely complicated great house. And at the end of the book we see the gentleman cutting a rather poorer figure than the dull folk who, not seeing as he did how much better things could be, had managed to make them a little better than they were by a blind-folded stumble toward decency.

The men who have been given a seeing eye are evidently so trained by their observations that they are rendered incapable of action, and, having made out what an appalling amount there is to be done, they remain decidedly less active than most. True, to visualise is a great deal, to see the flight of a soul to words (the type is invariably gifted with a winged, darting tongue) should almost suffice. It would be unreasonable to expect that a sign-post, having pointed the way, should follow the road it had itself indicated. Yet it is very hard to remain unfired when we are asked to sorrow with these thinkers for the happiness they have denied themselves, and to have them pointed out as martyrs to an ideal renders one an, oh! of indignant protest. They are men who see a span to be jumped, sit lamely on the bank, their legs dangling comfortably in the mire, and rail at the people who for lack of eyes fall in and are engulfed.

A GREETING.
"Wot cheer, old sport!"—The Tatler.

Apart from the dandified idea that it is crass to apply a rule, the rolling of it on the moral tongue being more in sympathy with an Epicurean attitude, apart from the resemblance that Senhouses bear to men who cannot walk on high places for fear of falling off, so shuffle safely on the ground, there lies quite unconsidered the woman's side of the case. It is greatly to be wondered what Sanchia thought of Senhouse later on when she began to sum things up. She in all probability took to making bitter remarks on the impractical dreams of youth, and for her to dub his untried ideals impractical was a pretty commentary on the substantiality of a Senhouse. He had left her a target for shocks, chills, disillusionment, final callousness, and she revenged herself by going over to the large body of those who do not see.

Ah, the poor ideals which the world would so much like to attain if it only knew a little better now! They are made to seem sadly impossible by the enthralling garrulous Senhouses, for to our plodding, practical, unimaginative minds there is something very disquieting in the sight of a cook who pointedly refuses his own pasties.

Maeterlinck is a licensed small boy asking questions without cessation, resembling ludicrously (lovers of him are begged to forgive the simile) the young rascal in the railway compartment who, between munches of a large currant bun, asked endlessly why the wheels went around, why the engine went, what the rails were for, why the engine was not on behind, if the steam really pulled the train; all of which his father answered until he asked if the coal knew it was making the steam, and then his parent exploded with, "Oh, eat your damn bun!" With all sorrow, a head bowed with the weight of its own iniquity, it is asked whether—

"Selysette, why do you cry?"

"Am I crying?"

"Yes; the tears fall on my mantle. Are you unhappy, Selysette?"

"No, I do not think I am unhappy. I feel—I do not know what I feel."

"You have made me cry. Why are my cheeks quite wet?"

"I do not know. There is wind in the trees; it frightens me."

"You are afraid of the wind, Selysette?"

"It makes the trees weep. Why do the trees weep?"

"Show them to me. Where are the trees?"

"I do not know, I do not know. They have gone. Why have they gone?" cannot best be adequately answered by a mutual request on the part of all the characters, backed by the reader, to eat their bun.

A Retrospect.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The girls I used to woo;
The pretty roundness of their forms
Was pleasant to the view.
They never seemed a bit too plump,
So sweet and fair were they;
But now, 'most all the girls I meet,
A breath would blow away.

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white
That bloomed upon the apple cheeks
Of little Lucy Wright.
But now on different lines she's built,
Slimmer she's tried to get,
And though she weighs but ninety pounds,
That girl is banting yet!

I remember, I remember
The day I married Grace;
A plump and chubby little bride,
With round and dimpled face.
My wife is like a feather now,
Who was so heavy then;
Directoire slips have sheathed her hips
In ways beyond my ken!

I remember, I remember
Her human form divine;
But now, methinks her slender shape
Is nothing but a line!
I am old fashioned, I suppose,
But still, this is the truth,—
Women are not so fair to-day
As when I was a youth.

—Carolyn Wells, in Harper's Weekly.

Officer—Go to my room, George, open the cupboard and you'll find a bottle of water. Bring it to me; it's brandy.—Le Sourire.

THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT,
With her sons, the Earl of Bective, aged 7 years, and Lord William Desmond, aged 5 years. The Marchioness of Headfort, who is a young and extremely pretty woman, was prior to her marriage in 1901, Miss Rosie Boote, a popular favorite on the London stage. Since taking up her residence at her husband's beautiful home in Ireland, Lady Headfort has won many friends. She is devoted to her little sons, and is much interested in outdoor life.

Letters of a self-made woman to her daughter

My Dear Annie:

I have just had your telegram telling of your safe arrival at the school. I am glad Madame X met you herself, and that you thanked her for going out of her usual way to do it. I am hoping very great things from your year under her, otherwise nothing could make up to me for the loss of you during that time. It goes in with the past five years of struggle and effort which I have never relaxed, to make our position in our new surroundings an easy and pleasant one for you. But for you, Annie, and what the future may mean to you, I should often be glad to pitch my monthly allowance in the fire and go back to the little shanty by the track, where I used to get your father's breakfast and pack his dinner-pail, while you slept by the table in your clothes-basket cradle. It is you and only you who can make me glad we ever left that life, and I pray harder that you may not disappoint me. Have I ever prayed for anything but you! Annie, you must be the most delightful, the most loving, the wisest and the best girl in the whole city, or I shall not be satisfied. I've earned that, and I rely on you to give me my wages. I am very glad that so far, you like the school and the teachers and the pupils—they probably like you, or you wouldn't write so heartily. I love your heartiness, dear, it's such a sane and wholesome quality. The reason for some of the kindness and consideration you receive is, of course, because you are rich, don't shrink from that idea, it's the truth and it's human. I have found that money nearly always commands consideration; when it doesn't, one is obliged to possess other things rarer and of infinitely more value.

When your father made his fortune he got lots of notice and consideration, but I remarked the sort of people who gave it, and I knew there were others who took no more notice of him than when he was a laboring man, living beside the track. By and by, these others began to notice him, because beside the money he had made, he had qualities they valued; he was bright, keen, determined and independent. There were yet others who noticed him because he was kind and generous, these were the last and the best of all, in my judgment. But the beginnings came because of his money, and some of your popularity will come because of it also. I only mention this that you may avoid making a false estimate which is a business disaster, and unworthy of the intellect of your father's daughter.

I think, Annie, that I am particularly fitted to give you a hint now and then, because you are so like him, and for over eighteen years I've been studying him. As he has made a success of life, entirely by his own qualities, above enumerated, so I expect you to do. And as I have helped him I am ready to help you, and can perhaps be useful as I couldn't be to him, for I know the conditions a woman has to meet better than I could ever know what the world has in its mitt for the man who is fighting up, and I trust, dear Annie, that along with all those good qualities you have had from your father, you may also have patience, judgment, goodwill and belief in humanity from me. I've managed to evolve them out of a muddle that didn't seem to contain them, as most people have to do. The remarks you make about your outfit are not original. They are the criticisms, approval and condemnation of your companions. Let me ask you to resist the temptation to allow others to form your opinions, also to believe that not one single thing was comprised in your wardrobe without a reason for its quality and fashion. You say you wish me to send you some fixtures for piling up your hair in the style of the girl in the picture you enclose. Would you please study the picture you will find in this envelope? You have her type of face, and I think the way her hair is arranged is very pretty and becoming. Of course I will send the things you ask for, only perhaps you'd like to try both styles, and so I'll just send the proper fixings for both. I shall be very much interested in seeing your new coiffure, so if it's a success will you ask Madame X to take you to a photographer's and get me a proof or two? Get one profile and one front view. It will be too long to wait until the holidays to see how it looks. Your father and I are going to a State dinner this evening, and I am going to wear my little crown that you saw before you left. And if you like I will get a picture for you, so we can criticise each other. And now, good-bye, dear Annie. I would give my month's allowance just to feel your arm around me! And that's a good price for a little hug, isn't it?

Your affectionate Mother.

Mrs. Besant Repudiated in India.

BY the time Mrs. Annie Besant gathers together her American sheaves for her Indian warehouses (says The Literary Digest), it looks as though she might find her barns burned down by the very Hindu pundits whose faith she claims to represent. She is making a lecture tour of America, converting men and women to occultism, initiating them into the mysteries of the so-called philosophy of the Hindus. But the intelligent people in India, we are told, are rising unequivocally to condemn Mrs. Besant's propaganda as being of the nature of a powerful drug, that will unman a nation. Pundit Manohar Lal Zutshi, M.A., sounds this note of warning in a recent number of the Allahabad Hindustan Review. He propounds the question: "What does theosophy stand for in the new life for India?" and he trenchantly answers this query in the following words:

"It (theosophy) stands for orthodoxy, for reaction, for inactivity, for sheer inertia. I am not here concerned with the dogmas of 'theosophy,' the occult chemistry, the astral plane, or the mahatmas. The mahatmas may be as plentiful in Tibet as blackberries, for aught I know. On these questions mine is the agnostic attitude: I do not know. . . (But) there are certain weaknesses in Hindu character, weaknesses born in our blood and bred in our bone, which 'theosophy,' instead of removing, only confirms and intensifies. I am not going to inquire into the genesis of these weaknesses . . . but that those weaknesses exist and make the Hindus 'mild,' inactive, unpractical, and quite unfit for the strenuous life of modern times, no one can deny. A very strong tendency to mystic pessimism colors the thought of even our best thinkers, and in the average Hindu it degenerates into mere passivity and sheer *nirvana*. The shaking off of this intellectual torpor is the *sine qua non* of success under modern conditions of life, and consequently anything which tends to intensify and perpetuate it is most decidedly an evil. I hold, and I am not alone in that opinion, that 'theosophy' does act in that way on the Hindu mind. To the man who is dead drunk with alcohol, it gives an additional dose of *dhatura* (a powerful East Indian drug)."

Here the learned pundit strengthens his argument by quoting from another learned pundit, Iqbal Kishen Shargha, who also denounces theosophy as robbing the Hindu of the small meed of vitality that he may have. To quote Pundit Shargha:

"Untortunately the average Hindu is of a contemplative rather than of an active turn of mind; and theosophical teachings do him some harm by exercising a quieting influence upon a nature already quiescent. . . . The effect of these teachings on the ordinary Indian mind is to magnify the unseen and distant and to belittle the present and the seen. The theories may be true or false; but they strengthen a vicious tendency which ought to be guarded against."

Lala Har Dyal, a distinguished graduate of an Indian university and a professor of one of the leading patriotic colleges at Lahore, writing in a late number of the Calcutta Modern Review, goes still farther. He believes that Mrs. Besant's propaganda is dealing death-blows to Hinduism which she claims to be uplifting. Says he:

"Recently a number of Englishmen and Englishwomen have come forward as apostles of Hinduism, pure and undefiled. They presume to instruct us in our own holy *shastras*. They profess great love for our religion. . . . An Englishwoman (Mrs. Annie Besant) is president of a body composed of the *elite* of Hinduism, influential landowners and learned priests of Benares. And they voluntarily pay her homage. . . Englishmen and Englishwomen honored almost as priests by some of us! Mark the sad spectacle; ponder over its deep significance. It is the death-knell of the Hindu race."

THE BUCHANAN LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Leonardo da Vinci's "Flora," from which, it is said, R. C. Lucas modelled the wax bust now in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin. It is argued that the wax bust, supposed to be by Leonardo da Vinci, that has just been purchased for Berlin, is the work of R. C. Lucas, who used as a model for it Leonardo da Vinci's "Flora," brought to him by William Buchanan, the art dealer, and a copy of that picture made by his son, A. D. Lucas. Buchanan eventually took away the Leonardo da Vinci picture, but left the bust on the hands of the sculptor. On July 4, 1846, Mr. W. Roberts points out, in a letter to the London Times, there was included in a sale of Buchanan's stock of pictures at Christie's a lot (No. 58) catalogued as follows: "The beautiful portrait of Mme. Jocondi, wife of Signor Francesco Jocondi, of Florence, known in this country under the title of Leonardo's 'Flora.' This picture was for many years in the select collection of Sir T. Baring, Bart., where it was always greatly admired; it cost that gentleman a very large sum of money." The painting was knocked down to a dealer, Mr. Norton, for 640 guineas. Mr. Herbert Cook, carrying on the pedigree (also in a letter to The Times), points out that later the painting passed into the collection of Mr. James Morrison, where it was seen by Dr. Waagen, who described it. From Mr. James Morrison it passed to his eldest son, the late Mr. Charles Morrison. It is still in the Morrison collection at Basildon Park, near Pangbourne. We publish this photograph of it as that of a link that has hitherto been missing from the chain of arguments and as an addition to the illustrations dealing with the same subject that found place in our issues of October 16 and 30—illustrations that included photographs of the wax bust bought for Berlin, and a photograph of the wax bust that is said to be the work of R. C. Lucas. Describing his father's making of his bust, Mr. A. D. Lucas says: "The flowers and leaves in the hair and in the hands . . . had to be much condensed, as the long stalks in the picture could not be done in wax."—Illustrated London News.

Turkish Suffragettes.

MRS. KENNETH BROWN'S recent book, "Some Pages from the Life of Turkish Women," is interesting and timely. The author notes that the life of seclusion is responsible for some of the differences between Turkish women and those of other races, and says:

They may be more educated than our college girls, they may speak four or five languages, and read the masterpieces of each of these languages, but they remain children of nature as we do not. If you spend a day with them and they love you, you will know their hearts and minds as they truly are. There is no false shame or prudery about them. They speak as they think and feel.

We find elsewhere in this book the following interesting description of a meeting of Turkish women suffragists:

The nine windows of the room were tightly shuttered, that no ray of unromantic sunlight should fall upon the forerunners of a new epoch. We all sat cross-legged and motionless on a bare settee which ran around two sides of the room. Over our heads hung a banner of sky-blue silk, embroidered in silver with "Freedom for Women!" Beneath that hung another of black, bearing the words "Down with the Old Ideas!" in fiery red. There were no chairs. The beautiful oak floor was partially covered with Eastern rugs, and on some fat cushions in the middle of the room sat our hostess, the originator and president of the society. President Zeybah clapped her hands three times and announced that the meeting was about to begin. It did begin, and continued for more than an hour. The president produced a manuscript with gilt edges from a European satchel at her side, and read her contribution to the club. "Women, fellow sufferers, and fellow workers," she read, "we come here to-day to dig a little farther into the thick wall which the tyranny of man has built about us. By nature woman was meant to be the ruler. By her intuition, her sympathy, her unselfishness, her maternal instinct, she is the greatest of the earth. One thing alone brute nature gave to man—strength! Through that he has subjugated woman. Let us rise and break our bonds! Let us stand up *en masse* and defy the brute who now dominates us. We are the givers of life: we must be the rulers and lawmakers as well. Down with man!" In this strain, and in a deep voice befitting a ruler and a lawmaker, the president read from her gilt-edged paper, and ended up with the proposition that six members of the club should be chosen by lot to kill themselves, as a protest against the existing order of things. The proposition which was made in all seriousness, provided, however—with a *naivete* that might have imperiled the gravity of a meeting of American women—that the president of the club should be exempt from participation in the lot-drawing. . . . When the meeting adjourned, we passed into several dressing-rooms, where the veiled and secret conspirators against the dominion of man all kept luncheon-gowns. When the assemblage came together again, the majority of them were corseted and in Paris frocks, and all were quite unveiled, the mystery of the meeting having been mere pretense and affectation.

A Southern Garden.

THE tall, pale lilies tremble in the night
Under the winds of undulating seas;
In the soft heaven the clustered stars are white,
And white the bloom of the magnolia trees;
This is the garden of my soul at ease.
Where the pale lilies tremble in the night.

O riotous bloom and wafture of soft scents,
And keener fragrance of the plashing sea,
Blended as though a hundred instruments
Made musical the night's tranquility—
These lay adream the troubled heart in me,
This riotous bloom, this wafture of soft scents.

And the impassioned garden waits for you,
O flower lustrous, exquisite and pale!
The mocking bird flutes the dark branches through
Yearningly as the Thracian nightingale;
My heart is still, knowing you will not fail,
But the impassioned garden waits for you.

Ludwig Lewisohn, in The Smart Set.

Henpecked Husbands.

LONDON Tit-Bits contains this interesting information concerning vindictive wills by which henpecked husbands have sought to punish their widows:

"This is where I get my own back." You can almost imagine the henpecked husband who has borne for years the lash of a shrew's tongue gleefully making this remark as with the aid of a lawyer he cuts off his wife with the proverbial shilling. What reason it was which led a Midland tradesman recently to leave his wife out of his will altogether and further stipulate that any expenses she may incur in connection with his will shall be paid out of her own pocket and not be charged against his estate is not known.

"As for thirty years my wife has never lost an opportunity of lashing me with her tongue," ran a codicil in the will of a Liverpool merchant of a generation ago, "and making me the butt of her vulgar wit, I bequeath to her an annuity of £300 so long as she lives under the same roof with her mother, whose tongue is as poisonous as her own and whom she hates as cordially as she does me, and so long as mother and daughter together visit my grave on the first day of each month, and in the presence of my solicitor or his deputy, express regret for the unhappiness they have caused me."

Probably, however, the meanest will on record was that of a man who left to his wife the sum of one farthing, with the direction that it should be sent to her by post in an unstamped envelope, complaining that she had called him "an old pig" and other names.

It was probably jealousy, rather than affection, that inspired the following clause in a will preserved at Somerset House: "Having expiated the errors of a single life by the sorrows of a married one, I now make my will in the full belief that you will outlive me. There are widows, my love, and there are widows. Some rejoice and some do not. Those that do are a discreditable lot. The bare idea of your joining their ranks is so distasteful that to damp any glee you may feel at my death, I leave you £10 a year instead of the £100 you expected."

A wealthy man left not a single penny to his widow unless within the space of five years she married again, in which case he bequeathed to her the sum of £1,000. "My object in making this proviso," continued the testator, "is that some other man may know from experience something of the difficulties I have found from living with her."

"During my married life," wrote another disillusioned husband, "I have always declared that my wife was the dearest woman in the world, and I am convinced that should any one be rash enough to marry her after my death he will find her so. To deter, as far as possible, any one making such a ruinous experiment, I leave her nothing."

Vanity appears to have been the besetting sin of the wife of another testator, who left her the sum of £12,000, to be increased to £24,000 provided that after his death she wore a widow's cap, which in his litetime she had stoutly declared she never would wear. "My widow," wrote the disingenuous husband, "would please me greatly by doing this, as I think it would suit her." The good lady, however, was as sharp witted as she was vain, for after wearing the odious cap for six months she boldly claimed the increased legacy. The matter was brought before a court of law, and to the widow's delight, judgment was given in her favor on the ground that the testator had omitted to stipulate that the cap should be worn always. The week after this decision was given the triumphant widow was once more a wife.

It is happily seldom that the revenge of a disappointed husband takes quite such an extreme form as in the case of the man whose will ran thus: "When I remember that the only happy times I ever enjoyed were when my wife sulked with me and when I remember that my married life might for this reason be considered to have been a fairly happy one, because she was nearly always sulking, I am constrained to forget the repulsion the contemplation of her face inspired me with and leave her the sum of £60,000 on condition that she undertakes to pass two hours a day at my graveside for the ten years following my decease in company with her sister, whom I have reason to know she loathes worse than she does myself."

MR. WILLIAM WATSON, THE POET, AND HIS BRIDE.

Mr. William Watson has been in the public eye of late owing to his recently published book of poems in which occurs the much discussed verses, "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," in which the poet is said to aim at the wife of a well-known Englishman, acting on the belief that her influence had caused the Government to withhold a pension from the late John Davidson, which led to his death by suicide. Mr. Watson was married recently to Miss Adeline Maureen Pring, a beautiful Irish girl, the ceremony taking place at St. Luke's, Lyncombe, Bath.

A BEAUTIFUL CANADIAN.

The Marchioness of Donegall, who was Miss Violet Twining, daughter of the late Mr. Henry St. George Twining of Halifax, N.S., is one of the comparatively few Canadian women who have married into the British Peerage. She is the only Canadian marchioness. Her marriage to the fifth Marquess took place in England, her husband being many years older than herself. She has one son, the sixth Marquess, a remarkably handsome boy, who numbers among his distinctions that of being Hereditary Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh. Lady Donegall is a fair, slender, and very pretty woman who is always remarkably well dressed. Since her widowhood she has visited Canada on several occasions. She is devoted to travel and spends much of her time in out-of-the-way places. The accompanying picture of her was taken near Bethany in Palestine during a visit with her mother, Mrs. Twining, to the Holy Land.

The Lady of the White House.

IN commenting upon Mrs. Taft's recent ill health, the Washington correspondent of The Indianapolis Star regrets the possibility that this "dominantly endowed lady regnant" should be forced to retire throughout the coming social season. We read further:

Mrs. Taft's sustained ill health is a public calamity, her breakdown, coming on the very threshold of a social administration that promised the distinction that characterized the *regime* of Dolly Madison and Mrs. Cleveland, a ruthless stroke of fate. Washington is one great regret. Yet there is many a wisacre here who shakes his head—though it usually is a "her" head—and says, "I told you so."

Mrs. Taft was burning the candle at both ends. Ambitious, dominant, rich in resources, eager to make her reign a record breaker, the lovely lady, unmindful of physical limitations, has been a reckless spendthrift in gray matter and nerve fiber. The reckoning had to come. After all, a woman is but a human being, even though she be a President's wife. Mrs. Taft's physicians promise a complete reestablishment of her health eventually. But meanwhile court circles are in a dilemma for a leader right away.

Mrs. Taft's amiable predecessor, content with less prestige and glory, basked happiest in the light reflected from her all-consuming husband. Mrs. Roosevelt, unlike Mrs. Taft, had no ambition to establish her own suit personally. She kept her own individuality in abeyance. Mr. Roosevelt could run things.

Her official job was only to smile and smile and be "Johnny on the spot" whenever she was needed. Hence, through all the seven years of her husband's presidential incumbency she was never absent from his side on any state occasion. She never squandered her vitality. . . .

Mrs. Taft entered upon her reign by bestowing minute personal attention upon every minutia of domestic, official, and social life, creating upheavals and innovations in many departments. The personnel of the laundry, the livery of her servants, the laying out of parks and pleasure drives for the benefit of the public—endless other details, all came under the eager supervision of this capable woman. She never relaxed. She inspired her husband to be President, and as presidential consort her position has been authoritative and active and full of initiative.

Mrs. Evan Nepean, writing in The Queen, says: Because an extravagance is bought for somebody else it assumes a pinchbeck halo at once. But the halo comes off later on when somebody else suffers, because the money that should have gone in his or her direction (to pay the bill of a little struggling shop perhaps) was spent generously but wickedly elsewhere.

The Bishop of Southwark says: I can recognize that there should be played performances to which one would not take a young girl, but which, for the proper liberty of the stage, ought to be played.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

ON Friday, November 19, Mrs. D. E. Thompson gave a very pleasant tea at her home in Queen's Park, receiving in a dainty gown of pale grey chiffon satin and lace, and assisted by her daughter in white and blue. The large rooms were fragrant with many flowers, and music filled the air. In the dining room a flower-crowned table was loaded with the most excellent refreshments, and the guests were a congenial party of good friends who vastly enjoyed the dainties. Mrs. Thompson is the soul of kindness and cordiality to her friends, and her bright, hearty welcome ushers in many a happy hour.

Last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Laidlaw, Queen's Park, gave a tea from 4.30 to 7 o'clock, at which her friends had the pleasure of meeting the new rector of St. James Cathedral and Mrs. Plumptre whom everyone finds so charming a pair. Miss Marion Laidlaw and her school friend and guest, Miss Maria Ewing, were assisted in the tea-room by Miss Helen Cattanach, Miss Henderson, and one or two other girls. The tea was quite informal, and everyone enjoyed it, the soft strains of D'Alessandro's music floating down the stair, and many old friends chatting pleasantly together, making a duet of harmony and happy fellowship.

A recent "Australasian," of Melbourne, contains news of the various entertainments given for the Commerce Congress, to which delegates from Toronto and Brantford went from Canada, Mr. and Mrs. Cockshutt and Mr. Ames. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tait gave an afternoon reception at Lanark, their fine home, to the Chamber of Commerce delegates, of which the following is a description: Mr. and Mrs. Tait, assisted by their daughter, welcomed their guests in the blue drawing room, exquisitely decorated with wistaria and daffodils. Mrs. Tait was becomingly dressed in Rose du Barri cloth, arranged with strappings of silk, the same shade, and a collar of mull muslin and antique Valenciennes, under which passed a scarf of the silk, deeply fringed at the ends, that were knotted in front. Miss Tait was in a charming dress of white chiffon ninon appliqué with lace, the lace also forming the deep corslet. Introductions and tea passed a very pleasant hour or two, the tea being served in the dining room, amid a decoration of every shade of ranunculus, arranged in tall silver vases. Afterwards the guests passed on to the verandah, spread with carpets, and arranged with seats, or chatted in the rooms. It is, one may observe, the merry, merry springtime at the Antipodes

LADY LANSDOWNE
The wife of the Conservative leader in the House of Lords, whose fate hangs on the struggle.

One of the graceful and stylish debutantes to shortly make her *entree* (I believe at the *bal poudre*) is Miss Emily Brooke, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brooke, and granddaughter of Mrs. Dan Brooke, of Jarvis street, who, in her day, was a toast and belle, as Miss Capron, of Paris, Ont.

On Friday and Saturday Mrs. John Wright, of 56 St. Alban street, gave twin teas, on the first afternoon receiving her married friends, to whom she presented her debutante niece, Miss Phyllis Moffatt, daughter of the late Countess d'Ajauno. Miss Phyllis has been enjoying the gaieties of the opening season, and is a very popular girl. On Saturday Mrs. Wright entertained her young friends, and it was hard to say which tea was the pleasanter. On Friday Mrs. Mackelcan sang beautifully, Miss Dunlop playing her accompaniments in a dashing style. Much practice together has made these talented sisters of one mind in matters musical, and Miss Dunlop is an absolutely sympathetic support to her sister. Mrs. Roberts (Mildred Stewart) sang on Saturday afternoon, her rich, deep contralto sounding very fine. Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Johnstone, dainty little Marion Gibson, and some other fair assistants, kept things going in the tea-room. Lots of lovely flowers were a tribute to Miss Moffatt, and the company was an exceedingly smart gathering.

A very pretty and lovable little hostess was Mrs. J. A. M. Alley at her delightful tea last Friday, and her friends lingered late in her pleasant home to tell her so. Mrs. Alley looked her best in a becoming cowslip tinted brocade dress with a twist of cerise velvet on the corsage and some handsome white lace at guimpe and sleeves. The house was decorated with roses, and the tea-table was done with yellow 'mums. Mrs. H. I. Alley matronized a group of girls in the tea-room, who waited gracefully upon the guests. They included the Misses Ruth and Gladys Alley, Miss Banks, Miss Strathy, and Miss Shannon.

"Say something nice about us," said a mischievous boy in his first season. Very nice things might be said of handsome Northcote and Ince and Ed. Sheppard and Alec Gibson, Gzowski, Machell, and a score of others, but the girls would make their lives a burden, so I shall be wise and spare them at least this misery. All the same, we have a grand lot of young fellows coming into their kingdom just now, and their girl friends are already taking a good deal of interest.

Mrs. Herbert Mason received on Monday at Ermeleigh for the first time after a long seclusion from illness. Miss Marani was with her, and poured tea. Miss Amy Mason has gone for a short visit to England.

Next Wednesday evening, December 1, there will be a "silver anniversary" at the Toronto General Hospital in honor of Miss Snively's completion of a quarter of a century of office as lady superintendent of the Hospital. Her rule and administration have been so replete with good to the institution, and so invaluable to the hundreds of nurses who have been under her supervision, that it is difficult to estimate in words what they have meant. To be loved and respected as she now is and ever has been, is the reward she most prizes.

Mrs. A. Abercromby Bowman held her first post-nuptial reception on Tuesday at her home 28 Glen road. Mrs. Bowman wore her wedding gown of cream Canton crepe, which was made in simple, graceful lines, and trimmed with rich old rose point. Mrs. G. A. Reid, Mrs. F. H. Deacon, the Misses Muirhead, and Miss Deacon assisted in the dining room. With the exception of a large cluster of American Beauty roses which formed a lovely centre for the tea-table, the decorations throughout were of Japanese chrysanthemums in dull rose shades. Mrs. Bowman, who was formerly Miss Louise Morey, of Sherbrooke, Quebec, will be a welcome acquisition to musical and social circles in Toronto. She will receive on the second and third Tuesdays.

Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, Minister of Justice, and Mrs. Aylesworth are now settled for the winter months in the handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts-Allan in Daly avenue, Ottawa, but it is much regretted by her many friends in the Capital that Mrs. Aylesworth, who is in mourning, will not take part in any of the social festivities, nor will she receive during the present season.

Captain and Mrs. Bertram Denison are coming over for Christmas.

Miss Eleanor Mackenzie, who, since her coming out last year, has been the most fascinating of girl hostesses in her father's home, gave a tea on Saturday for one of this year's debutantes, dainty Miss Violet Edwardes, who received with her, both girls being assisted by Mr. Mackenzie, who laughingly claims the little debutante as an adopted daughter. Miss Mackenzie was in palest blue satin, Miss Edwardes in delicate grey, and Miss Raikes, a guest in the house, in light grey silk. There was an immense turnout of girls and men at this tea, the great football match being the subject for much comment, and some of the young folks audibly wishing for winter and skating days. In the dining room a solid corps of young folks clustered about the pretty tea table glowing with crimson roses, and at which Miss Hazel Fitzgerald and Miss Webster presided. The presence of so many young men made the duties of the half dozen debutante-waitresses less heavy than usual.

A busy little bride-elect these days is Miss Gret Haney, of whose coming departure her friends cannot think without much regret, even though she will not go very far from Toronto.

Mrs. James Sinclair gave a pleasant tea on Friday, the 12th inst., at her home, 46 Roxborough street west, and welcomed her guests in a handsome princess gown of lace with gold passementrie and tassels, and was assisted in the drawing room by Mrs. G. W. Watts and Mrs. Owen Smily. The tea-room was in charge of Mrs. Wm. Hyslop and Mrs. Wallace Seccombe, assisted by Miss Olive Mills Miss Mabel Sing, and Miss Rita Ross. The drawing room was decorated with pink and white 'mums. The tea-table was centred with a large cut-glass bowl of yellow 'mums and vases of lily of the valley, and candles with green shades. The guests included Lady Whitney and Miss Whitney, Mrs. McKendry, Mrs. R. McIntosh, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. O. Palm, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Radley, Mrs Raney, Mrs. Sweetnam, Mrs. Chas. Sheard, Mrs. J. Sproule Smith, Mrs. Greig, Mrs. Strachan, Mrs. Fletcher Snider, Mrs. F. H. Torrington, Mrs. Joseph Wright Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Mrs. W. P. Bull, Mrs. W. P. White Mrs. C. V. Snelgrove, Mrs. W. J. Gale, Mrs. J. P. Gilmour, Mrs. P. H. Gagnier, Mrs. W. A. Charlton, Miss Charlton, Miss Heintzman, Mrs. Bascomb, Mrs. F. B. Hayes, Mrs. Hy. Irving, Mrs. Kleiser, Mrs. Langmuir Mrs. Chas. Meek, Mrs. J. Mills, Mrs. J. P. Sheridan and Miss Sheridan, Mrs. Currie, Mrs. W. S. Johnston, Mrs. Mackinnon, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. Price Brown, Mrs S. B. Brush, Mrs. Sparling, Mrs. Alfred Baker, Mrs. Geo. Anderson, Mrs. Angus, Mrs. A. E. Elder, Mrs Dinnis and Miss Dinnis, Mrs. C. R. Cuthbertson, Mrs Jas. Bicknell, Mrs. George Gale, Mrs. Fellows, Mrs. C. Marshall, Mrs. Murray, Miss Murray, Mrs. Ardagh.

Mrs. J. W. Mitchell has removed from Kendall avenue to her new home at 75 Dunvegan road, but will not receive until after the New Year.

Mr. F. McMahon, an old Toronto boy, now in charge of the Hudson Bay Co.'s district at Edmonton, who, with his family, is en route to the Old Country on a six months' trip, has been spending a few days in Toronto.

Tickets are on sale for the *bal poudre*, which will be held in the King Edward Hotel on Friday, December 3, at nine o'clock. The ladies who have promised their patronage are Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs Braithwaite, Mrs. Cotton, Lady Clark, Mrs. Tom Clark Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. E. F Mrs. William Mackenzie, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Osler B. Johnston, Mrs. J. B. Kay, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Lady Pellatt Mrs. Plummer, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. G. P. Reid Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. Edward Rathbun, Mrs. Angus Sinclair, Mrs. Schoenberger, Mrs. James Scott, Mrs Victor Williams, and Mrs. C. D. Warren. This ball is always the smartest of the season, as society kindly takes particular interest in its success, and the benefit accruing therefrom to the Ladies' Work Depository, in support of which it is given.

You Can Secure at Our Store the Exclusive Custom Styles Now Being Worn by the Women of New York's Smart Set

in our

REGAL SHOES
FOR WOMEN

The latest shipment of Women's Regal styles has reached us, direct from the Regal factories. These Women's Regal Shoes are reproduced from advance models designed by New York and Paris custom bootmakers for the most fashionable women in society. We can sell you these dainty and charming custom styles at about one-third the custom prices. Moreover, in Regal *quarter-sizes* we can give you perfect custom *fit*.

$4.00, $4.50, $5.00

Regal Shoe Store
110 YONGE ST.

A Dainty Regal Model

Phone Main 2991 — "Something more than a Drug Store" — Phone Main 1300

The Drug Store 'par excellence' — Hennessey — Hot Drinks at Soda Fountain

Select Showing of Goods Suitable for Xmas Gifts

WE have exercised great care and thought over our choice of appropriate Christmas presents, and give a few below. They are all moderately priced and qualities are first grade.

TOILET SETS in neat silk-lined leatherette cases, for ladies or gentlemen, genuine ebony backed brush, comb and mirror. Price $3.50

TOILET SETS in real leather case, silk lined, containing ebony backed brush, comb and mirror. Price ..... $4.00 and $4.50

TOILET SETS in handsome silk-lined leather case, containing ebony backed brush, comb, mirror, cloth brush, bonnet brush, nail brush, tooth brush, powder box, nail buffer. Price $12.50

We have a big assortment of TOILET SETS, all fitted with genuine ebony backed brushes. Prices range from $5.00 to $17.50.

FOLDING TOILET SETS, suitable for lady or gentleman travelling. Prices from $3.50 to $20.00.

SHAVING SETS in silk-lined cases, containing sterling lather cup and folding shaving brush. Prices, $2.50 to $4.75.

GILLETTE'S SAFETY RAZORS in new pocket edition, finished in gold or silver. A splendid present for any gentleman.

PERFUME ATOMIZERS, from 25c. to $2.50.

PERFUMES, in beautiful packages and cut glass bottles, representative odors from all the foremost distillers. Prices from 25c. to $12.00.

Other suggestions which will be much appreciated this coming season are: *Folding Mirrors, Standing Mirrors* and *Magnifying Mirrors*. Prices from 75c. to $7.50.

Fountain Pens, Thermos Bottles, Fancy Face Powder Boxes, Soap Boxes, Cameras, etc. A truly splendid showing.

FLOWER DEPARTMENT

Deservedly popular for *Freshness, Cheapness, Prompt Attention* and *Delivery*. Flowers are a much appreciated gift at this season and we can assure you of *fresh varieties daily* at prices which are about half usual.

FLORAL DESIGNS made up on the shortest notice and appropriate for all occasions. We deliver Flowers *free* to any part of the city.

107 YONGE STREET, JUST BELOW ADELAIDE

DO YOU WANT FLOWERS?

At the Chrysanthemum Show we were awarded the only Gold Medal and First Prize for Best Design of Flowers, First Prize for Bridal Bouquet and First Prize for Hamper of Flowers.

If you want equally choice Flowers or Decorations, consult us.

Dillemuth FLORIST — 123 KING STREET WEST, 438 SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO

189 College Street
Cor. of Henry St.

Miss Campbell

Ladies' Costumes made to suit each figure. Individuality Assured. In the latest modes. Also Evening Wraps.

The Manager has had several years' experience in New York.

Telephone College 2348

Column

I HAVE just finished reading this week's thriller, the graphic story of the twenty men who refused to die in the mine at Cherry, Ill. It grips me like an electric current, this meagre true tale, of resource, knowledge, determination, kindness, loyalty, and then on top of all, the great heart of the starved hero-leader, Walter Waite, who, rescued from death, but still unsuccored and *tete montee* with hunger, fought his rescuers that he might remain in the fatal cut and try to save other possible survivors. One is glad of such a story, it inspires and invigorates the soul to know that such men, such real men, are toiling in our midst, with dangerous conditions and hard earned wages and death lurking near, such splendid real men, ready to be discovered when their hour comes. One is apt to pass by the possibilities of ardent love, tender domestic life, true religion and faultless courage shown by the Italian pit-man, whose pathetic last letter to his wife touches every human chord of one's nature. And the vigil kept by those staunch fellows lest meaner souls, mad with longing, should steal the scant trickling water that meant life to a certain poor old sick Polack! It is very fine, this week's thriller, and full of good meat and great nourishment for the souls of men.

We don't always get a thriller, and therefore one is obliged to be faked by the papers. Headlines about some sordid murder, some unspeakable crime, some absconding financier, some mean and degrading thing, dressed up, "ass in a lion's skin," and crying "Read me. I am this week's thriller." Not so to-day. And the week should be a good one, because we have got the real thing, a true noble thriller to start with. And spurred by the sharp prick of imitation we should, every man and woman of us who read it, go forth and do some noble act, accept some hard knock gamely, help some brother heartily, that the story of heroism and love may bear its meet fruit.

A dear little book is Norman Duncan's Christmas story, "A Suitable Child"—two stories rather, one within the other, and as I know the inner one to be fact, I can quite believe the outer one to be the same. It is a fact which came within my knowledge as treasurer of a Girl's Home for a decade, that a mother who had lost a deformed child could not adopt the prettiest little girl we had to give her, but preferred the pathetic mite we considered a life-burden on our charity. The way Norman Duncan gets at the heart of things in this dear little book is so human and so sweet that I've put the story up beside my row of Dickens, and know that the Master welcomes his new younger brother.

What women need most is common sense. Its gift means the assortment of the various goods and ills of life into their proper places and importance. Once this is accomplished, a woman is mistress of her fate. Then she can say pleasantly with Henty, "It matters not" to so many things, that what is left is a trifle to face. Life is largely hindered by bugbears, things of straw, burdens which are far better roosting by the wayside than borne on weak shoulders with pain and tears. Some lives are simply hoo-dooed by apprehensions. If it isn't raining to-day, it will rain to-morrow, therefore let to-morrow's possible rain dim to-day's positive sun. Such apprehensive women are called sensitive, interesting, and worthy of sympathy, while she who sees to-day's sun and predicts to-morrow's is a flighty optimist, void of dim mysterious charm. Without being a Sadducee, exactly, I am a great believer in to-day and now. Give him half a chance, and to-day is a fine fellow, appreciate him fully and he's a king.

The marriage of Dr. Grenfell and Miss Anna Caldwell McLanagan, of Chicago, has aroused more interest over a greater extent of the country than any marriage which has taken place in my knowledge. In England, people who have known, for many years, the work of Dr. Grenfell, before he struck the Labrador, but was busy with the fishermen of the North Sea, are interested, inquisitive, wondering if the new lady of the Labrador will be equal to the occasion. When these folk see her they will meet a look in her candid eyes that will set their questions at rest. Away off in remote places where staunch elderly men of the sea get the news by long interrupted snatches, there will be rubbings of long-knit bones and kindling of reminiscent eyes and mutterings behind knotty beards "God bless the lad and his lass." He was a lad when they met him in stressful condition of fractures and big waves, nigh twenty years ago! And away off in the north there will be a quiet home-coming some blessed day, when noise and excitement will not be in use to free the hearts of men and women of their load of love and gratitude and eager welcome. Shy, shy fellows and quiet women, and peeping solemn little children will eye the Chicago girl who was wooed and won in a twinkling on the staunch ship Mauritania last June, a wooing so characteristic and at the same time, so sacred in a sort, that I could not put it in print. They would understand it exactly up there in the north land as I, tainted with the northland, blessed taint, also did, when I listened to its story in the gray dawn, in the beautiful country of the Golden Arm Lakes. But sophisticated, silly minds of the town about such things, might laugh at this pearl of all stories! Laugh in sheer envy of the girl so wooed and so won.

LADY GAY.

A Chinese Lady at Home.

REFERENCE was recently made on the "Books and Authors" page of SATURDAY NIGHT to an interesting book on court life in China by Professor Isaac Taylor Headland. This writer, in Putnam's Magazine, makes Sir Robert Hart sponsor for the following:

He said that the Chinese minister appointed to the Court of St. James came to call on him before setting out upon his journey. After conversing for some time he said:

"I should be glad to see Lady Hart. I believe it is customary in calling on a foreign gentleman to see his lady, is it not?

"It is," said Sir Robert, "and I should be delighted to have you see her, but Lady Hart is in England with our children, and has not been here for twenty years."

"Ah, indeed, then perhaps I might see your second wife?"

"That you might, if I had one. But the customs of our country do not allow us to have a second wife. Indeed they would imprison us if we were to have two wives."

"How singular," said the official with a nod of his head. "You do not appreciate the advantages of this custom of ours."

Professor Headland then relates from his own experience this incident, showing another "advantage" of Chinese customs:

Young people in China are all engaged by their parents without their knowledge or consent. This was very unsatisfactory to the young people of the old regime, and it is being modified in the new. One day one of my students in discussing this matter said to me:

"Our method of getting a wife is very much better than either the old Chinese method or your foreign method."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "according to the old Chinese custom a man could never see his wife until she was brought to his house. But we can see the girls in public meetings, we have sisters in the girl's schools, they have brothers in the college, and when we go home during vacation we can learn all about each other."

"But how do you consider it better than our method?" I persisted.

"Why, you see, when you have found the girl you want, you have to go and get her yourself, while we can send a middleman to do it for us."

I still argued that by our method we could become better acquainted with the young lady.

"Yes," he said, "that is true; but doesn't it make you awfully mad if you ask a lady to marry you and she refuses?" And it must be confessed that this was a difficult question to answer without compromising oneself.

The following details of Chinese home life were such as no man would be permitted to observe, and were secured by Mrs. Headland:

The Chinese lady in Pekin sleeps upon a brick bed, one-half of the room being built up a foot and a half above the floor, with flues running through it; and in the winter a fire is built under the bed, so that, instead of having one hot brick in her bed, she has a hundred. She rises about eight. She has a large number of women servants, a few slave girls, and if she belongs to the family of a prince, she has several eunuchs, these latter to do the heavy work about the household. Each servant has her own special duties, and resents being asked to perform those of another. When my lady awakes, a servant brings her a cup of hot tea and a cake made of wheat or rice flour. After eating this a slave girl presents her with a tiny pipe with a long stem from which she takes a few whiffs. Two servants then appear with a large polished brass basin of very hot water, towels, soaps, and preparations of honey to be used on her face and hands while they are still warm and moist from the bathing. After the bath they remove the things and disappear, and two other women take their places, with a tray on which are combs, brushes, hair-pomades, and the framework and accessories needed for combing her hair. Then begins a long and tedious operation that may continue for two hours. Finally the hair is ready for the ornaments, jewels and flowers which are brought by another servant, on a large tray. The mistress selects the ones she wishes, places them in her hair with her own hands. . . .

The prevailing idea with the Chinese ladies is that the foreign woman does not comb her hair. I have often heard my friends apologizing to ladies whom they have brought to see me for the first time, and on whom they wanted me to make a good impression by saying:

"You must not mind her hair; she is really so busy she has no time to comb it. All her time is spent in acts of benevolence."

At the first audience when the Empress Dowager received the foreign ladies, she presented each of them with two boxs of combs, one ivory inlaid with gold, the other ordinary hard wood, and the set was complete even to the fine comb. One cannot but wonder if her Majesty had not heard of the untidy locks of the foreign woman, which she attributed to lack of proper combs.

After the hair has been properly combed and ornamented, cosmetics of white and carmine are brought for the face and the neck. The Manchu lady uses these in great profusion, her Chinese sister more sparingly. No Chinese lady, unless a widow or a woman past sixty, is supposed to appear in the presence of her family without a full coating of powder and paint. A lady one day complained to me of difficulty in lifting her eyelids, and asked me what the reason was.

"Perhaps," said I, "they are partially paralyzed by the lead in your cosmetics. Wash off the paint and see if the nerves do not recover their tone."

"But," said she, "I would not dare to appear in the presence of my husband or family without paint and powder; it would not be respectable."

The final touch to the face is the deep carmine spot on the lower lip.

The robing then begins. And what beautiful robes they are! the softest and most delicate silks, lined with the lightest of furs in winter. Over these come the rich satin-embroidered garments, each season calling for a certain number and kind. She then decorates herself with her jewels—earrings, bracelets, beads rings, charms, embroidered bags holding the betel-nut, and the tiny mirror in its embroidered case with silk tassels. When these are hung on the buttons of her dress her outfit is complete, and she arises from her couch a wonderful creation, from her glossy head, with every hair in place, to the toe of her tiny embroidered slipper. But it has taken the time of a half-dozen servants for three hours to get these results.

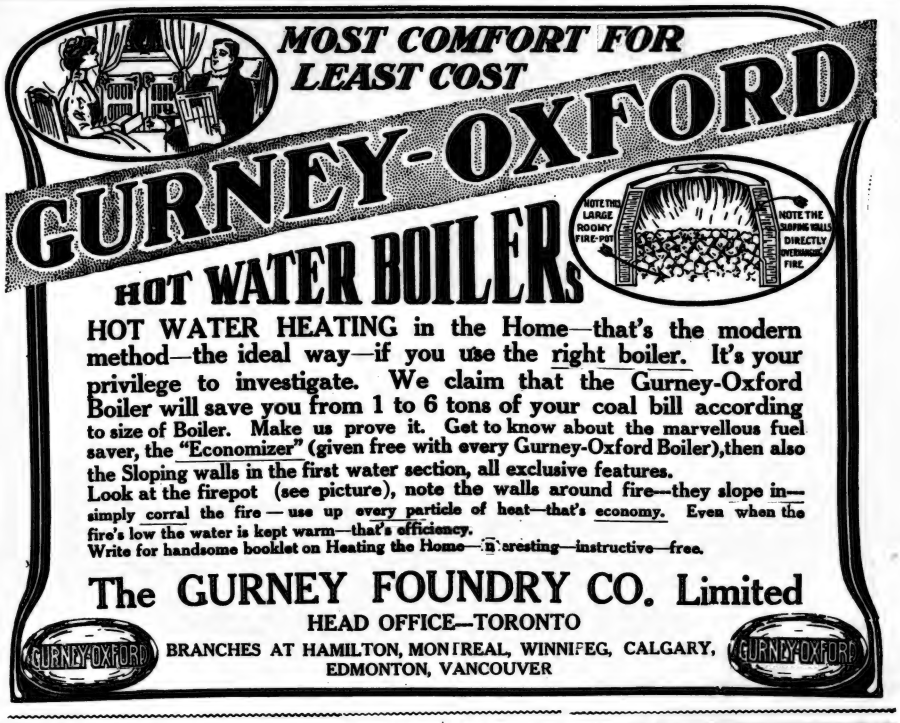
It is now after eleven o'clock and her breakfast is ready to be served in another room. Word that the leading lady of the household is about to appear is sent to the other apartments. Hurried finishing touches are given to toilets, for all daughters, daughters-in-law and grandchildren must be ready to receive her in the outer room when she appears leaning on the arms of two eunuchs if she is a princess, or on two stout serving women if a Chinese.

According to rank, each one in turn takes a step towards her and gives a low curtsy in which the left knee touches the floor. Even the children go through the same formality. All are gaily dressed, with hair bedecked and faces painted like her own. She inclines her head but slightly. These are the members of her household over whom she has sway—her little realm. While her mother-in-law lived she was under the same rigorous rule. . . .

After her meal she lingers for a few minutes over her cup of tea and her pipe. In the mean time her cart or sedan chair is prepared. Her outriders are ready with their horses; the eunuchs, women and slave girls who are to attend her don their proper clothing, and prepare the changes of raiment needed for the various functions of the day. One takes a basin and towels, another powder and rouge-boxes, another the pipe and and embroidered tobacco pouch, not even forgetting the silver cuspidor, all of which will be needed. When she eats, a servant gives her a napkin to spread over her gown; after she has finished, another brings a basin of hot water, from which a towel is wrung with which she gently wipes her mouth and hands. Another brings her a glass of water, or she washes out her mouth with tea, and finally with the little mirror and rouge-box she puts the paint upon her lip if it has disappeared.

Adelina Patti discovered Theodore Thomas, says Frank Hunter Potter in the New Musie Review. Thomas was principal first violin in the orchestra which accompanied Patti in one of her earliest seasons in New York. One day he criticised the tempi of the conductor, Maurice Strakosch, who thereupon gave him a chance to see what he could do, and Patti was so delighted that she insisted on having him conduct for her thereafter.

Cook—And sez I, "I think I'll find another job." Friend—What did the missis say? Cook—She sez, "Bedad an' Oi'll give you twenty-five dollars when yez lave if yez don't go."—Brooklyn Life.



Your Winter Plans for Heating or Cooking —are they settled upon?

You can spend an hour or so very profitably here where every new method is worked out by experts experts who study how to get the best results from the different lines we handle.

In choosing a Coal Range, Gas Stove or Heater, Furnace or Hot Water System, you have to rely largely upon our knowledge of their construction and merits. We advise you so carefully that when they are installed in your home the results speak for themselves. Satisfaction to every patron is our hobby and the best advertisement we have.

The Stove Store

is the only place in Toronto where you can purchase these lines, the best of their kinds.

Hecla Furnaces and Hot Water Systems

Peerless Peninsular Ranges

Detroit Jewel Gas Ranges

A. WELCH & SON, "The Stove Store,"

304 Queen St. West.

Compared with the delicious flavor of OXO, all other fluid beefs are insipid and commonplace. A teaspoonful of OXO to a cup of hot water makes an appetizing beverage enjoyed by young and old.

OXO

12

Christmas Novelties

Christmas and Private Greeting Cards. . . Stationery. Daintily embossed. . Visiting Cards Printed from Plate. Needle Work and Dressing Dolls a Specialty. . Gift Books. Water Color Paintings. Phone Main 2541

Miss E. Porter

174 King St. West - Opp. Princess Theatre

"Confidence is the factor that has played a large part in building up the business of the "Potter House."

Potter's Opticians Know How

And there's no work where the "know how" is more necessary than when treating that delicate little organ—the eye. Correct eye-testing; correct glasses.

Chas. Potter
85 Yonge St., Toronto
C. B. PETRY, Proprietor

Guaranteed Unshrinkable

The WOLSEY Pure Wool Underwear

Feel its silky texture. Notice the absence of harshness and roughness and see how well it is made.

At all Leading Dealers

YOU NEEDN'T CATCH COLD

If you use ordinary precaution—That does not mean that you must weigh yourself down with clothes and furs. It means you must keep your vitality high.

BOVRIL will do this, for it is the concentrated goodness of beef. It is assimilated immediately you take it—that is, it at once becomes good, rich, red blood, carrying warmth and nourishment throughout your body.

You may avoid colds and their consequences by drinking

HOT **BOVRIL**

Some daily care your Teeth must have.

BY first dipping your tooth-brush into a tin of

CALVERT'S Carbolic Tooth Powder

the cleaning is made more complete and satisfactory.

The use of this popular dentifrice ensures a real antiseptic cleaning, helps the toothbrush to do its work easily, thoroughly, and pleasantly, and thus assists your efforts to preserve the teeth in the best possible condition

15c. at your Druggists. For sample send 2c. stamp. F. C. Calvert & Co., 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE

PURE AND DELICIOUS. Made in a moment. No waste. No trouble. Of all Grocers.

MADE IN CANADA

GILLETT'S GOODS ARE STANDARD ARTICLES

It is to the advantage of every housekeeper in Canada to use them

Magic Baking Powder.
Gillett's Perfumed Lye.
Imperial Baking Powder.
Gillett's Cream Tartar.
Royal Yeast Cakes.
Gillett's Mammoth Blue.
Magic Baking Soda.
Gillett's Washing Crystal.

MADE FOR OVER 50 YEARS

(Established 1857)

E. W. GILLETT CO., LTD., Toronto, Ont.

DO YOU DANCE ?

Then don't make any mistake, but engage MEYER'S BALLROOM at SUNNYSIDE.

IT IS THE VERY BEST

DEPRIVED of its accustomed prerogatives in the Astor case, the daily press has been making loud outcry against the evils of secret divorce. American institutions are called upon to witness that the delegation to the Justices of the Appellate Division the power to establish rules of practice, assails Republican foundations, and puts in the hand of the plutocrat the power to throttle a free press. A small portion of the public, feeling itself cheated of the toothsome morsels that are usually served at divorce trials—especially of the rich—is joining in the outcry. Boiled down, it is the old cry of the demagogue against the privileges of the rich. To the disinterested onlooker, the choice would seem to be between two evils. When the press has proved its discretion the scales may tip. Until then those who do not share in the feeling of pique, derive positive satisfaction from the thought that indecent curiosity has for once been curbed. American money has never bought anything more worth while, they think.

* * *

TWENTY-ONE small official heads dropped into the basket, is the net direct result of the investigation into the sugar weighing frauds, to date. Indirect results are farther reaching, however, and from hints dropped by the way, the former official household at Washington may be found to have connived with their agreeable and hospitable Sugar Trust friends, to defraud the customs. The amiable acquiescence of weighers, inspectors, and other officials high and low in these glaring thefts, is only equalled by the public apathy toward the daily exposures. Either our pessimism or our moral obtuseness is complete.

* * *

IN an article on the subject of banquets, published some time ago in one of the popular magazines, the writer named two that stood out from all the other annual banquets of New York—the Chamber of Commerce, and the Canadian Club. In the native modesty of Canadians, it had not occurred to us up to that time, that we were travelling in such exalted company. We even tried mentally to account for the glowing tribute on the theory that there were the two banquets which the Hon. James Bryce, that best of all ambassadors, invariably graced with his presence, and by his eloquence and profound wisdom raised to occasions of something more than mere dining pleasantries. Unfortunately, we shall not have an opportunity to make comparisons this year. The Canadian Club having changed its banquetting date from spring to fall, because Parliament and Congress would not change their habits, will hold no banquet until a year hence. But if the programme outlined for that "next banquet" is put through, the Chamber of Commerce will have to drop to second place.

At the one hundred and forty-first dinner of this venerable institution held this week, Great Britain's war bogey came in for some gay bantering at the hands of the exhilarated diners. Commerce, as an international guarantee of peace, was the text of an eloquent speech by Mr. Bryce, and the witty remarks of the German Ambassador, Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstoff, who followed, gave it the local application. Thus, on foreign soil, over the friendly board of the Chamber of Commerce, unpremeditated diplomatic passes were exchanged that should have set European fears at rest. Here is the list of toasts and speakers:

THE LIST OF TOASTS.

The President—Response by the Hon. Charles Nagel, Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

His Majesty King Edward VII.—Response by the Right Hon. James Bryce, Ambassador.

His Majesty Emperor William II.—Response by Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstoff, Ambassador.

The Congress of the United States—Response by the Hon. Nelson W. Aldrich.

The State of New York—Response by the Hon. Elihu Root.

The City of New York—Response by the Hon. Stewart L. Woodford.

* * *

THE tension was long but the climax was swift in the affairs of the First Church of Christ Scientist, this city. On the eve of a flank move by the congregation against her enemies, the belligerent leader was hurriedly called to Boston. At the same time a letter over the signature of Mrs. Eddy was despatched to the rebellious but leaderless congregation in session. This frail missive accomplished a veritable *coup d'etat* it would appear. The flag of revolt was hauled down and the congregation dispersed without firing a single shot. Before the Boston authorities, Mrs. Stetson became equally docile, and lost no time in signing a public recantation and confession of error. The directors, however, presumably fearing an application of the now familiar "fourth dimension of the spirit" to the message of humility, proceeded with the trial, and found her guilty on all charges. Excommunication in all the authority of a mediæval pope, followed, and the name of the one time First Reader, pastor emeritus at $5,000 a year, and aspirant for the pontifical succession, became anathema maranetha throughout the Christian Science world.

Mrs. Stetson's answer to all this has at least the quality of humility: "Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord and in Mary Baker Eddy, my beloved Leader."

* * *

WITH this unhappy chapter of church history closed, we turn from harmless dips into esoteric doctrine to take a plunge into the mysteries of spiritualism. Our guide on these spectral excursions is Signora Eusapia Paladino, an Italian medium who created a furore in European scientific circles some years ago, and was brought to England by Sir Oliver Lodge for a series of seances. Her visit there, you may recall, was not a success. Maskelyne, the famous magician, pricked the bubble of her reputation pretty thoroughly, and Prof. Hodgson, who was present at the exposures in Cambridge, pronounced her an errant fraud. Her present trip to these shores has been undertaken, we are informed, in the interest of the American Society for Psychic Research. The medium herself may be described as middle aged, unprepossessing, of the peasant type, such as may be met any day on the streets of Little Italy. Her hair is gray and, on the left side, decidedly white, underneath which rests the famous scar which is said to give out cold breezes when she awakens from her trances. The exhibitions this week have revealed nothing of this phenomenon; in fact, have shown us nothing more than the old tricks of levitation. The gullability of New York is notorious, however, and Palladino's visit, even if it does not convince the scientific world, will at least be highly profitable from a pecuniary standpoint, New York, in spite of its superficial worldliness, is the Mecca of the world's charlatans, in which category we do not include Christian Scientists, because there are those who feel that its claims are not a fair test of gullability. We have in mind rather such recent notorious examples as Mme. Diss Debarr.

Mr. Hereward Carrington, member of the American Society for Psychic Research, who is sponsor for Palladino on this visit, owes his conversion to spiritualism to a singular experience that befel his wife, to wit, an elopement with a ghost. When the "ghost" released the charming lady, she found herself domiciled in Italy, where her husband quickly joined her.

* * *

AMERICAN letters and American citizenship are the poorer for the loss of Richard Watson Gilder. As a citizen, The Times editorially observes, "his untiring public spirit was in some sort a national asset. His energies were never misdirected, and they often produced or helped to produce results of benefit to the whole community." His public activities were chiefly in the direction of Civil Service Reform, the improvement of houses for the poor, and educational work. As a poet, in which field he no doubt aspired, his fame was not great, but few will doubt that indirectly at least he has exerted an influence on American letters which will be enduring. His published works include "The New Day," "The Celestial Passion," "Lyrics," "Two Worlds," "The Great Remembrance and Other Poems," "In Palestine and Other Poems," "A Christmas Wraith," "The Fire Divine," and "In Helena's Garden."

As editor of The Century, however, he probably achieved his largest fame and left the most important record of his literary genius.

* * *

JOURNALISM and the world of art have also suffered an irreparable loss in the death of William M. Laffan, publisher of The New York Sun. That paper's brief but earnest appreciation on the morning of his death, is perhaps the best tribute of the moment: "Thus suddenly comes the extinction of an energy acutely intelligent in its every manifestation, dauntless in all circumstances, unimpaired even by the accidents of diminishing bodily strength during a few years past. The mainspring of this fine, brave spirit never weakened until it broke." In his editorial writings he had a style peculiarly his own, and he was particularly effective in the field of destructive criticism in which he apparently delighted to rove. He could castigate with a nicety of skill, remarks a contemporary, with a severity and with an elaboration of verbal method that delighted everybody but the victim.

As an art connoisseur, he had few equals in this country, and was a recognized authority on ceramics. He was a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and much of the development of that institution in the last few years is due to his energy and initiative. J. E. W.

The Air-Ship Business.

THE aeroplane business is brisk in France, orders are numerous and prices are good, though with a slight downward tendency. There is every prospect that the lawyers will share in the profits of the trade, for besides the suits brought by the holders of the Wright patents the Voisin brothers are proceeding against Farman for alleged infringement, and Santos-Dumont has a legal quarrel with the Darracq firm about an engine which it made for him. All of which goes to prove that flying has become a real industry.

As for prices (says a London newspaper correspondent) Latham sold the monoplane he used at Blackpool for $10,000, and Leblanc disposed of his for $3,000; but these are special cases. Wrights, Voisins and Levasseurs (Antoinettes) cost about $5,000, but tend to become cheaper. Bleriots are quoted at $2,400 with a motor of 25-30 horse-power. Santos-Dumont's Demoiselle brand with a 30-35 horse-power engine can be bought for $1,500 The Clement firm is making a new biplane with a 43 horse-power engine to sell at $3,500.

Most of the noted automobile firms are to build aeroplanes. It is a question if competition will seriously affect the prices for some time, for prices in the automobile industry continued to increase for the first ten years.

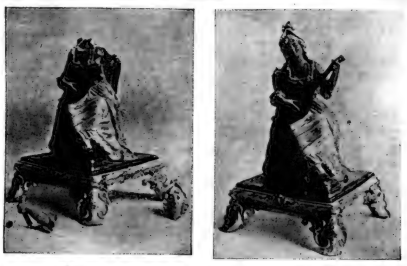
The Bleriot Company has orders for 150 smaller cross-Channel type aeroplanes and twelve larger passenger carrying machines, and expects to finish these and fifty more before the end of the year. The Wright Company reports that it is in a position to handle the many orders booked, now that it has received a good supply of raw materials from America. Count Lambert's flight around the Eiffel Tower brought in many orders. The machine he used was the twelfth the company had made in France.

Farman, who took up construction on his own account less than a year ago, has completed forty machines, most of which have been delivered. The Antoinette company has sold forty, about half of which have been handed over to the buyers. The Bayard-Clement Company has undertaken the construction of a thousand Demoiselles after the plans of M. Santos-Dumont.

The death of "Pony" Moore, at an advanced age, recalls the fact that Ruskin, of all people in the world, was one of the sincerest admirers of those negro entertainments of which, under the title of "Christy" and "Moore and Burgess" Minstrels, Moore was one of the earliest and ablest promoters in England. Evidently there was something about the simple songs and music of the artificial darkies that appealed to the great writer and art critic, for in the early days of his acquaintance with Burne-Jones he dragged the painter and his wife off one afternoon to the Christy Minstrels' performance. Lady Burne-Jones has recorded that Ruskin was received by the Minstrels as an honored patron, and that at his special request some item was added to the programme.

Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"



Broken. Mended.

WHAT CEMENTIUM DID FOR ONE ORNAMENT

"Sticks everything, but is not sticky."

Most dealers sell Cementium. If you find any difficulty in securing it, send us 25c. for a sample tin.

DILLON'S, LIMITED, 465 ST. PAUL ST., - - - MONTREAL

Galtfleece EIDERDOWN

Garments for Women.

Offer the Best Solution of the Christmas Present Difficulty

Nowadays, sensible people give sensible Christmas presents—preferably things to wear. These stylish, comfortable Dressing Sacques and Gowns—made from specially selected, soft, fluffy wool—are really the finest presents you can possibly select for fastidious women. Your dealer surely has them—but, if by any chance he hasn't, write to us and we'll tell you where they may be had.

THE GALT KNITTING CO., Limited, GALT, ONT.

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER.

Write for Samples and Price List (Sent Post Free), and Save 50 Per Cent.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LIMITED
BELFAST, IRELAND,
REGENT STREET AND CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ALSO LIVERPOOL.

Irish Linen and Damask Manufacturers

To HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE COURTS OF EUROPE. Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and the General Public direct with every description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World

Which, being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich, Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common power-loom goods.

IRISH LINEN Linen Sheeting, 2 yards wide, 48c. per yard; 2½ yards wide, 57c. per yard. Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 3c. per yard. Surplice Linen, 24c. per yard. Dusters, from 72c. per doz. Glass Cloths, $1.12 per doz. Linen Diaper, 23c. per yard. Our Special Soft Finish Longcloth, from 10c. per yard.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 94c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, $1.56 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, $1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, $1.32 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)

MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, $8.52 per half doz. (To measure 42c. extra.) New designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the season. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for $3.36 the half-doz.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS "The Cambrics of Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—The Queen. Children's from 30c. per doz.; Ladies', from 60c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 84c. per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', from 66c. to $8.40 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 94c. to $6.00 per doz.

IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS Collars—Gentlemen's, 4-fold, all newest shapes from $1.18 per doz. Cuffs—For Gentlemen, from $1.64 doz. "Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.

IRISH UNDERCLOTHING A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, trimmed Embroidery, 56c.; Nightdresses, 94c.; Combinations, $1.08; India or Colonial Outfits, $52.68; Bridal Trousseaux, $32.04; Infants' Layettes, $15.00. (Send for list.)

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be addressed

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd., 40 Z, Donegall Place, Belfast, Ireland

Note—Beware of parties using our name; we employ neither agents nor travellers.

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER.

J. Simon
59 Fg. St. Martin
PARIS, FRANCE

Brightness and Freshness of youth are preserved to the complexion by CRÈME POUDRE SAVON SIMON

From all Chemists and Perfumers

Invaluable for the SKIN in HOT or COLD climates. Removes all IRRITATION and TAN.

BEETHAM'S LAIT Larola

Gives a PERFECT COMPLEXION SOFT as VELVET

A Woman's First Pastorate

MISS SARAH A. DIXON, Ph. D., a graduate of Boston University who has held several pastorates in New England, gives, in The Congregational and Christian World, (Boston), a frank account of some of her experiences in her first parish. After the trials of ordination it seemed to her that her worst must be over, but she soon realized that "if to ordain her was establishing a precedent, to have a successful parish would also be establishing a precedent." She goes on to tell of some of her problems:

To lead the mid-week meeting, even to stand behind the desk and preach the Word, was not so hard, but an old member of the congregation sickens and dies—a funeral! Did the conference think of that? Did the people think of it? Would the family want a woman to officiate at the burial of their dead?

It would seem so strange—and yet, she had sat at the man's bedside and comforted him through all the lingering illness, but at the funeral, that would be different, and she knew it. Where was her predecessor? Could he be easily reached, and would the family send for him? She feared—and hoped they wouldn't. She had the service in a book—the same book that men ministers used. She knew how to be sorry too. She might cry—women are so sympathetic—and if she saw others weeping, she might do the same, and not be able to read the prayers. Perhaps the family were thinking the same thing. But she seldom cried, and thought she could conduct the service with dignity.

What a joy and relief when the summons came for her to attend the funeral. She had been afraid for nothing. Another time she would go immediately to the family and console them, and ask them if she could be any help. And in the many years that followed, this woman learned that sorrowing men and women were hungering for sympathy and kindness, and the person is welcomed the most in the home who can bring comfort and cheer.

Still another difficulty arose which caused this woman pastor many sleepless nights. It happened to be a year in her parish of martial harvest; many pairs were contemplating marriage, and this woman knew they were looking her over as a possible officiating clergyman. Would they dare to have her; that was the question. The matrimonial step in itself required so much courage that she was in doubt about there being a sufficient amount left to brave the prejudice of life and be married by a woman. Would they feel that they were really and truly married? Their friends said they wouldn't, and the pastor herself began to question. She tried to put herself in their place—would she herself want to be married by a woman? Finally she gave it up and awaited results.

One morning she knew the great problem was solved when a young farmer timidly rang the bell, and twirling his hat in his hands and carefully studying his boots said, "Will you marry me?" Seven years later her right to perform the marriage ceremony and the naturalness of it was proved in an unmistakable manner when a couple who had been married by the Justice of the Peace in the afternoon came to her in the evening and desired her to marry them over again, as the woman could not feel satisfied (so she said) until she was married by a real clergyman.

During her pastorate of nearly nine years the people readily fell into line, and in that period the little parish had wound its arms tightly around this ministerial foundling. To knock at the door and enter a kitchen and have one say, "O I'm glad you are a woman, for I can have a talk with you right here in my kitchen." To sit by the sick-bed and hear one whisper, "I'm glad you are a woman, for I can tell you what is burdening my heart"—yes, even to call in time of housecleaning and hear "*You* can come in, but I would not have come to the door if you had been a man"—all these experiences made this woman thank God that she was a minister, with the authority of the church back of her words and acts.

But there were larger duties before her. A card, asking her to the Andover Association of Ministers. What was that? She had been brought up a Methodist, you know. O yes, a meeting of the ministers of the conference—those she had faced on the day of her ordination. Could she meet them? She feared they would treat her as a little girl, and she was nearing thirty. Would they respect her more if she cut off her hair and wore a short dress and walked like a man?

She decided otherwise, and made up her mind to be a woman first and a minister second. It wasn't anything as she had thought. They offered her a seat, courteously took her wraps (she always had to pay for her dinner), gave her a nice subject on the next year's program, registered her as Sis. ——, and in every way treated her as one of the family. They all proved to be brothers during all her pastorate, even inviting her to their pulpits.

She is sure, however, that not one of these brethren ever had a deacon say to him what her senior deacon once said to her on her return from a vacation: "I am glad you are back again. I felt as if my mother had gone away."

Genuine Roquefort Cheese.

ONE who, remarks a writer in Harper's Weekly, has never visited the village of Roquefort, in the department of Aveyron, France, can form no idea of the extent of that cheese industry whose product is known the world over from the name of the town where it is manufactured. No pains are spared to secure the best results.

The kind and quality of the milk is important. It must be pure unskimmed sheep's milk, unadulterated with water or with any other milk. Inspectors are employed and instruments used to detect fraud. The green hills of the Aveyron, which furnish fine pastures for feeding the sheep, play no small part in the quality of the milk and the celebrity of Roquefort cheese.

In the Roquefort industry, the cans and everything pertaining to the milk must be scrupulously clean. The dairies are in dry and airy spots, and the whitewashed walls, cemented floors, and screened windows all conduce to cleanliness. The dairy consists of three rooms, in the second of which a temperature of sixty-three degrees Fahrenheit is recorded by the thermometer the year round.

The milk is first heated to a temperature of over ninety degrees Fahrenheit and curdled by the addition of rennet. The curds pass through various processes of draining, salting, moulding, etc., but to state this generally gives only a slight idea of the time and care necessary. From start to shipment it requires fifty to sixty days to turn out satisfactory product. The various operations might be briefly stated as follows: (1) Treatment of the milk—skimming, heating, curdling, dividing the curds, draining, putting into moulds and scattering with powder of stale bread crumbs, tasting, hardening; (2) treatment of cheese at factory—receiving and weighing, first and second salting, brushing, piercing and classifying, placing in caves, first turning, second turning, maturing in caves, second turning, second classifying, maturing continued, third and last turning before shipment.

The preparation of the bread is a long and interesting part of the process. A special kind of bread is moistened and left to mould in a cave for about two months. It is then cut into small pieces, dried, ground, and bolted. The powder thus obtained is scattered over the layers of curds as they are placed in the moulds. This makes the bluish green streaks noticed in the cheese and helps to give Roquefort its aroma.

The caves perform an important part in the fabrication of this cheese. It is largely by maturing and mellowing in them that Roquefort cheese is celebrated throughout the world for its delicate flavor and particular aroma. These caves are excavations, some natural and some artificial, hollowed out in the side of the steep and rocky mountain which dominates the little village clinging to its side. They are cold and damp, but ventilated by the air which penetrates through the fissures in the stratified rocks. There are several stories in each cave containing shelves on which the cheese is placed.

After the cheese ripens or mellows for about forty-five days in the cave it is ready for shipment or to be placed in the refrigerating rooms, which are cooled by an ammoniac process operated by electric machinery.

Olive Trees Centuries Old.

THE longevity of forest trees has been discussed frequently by scientists, but only in rare instances have cases been cited as examples of extraordinarily long life among cultivated fruit trees. However, from Syria come stories of olive trees that are centuries old, and these ages are established without any question.

There is in existence a trust deed that was issued 499 years ago and relates to an orchard of 490 olive trees located near Tripoli, Syria. At the present day these trees still bear fruit of an excellent quality and in abundance, though the trunks and branches are gnarled and carry the marks of age. There is every reason to believe, however, that their productiveness may continue for many more years to come.

The fruit-growers of Syria are recognizing the value of their orchards and much new planting is being done. A single block of 300,000 olive trees was set out recently near Beirut, one of the centres of the industry. Formerly the natives were satisfied with one crop of fruit every three years and believed that to be all the trees could produce, but the introduction of European methods of culture has made the groves yield handsomely every season. The old practice of thrashing the fruit from the branches probably was the cause of the intermittent crops.

The people who harvest the olives and prepare the oil do not receive regular wages, but are paid according to an old Syrian custom. The pickers are given five per cent of the actual fruit gathered, while the grinders receive ten per cent of the olives ground.

"It must be fine to be under contract to write exclusively for a big magazine." "And to have all the other magazines clamoring for your work, eh?" "Just so. Think of the satisfaction of sending 'em a printed refusal slip."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Think What Such Soap as This Means in Your Home

Soap for the Toilet— *—Soap for the Work*

Infants' Delight

Think how unwise it is to continue using common soaps when you can have INFANTS' DELIGHT for no greater expense. For this soap is different from any you have ever known. We go ten thousand miles to the Orient for pure cocoanut oil and to the gardens of France for the best olive oil we can buy. So we put our very best into every cake.

Then we mill the soap by our secret process and crush it under a weight of 30 tons. After this it goes through heavy granite rollers and comes out in miles of silky ribbons—then it is pressed into cakes. Can you imagine a more delightful soap for washing, bathing, manicuring or shampooing? Ask your dealer for a cake—it's 10c everywhere.

Taylor's

Borax Soap

Here is a soap that does its work almost like magic. Where other soaps cleanse it goes further and whitens and purifies. In the kitchen it digs into the corners of the dishes and cuts away the grease in a hurry. In the laundry it saves most of the rubbing for it dissolves the dirt instantly and makes the clothes snowy white. The clothes come out free from any soapy smell—the colored goods brighter and the woolens softer than ever before.

Borax makes hard water soft and is as harmless to the hands and clothes as common salt. Please try one bar of this soap with your next washing—see how it saves its own cost by lasting longer and reducing the work to half. Price 5c a bar at all dealers.

[7]

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Limited, TORONTO

Josiar.

I NEVER kin forgit the day
That we went out a-walkin',
An' sot down on the river bank,
An' kept on hours a-talkin';
He twisted up my apron-string,
An' folded it together,
An' said he thought for harvest-time
'Twas cur'us kind o' weather.

The sun went down as we sot there—
Josiar seemed uneasy,
And mother she began to call:
"Loweezy! O, Loweezy!"
An' then Josiar spoke right up,
As I was just a-startin',
An' said: "Loweezy, what's the use
Of us two ever partin'?"

It kind o' took me by surprise,
An' yet I knew 'twas comin'—
I'd heard it all the summer long,
In every wild bee's hummin,;
I'd studied out the way I'd act,
But, law! I couldn't do it;
I meant to hide my love from him,
But seems as if he knew it;
An' lookin' down into my eyes
He must a seen the fire,
An' ever since that hour I've loved
An' worshipped my Josiar.

—Hartford News.

"The Water is Fine."

Following the advice sent out some months ago that the Northern Pacific Railway had secured a poultry farm of its own in the state of Washington, and was operating its own bakeries to secure the entire supply of water used on all of its dining cars from springs located at Detroit, Minnesota. The water is filtered before being bottled and is distributed to various points on the system by special refrigerator car, which makes a trip every ten days over the line, unloading full bottles on the outgoing trip and picking up empties on return.

No other water will be used for drinking purposes on any of the Northern Pacific dining cars.

With eggs and chickens from its own poultry farm, bread, cakes and pastry from its own bakeries, a special brand of unsalted butter from the Yakima Valley creamery, its mammoth selected potatoes which have won a reputation of their own, and lastly its Pokegama water, bottled at the springs, the Northern Pacific is making some unusual bids for patronage in its dining car service.

A newly designed menu card in green and gold, presents these toothsome attractions and serves as a dainty souvenir of the trip.

MME. Marcella Sembrich has a book in which she has recorded every performance she has given on the operatic stage. Over the date of one entry there stands written the word "fiasco." That unusual description of an incident in a career so triumphant always causes a request for an explanation.

Mme. Sembrich had closed an engagement in Madrid, and had gone to sing in Barcelona, which possesses a very exacting and somewhat uproarious operatic public. Mme. Sembrich made a triumphant debut in "La Traviata," and was next to appear in "Lucia di Lammermoor." Singing with her was a new baritone, who had never faced a Barcelonian audience. He began badly, and as the opera progressed his nervousness increased until it was all but impossible for him to sing. Although the audience received Mme. Sembrich with cordiality, it was manifestly hostile to the baritone. During the second act she and the luckless baritone had their first scene together. He sang his share of their duet in a manner that awakened a storm of noisy disapproval. The audience hissed and shouted. Without a second's hesitation Mme. Sembrich left the stage, went to her dressing-room, and prepared to return to her hotel.

"The public has no more right to be rude than an individual," she told the distracted manager. "If it can not remember the respect due a lady, it can not expect me to sing."

She left the opera house. The next morning she returned to Madrid and wrote in her journal the black "fiasco."

"Is it so, that you used to call regularly on that girl?"

"Yes; she always sang a song to me that I loved."

"Why didn't you marry her?"

"I found I could buy the song for fifty cents."—The Circle.

THE RED ROOM

(*Continued from Page 21.*)

called that afternoon to inspect the new Eckhardt tyre, whereupon he suddenly started forward in his chair and exclaimed:

"One of the men wore a dark beard and was slightly bald, while the other was a fair man, much younger—eh?"

I explained that my manager, Pelham, had seen them, whereupon he breathed more freely; yet my announcement seemed to have created within him undue consternation and alarm.

He pressed the tobacco very carefully and deliberately into his pipe, but made no further comment.

At last, raising his head and looking straight across at me, he said:

"I may as well explain, Mr. Holford, that I had an ulterior motive in asking you in this evening. The fact is, I am sorely in want of a friend—one in whom I can trust. I suppose," he added—"I suppose I ought to tell you something concerning myself. Well, I'm a man with many acquaintances, but very few friends. My profession? Well, that is surely my own affair. It often takes me far afield, and sometimes causes me to keep queer company. The fact is," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "I'm a dealer in secrets."

"A dealer in secrets!" I echoed. "I don't quite follow you."

"The secrets sometimes confided to my keeping would, if I betrayed them, create a world-wide sensation," he said slowly, looking straight into the fire. "At times I am in possession of ugly facts concerning my fellow-men which would eclipse any of the scandals of the past twenty years. And at this moment, as I tell you, I am in sad need of a friend."

He was quick to notice the expression upon my face.

"I want no financial aid," he hastened to assure me. "On the contrary, if at any time I can be of any little assistance to you, I generally have a few pounds lying idle."

I thanked him my curiosity growing greater. He was seated in a big, high-backed grandfather's chair, his head leaning against the padded side, his gaze, a trifle melancholy, fixed upon the dancing flames. At his back was an open roll-top writing-table, very tidy, with a clean blotting-pad, and everything in its place spick and span.

"To be quite frank with you, Mr. Holford," he said. "I may as well tell you that an incident has occurred which has rendered it necessary that I should come to you, a comparative stranger, for friendship and assistance. Ah," he added, with a sharp and curious glance at me, "I see that you don't trust me! You should never judge a man by his clothes."

"I never do," I protested. "But you haven't explained the reason why you are so anxious for my friendship!"

For a few minutes he was silent. Then, of a sudden, he turned to the big grey parrot and asked in a shrill, squeaky tone, almost a croak:

"Shall I tell him, Joseph? Shall I tell him?"

"Good night!" answered the loquacious bird. "Good night! Good night! Jo-sef!"

"Well," my host said slowly, knocking the ashes from his pipe into the fender, "it is a matter, a serious and very curious affair, of which as yet the public have no knowledge. Some things are not allowed to leak out to the papers. This is one of them. I wonder," he went on thoughtfully, after a pause—"I wonder if I told you whether you would keep the secret?"

"Certainly," I said, full of curiosity, for I could not see Kirk's motive in asking my assistance, and my natural caution now asserted itself.

"By the way," he echoed suddenly, "do you know any other language besides English?"

"I know French fairly well," I replied, "and a smattering of Italian."

"Nothing else? German, for instance?"

I replied in the negative.

He rose, and relit his pipe with a spill. Then he chatted for some minutes with Joseph, all the time, it seemed, reflecting upon what he should say to me. At last, reseating himself in his old-fashioned chair, he again looked me straight in the face and said:

"You have given me your promise of silence, Mr. Holford. I accept it from one whom I have watched closely for a long time, and whom I know to be a gentleman. Now I am going to tell you something which will probably alarm you. A crime, a very serious crime, has been committed in London during the past forty-eight hours, and I, Kershaw Kirk, am implicated in it—or, rather, suspected of it!"

I sat staring at the man before me, too surprised to reply. He had always been an enigma, and the mystery about him was increasing.

"Tell me more," I urged at last, looking into the face of the suspected assassin. "Who is the victim?"

"At present I am keeping the affair a strict secret," he said. "There are reasons, very potent reasons, why the public should not know of the tragedy. Nowadays publicity is the curse of life. At last the Home Office have recognized this. I told you that I am a holder of secrets. Well, besides myself, not more than three persons are aware of the astounding affair."

"And you are suspected as the assassin?" I remarked.

"Unfortunately, I shall be," was his reply, and I saw that his countenance fell; "I foresee it. That is why I require your aid—the aid of a man who is honest, and who is a gentleman as well."

And he broke off again to chatter to Joseph, who was keeping up a continual screeching.

"I am anxious to hear details of the affair," I said eagerly.

"I wish I could tell you the details," he answered, with a bitter smile; "but I am not aware of them myself. The affair is a mystery—one of which even the police must be kept in ignorance."

"Haven't the police been informed?"

"No," was his prompt reply. "In certain cases information to the police means publicity. In this case, as I've already told you, there must be no publicity. Therefore, though a crime has been committed, it is being kept from the police, who, not knowing the facts, must only bungle the inquiries, and whose limited scope of inquiry would only result in failure."

"You interest me, Mr. Kirk. Relate the known facts to me," I said. "Why, pray, will you be suspected of being a murderer?"

"Well," he said, with a long-drawn sigh, "because—well, because I had everything to gain by the death of the murdered person. He had filched from me a very valuable secret."

"Then the murdered person was not your friend?"

"No, my enemy," he replied. "You, Mr. Holford, as an Englishman, will no doubt think it impossible that I may be arrested, tried in secret, and sent to penal servitude for life for a crime of which I am innocent. You believe that every man in this isle of unrest of ours must have a fair trial by judge and jury. Yet I tell you that there are exceptions. There are certain men in England who would never be brought before a criminal court. I am one of them."

At first I was inclined to regard Kirk as a madman, yet on looking into his face I saw an expression of open earnestness, and somehow I felt that he was telling me the curious truth.

"I certainly thought there were no exceptions," I said.

"I am one of the few," he replied "They dare not place me in a criminal dock."

"Why?"

"For certain reasons"—and he smiled mysteriously—"reasons which you, if you become my friend, may some day discover. I live here in this by-road of a London suburb, but this is not my home. I have another—a long way from here."

And, turning from me suddenly, he addressed questions to Joseph, asking him his opinion of me.

"Where's your coat?" screeched the bird. "Where's your coat? Good night!"

(*To be continued.*)

Society at the Capital.

OUT of the very large number of visitors who came to the Capital especially to be present at the official functions of the 11th and 13th, many have been prevailed upon to prolong their stay and were in various instances last week the special guests of some exceedingly pleasant gatherings of different varieties, These, in addition to a great many entertainments given as farewell to Lady Hanbury Williams and her charming daughter, Miss Gladys, and a number of sessional dinners and receptions, made a very full social programme for the week. Monday was a specially busy day, and among its events were two large teas, one of which was given by Mrs. Robert Gill in honor of her visitor, Miss Avice Meeker, of Montreal, and another by Miss Elsie Himsworth as a "good-bye" to Miss Gladys Hanbury Williams. A great many of the capital's bright girls took in both events, the hostesses residing conveniently near one another to permit this. Some very smart luncheons were pleasant features of Monday, at one of which Miss Daisy Chrysler entertained in honor of Saturday's bride-elect, Miss Bessie Keefer, and those invited to meet her were: Miss Elsie Keefer, of Toronto; Miss Ottilie Fellowes and her guest from Toronto; Miss Marjorie Fellowes, Miss Edith Cross, of Toronto; Miss Mildred Macpherson and Miss Kittson. Miss Rita Pinhey's luncheon on the same day, was arranged in order to give Miss Hanbury Williams' many friends another opportunity of seeing her prior to her departure for Scotland on Thursday. The Misses Fitzpatrick were also on Monday the hostesses of a charmingly arranged luncheon given in honor of Miss Muriel Hart and Miss Nellie Davis, of Montreal, and several attractive Torontonians who are visitors in town, the Misses Margaret Wrong, Miss Helen Blake, Miss Marjorie Schreiber, and two bright Quebecers, Miss Dorothy Webb and Miss Taschereau.

*

Mrs. Charles A. E. Harris entertained at a particularly smart dinner on Monday evening when Sir John and Lady Hanbury Williams were her "bright, particular" guests, and those who had the privilege of again wishing them "bon voyage" and good luck in their future Scottish home were Sir Charles and Lady Fitzpatrick, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Anglin, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Cassels, Mr. Justice and Madame Girouard, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden, Hon. Nesbitt and Mrs. Kirchoffer, Mrs. William Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gill, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Egan, Col. J. G. Foster, Mrs. Scarth, and Mr. W. A. Allan.

*

Her Excellency Lady Grey invited all the young friends of the Misses Lily and Dolly Hanbury Williams to a children's party at Government House on Tuesday afternoon. Youngsters of all ages, ranging from three to sixteen years, had a very merry day, and after "high tea," served in the Racquet Court, had been thoroughly enjoyed, games of all sorts were entered into with zest and the party broke up about six o'clock. The smaller tots were much delighted at being presented by Her Excellency each with a pretty toy before leaving. Many of the parents accompanied the children, and Lady Evelyn Grey, Lady Hanbury Williams, Miss Hanbury Williams, and Miss McCook, of New York (who is just now one of the vice-regal house party), were present and entered into all the fun.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Nov. 22nd, 1909.

"WHEN up the roadway of Infancy toddles the Father of the Man, he diligently seeks the enticing mud puddles, that he may step therein with both feet."

—Hilda Sampson.

DELIGHTS OF THE BATH

The best fitted Turkish Bath in Canada is open in this city. No pains or expense have been spared in securing the very best Bath paraphernalia in this country.

Everyone who has so far inspected or patronized our Baths have been unsparing in their admiration of the institution, both in the manner in which it is conducted and the quality and elegance of all the up-to-date appliances necessary to a Bath.

Your patronage is solicited.

The Newton Baths,
82-84 KING STREET WEST

MEN FORGET BUSINESS CARES IN THE ENJOYMENT OF A

Gourlay-Angelus
Player-Piano

A Gourlay-Angelus provides ANYONE with the ability to play ANY music artistically.

In the opportunity for recreation thus afforded, many busy men find enjoyment hitherto undreamed of, as well as a complete rest from the business worries and cares of the day. If you find it hard to leave these cares behind you when you go home, depend upon it, a Gourlay-Angelus will make you forget them.

1,500 COMPOSERS READY TO YIELD YOU THEIR CHOICEST HARMONY.

The Angelus-Music Library contains 16,000 compositions representing more than 1,500 composers. Do you realize what you are missing when you deny yourself admission to this great treasure-house of music?

Special demonstrations daily this week 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. Even the merely curious as well as intending purchasers are cordially invited.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING,
188 YONGE STREET - TORONTO.

SELLERS-GOUGH FUR COMPANY, Limited

"The Largest Exclusive Fur House in the British Empire"

Furs of Incomparable Quality and Beauty

Moderately Priced

OUR immense turnover enables us to offer our patrons a wide range of styles in all Furs at surprisingly low prices. We are not content to give you "just as good," but we must have the best for our customers. Our buyers, designers and cutters are all experts, and our entire capital and energy is devoted to the Fur business. It is no wonder, then, that we are able to offer all that is new and correct in highest quality Furs at quite moderate prices. We would like to have your opinion.

Mail Orders Our Catalogue is worth a good price, but we will be delighted to mail it to you for the asking. Mail Orders PROMPTLY and CAREFULLY FILLED.

Xmas Gifts Furs make most appreciated gifts. Sellers-Gough name on the fur enhances the gift.

Isabella Fox Muffs	$17.50	to	$30.00
Isabella Fox Stoles	$20.00	to	$35.00
Muskrat Muffs	$7.50	to	$15.00
Grey Squirrel Muffs	$10.00	to	$15.00
Grey Squirrel Ties	$4.50	to	$10.00
Grey Lamb Ties	$3.50	to	$7.50
Grey Lamb Capelines	$8.00	to	$15.00
Grey Lamb Muffs	$4.75	to	$8.00
White Thibet Muffs	$5.00	to	$10.00
White Thibet Stoles	$5.50	to	$15.00
White Thibet Boas	$4.00	to	$8.00
White Thibet Ties	$3.50	to	$8.00
Alaska Sable Ties	$13.50	to	$20.00
Alaska Sable Muffs	$9.00	to	$20.00
Alaska Sable Stoles	$20.00	to	$45.00
Alaska Sable Ruffs	$15.00	to	$25.00
Ermine Stoles	$75.00	to	$350.00
Ermine Muffs	$45.00	to	$125.00
Ermine Ties	$15.00	to	$75.00
Mink Ties	$15.00	to	$75.00
Mink Muffs	$35.00	to	$250.00
Mink Stoles	$35.00	to	$350.00
Persian Paw Muffs	$9.00	to	$15.00
Natural Coon Stoles	$7.50	to	$20.00
Natural Coon Muffs	$6.00	to	$15.00
Alaska Seal Muffs	$50.00	to	$75.00
Chinchilla Muffs	$75.00	to	$300.00
Chinchilla Stoles	$75.00	to	$300.00
Hudson Bay Sable Ruffs	$100.00	to	$375.00
Hudson Bay Sable Muffs	$100.00	to	$375.00
Black Pony Ties	$6.00	to	$9.00
Persian Lamb Ties	$10.00	to	$30.00
Persian Lamb Stoles	$20.00	to	$40.00
Persian Lamb Muffs	$15.00	to	$45.00
Black Wolf Muffs	$18.00	to	$25.00
Black Wolf Stoles	$18.00	to	$25.00
Blue Wolf Stoles	$18.00	to	$25.00
Blue Wolf Muffs	$18.00	to	$25.00
Blue Lynx Muffs	$45.00	to	$55.00
Blue Lynx Stoles	$45.00	to	$55.00
Natural Lynx Stoles	$35.00	to	$45.00
Natural Lynx Muffs	$35.00	to	$45.00
Black Lynx Muffs	$45.00	to	$60.00
Black Lynx Stoles	$45.00	to	$60.00

SELLERS-GOUGH FUR CO., LIMITED
"FURS EXCLUSIVELY"
244-246-248-250 Yonge Street Corner Louisa St.

TRADE MARK.

SPECIAL OFFER--TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT
CANADA'S GREATEST WEEKLY
FROM NOW UNTIL DEC. 31, 1910, FOR $3.00

FIVE CUPS FOR ONE CENT
is certainly an economical beverage,
yet this is all that

"SALADA"

TEA costs. One pound will make 220 cups of the purest and most delicious Tea

AT OUR BUILDING SALE

20 Per Cent. Discount
ON DIAMONDS

WE have had repeated telephone and personal enquiries as to hether our Discount Building Sale includes our entire selection of Diamonds, and in reply we say **YES.**

No doubt this is a great surprise to you, for we doubt if ever before have such inducements been given on Diamonds.

You know already of the high standard of Diamonds which we sell, how we purchase them direct from the cutters, then mount them in our own factory on the premises. Thus always e have sold Diamonds at remarkably close prices, yet on the top of all this, here we come along with a discount of 20 per cent. on our entire assortment, including Diamond Necklets from $375 to $1,100, La Valliers from $100 to $400, Pendants from $50 to $600; our entire assortment of Rings from $10 to $1,400.

As an example of your saving, on every $25 purchase you **Save $5;** on every $50 purchase you **Save $10;** on every $100 purchase you **Save $20,** and so on.

In addition to this we will lay aside your selection on the payment of a small deposit and give you our personal guarantee on each and every Diamond we sell.

AMBROSE KENT & SONS Limited
Jewelers 156 Yonge Street

CAN YOU IMAGINE A MORE ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT THAN A PIECE OF
"DEPOS-ART"

Whenever it is desired to make a present to someone whom you know to be appreciative of the really artistic, consult your jeweler about "Depos-Art."

In this handsome ware, you will find many novelties. There are new and quaint Tea Sets, Claret Jugs, Toilet Bottles, Candle Sticks, Fern Dishes, Jewel Boxes—and a large variety of other useful and beautiful articles.

Our book, telling all about "Depos-Art," cannot fail to interest you. Write for a copy of it.

THE HEMMING STUDIOS
14 St. Helen Street, MONTREAL

SPECIAL Semi-Annual Sale
MAN-TAILORED GARMENTS
TO YOUR ORDER

$55.00 SUITS FOR $45.00
All Others, Special - $35.00
LONG COATS & ULSTERS, $25.00 UP
BEAUTIFUL RANGE OF MATERIALS

J. Mackay
101 YONGE ST. LADIES' TAILOR

A Woman War Correspondent

MRS. C. R. MILLER, representing Leslie's Weekly, is the only woman war correspondent on the firing line at Melilla. She speaks highly of the Spanish troops, whose fighting is "strikingly courageous and loyal." Writing from within the Spanish lines she says:

After many tribulations I am within the Spanish lines at Melilla, so close to the fighting that I can hear the roar of the cannon and see the smoke of the artillery as the Spanish are driving the Riffs farther into the mountains. Everywhere are soldiers—in fact, I have seen nothing but soldiers since I came from Madrid. War correspondents from nearly every part of Europe are living at the hotel where I am stopping—a happy lot of chaps who genuinely admire and praise the work of the Spanish troops. Outside the hotel the dust is knee deep, and whenever a wagon-train or troop of cavalry dashes by, the dust is stifling. One must be continually opening and closing the windows, for plenty of air is a necessity. The weather is terribly hot during the day, and the sun beats down on the low yellow houses with a tropical fierceness. Night would be pleasant were it not for the mosquitoes, which come in swarms and make life unbearable. Flies too, gather in the dining-room by the thousand. The little hotel is not prepared for the people who are here, for many of the officers are living at the hotel. The rooms are not clean although the two Spanish chambermaids work like slaves. The dust gathers everywhere. The food is ill-cooked and poorly served by waiters who are good-natured, but not cleanly. Melilla water is unfit for drinking-purposes—in fact, it is almost unfit for any purpose, as it is very dirty. Grapes, however, are plentiful and serve to quench the thirst. Even lights in the hotel are scarce, and I am writing this under the tiny glow of a tallow-candle. Women are an unknown quantity, and, except for the servants, I am the only woman in the hotel and the only foreign woman in town. Melilla is not a pleasant place, but at present it is an absorbingly interesting one. All day long I have been with the Spanish troops, and everywhere I have met with kindness. My pass, signed by the censor, is unlimited, but was given only after I had promised to keep out of danger. As the Riffs are hidden in the ravines of the near-by mountains, it is difficult to know just how far one may go in safety. Day before yesterday an English colonel, who represents a London paper here, suddenly found himself within sixty yards of the Moorish troops. His horse was shot and he escaped through a shower of bullets. He attributes his life to the improper elevation of the Moorish rifles. . . .

It must not be overlooked that this tribe or race of natives which resides in this territory, is not cowardly or ignorant of the arts of war. They are as brave as any men who ever faced the cannon's mouth, and among the prisoners captured during yesterday's engagement in the hills were some splendid specimens of physical manhood. I saw them to-day as they were carefully guarded by Spanish soldiers. Many Moorish women and children were brought to camp with them, and for several hours I watched as the women worked beside the men, building temporary huts. The Moorish woman has remarkable strength, and she frequently does the work of a man. The Spanish are not unkind to their prisoners, and only the most refractory ones are hobbled or kept closely confined.

The Riffs, if the word of the Spanish soldiers is to be taken, are fairly good shots, but they lack discipline, as well as competent leadership. They are past masters in guerilla warfare, and it is both dangerous and difficult to locate or dislodge them. The Spanish lines now extend from sea to sea, and give adequate protection to all Spanish property and citizens within the zone of trouble. Several battle-ships are in the harbor here to protect supplies which are being brought in almost daily and to render whatever assistance may be necessary from the naval phase of the war Unloading supplies and horses is sometimes difficult. Ships cannot come into the docks and often the sea runs high. Sanitation is not the best, yet the army is comparatively healthy. The wounded are well cared for, being nursed by Sisters of Mercy and sent to Malaga or Madrid as soon as their condition permits. German automobiles are used as ambulances.

The pay for the Spanish soldier is scarcely more than a cent per day, but after he has served three years he is given some sort of a government position if he wishes it. The Spanish soldier is a well-behaved individual, and not a drinker. I have seen the armies of many nations in camps in time of war and in time of peace, but never have I found a better behaved set of men than those who carry the Spanish flag. Spain has approximately forty thousand men in and around Melilla. Thousands of them pass and repass, at all hours of the day and night, coming to the wharf for supplies or going out to the mountains to relieve other men. The saloons are wide open in the town, yet in all this throng of men I have seen but one drunken soldier, and he had only imbibed enough to make him excessively polite. He had served in the Spanish-American War, and when he learned that I spoke English, he insisted on following me about the camp and getting into every photograph.

Vocal Instruction as an Art.

"YOU have temperament," said Signor, the singing teacher, to the female icicle who was having her voice tried.

She entered the class!

"You display artistic reserve," Signor said to the bursting basso who rattled the roof with his bawling.

He entered the class!

"You have rare vocal equipment," Signor said to the attenuated alto who sang with her eyebrows and shoulders.

She entered the class!

"You sing with unusual intelligence," said Signor to the tiny tenor who did not understand a word of the texts he uttered.

He entered the class!

"You have wide range," Signor said to the capacious contralto who sang three tones and talked the rest.

She entered the class!

"Your top tones have tenor quality," said Signor to the burly baritone who almost choked when he ventured above middle D.

He entered the class!

"You are a born dramatic soprano," said Signor to the shrinking young thing who bleated "Violets" in tremulous, piping tonelets.

She entered the class!

"Your eyes look beautiful when you sing 'For All Eternity,'" said Signor to the poor, plain person who had neither voice, diction, intelligence, nor musical feeling.

She entered the class!

"I must place you in opera," said Signor to the bow-legged, cross-eyed clerk who sold ribbon on weekdays and sang in the choir on Sundays.

He entered the class!

"You would make an ideal Mimi or Madam Butterfly," said Signor to the middle-aged lady with the 58 bust.

She entered the class!

In fact, Signor's class is full to overflowing, and he does not understand why other vocal teachers are complaining this season.—Musical Courier.

Small, but Potent.

WHAT simplifies vacation trip,
Speeds trunk and suit case,
rug and grip,
From traveling all cares can strip?

What means choice morsels, browned and spiced,
All beverages nicely iced,
Or melons generously sliced?

What keeps one's coat so neatly brushed,
One's hat from being banged or crushed,
Means mails most prompt, and message rushed?

What conquers surliness, wins smiles,
Sheds sunshine by its potent wiles,
Keeps things serene for miles and miles?

What, given oft grudgingly by man,
By woman never—if she can—
Is bribe polite for white, black, tan?
A tip!
—New York Times.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE.
To England, Continent, Mediterranean, West Indies. Cruises to Orient, South America and West Indies. Toronto Office: 63 Yonge St., Traders Bank Bldg.

"You mustn't think you ought to run around barefooted, Johnny," said Mrs. Lapsling, chidingly, "just because Bobby Stapleford does. He's no centurion to go by."—Cassell's Journal.

Husband—Think of it! Here is a hairpin I have found in the soup! Wife—Yes? Now I know where our things have gone. A shoehorn disappeared, too!—Life.

Where ignorance of one's own homeliness is bliss, 'tis folly to be beautiful.—Life.

"My, I do wish they would use Lux!"

LUX
A Wonderful Cleanser
Lux is by far best for washing fine fabrics like woolens, silks, laces, flannels. Package contains five times the cleansing power that is in any equal weight of ordinary washing-powder. Yet Lux 10c.
WON'T SHRINK WOOLENS
Try Lux now. Grocers sell it.
The name LEVER on soap guarantees purity and excellence.
Lever Brothers Limited
TORONTO 2

A TREAT FOR MUSIC LOVERS

FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER,
World-renowned Pianist
Assisted by CYRIL DWIGHT EDWARDS,
Baritone

MASSEY HALL
MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 29th.

PLAN OPENS THURSDAY 25th AT MASSEY HALL
TICKETS:- - 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50.

THE "SAVOY"
(YONGE AND ADELAIDE STREETS)

Our Candy Department is showing some most delicious confections.

Chocolates and Bon Bons at 25c., 50c., 75c. and $1.00 per pound box.

Also a large assortment of Candies at 30c. per lb., such as Cream Almonds, Cream Wafers, Creams and Jersey Caramels, Assorted Taffies, etc.

FRESH FROM OUR FACTORY EVERY DAY

When cutting sandwiches
remember that a few drops of H.P. Sauce make a world of difference to the taste of the food

You spread this rich, fruity sauce over the meat like mustard; it greatly enhances the natural flavour of poultry, game or ham — besides that, it is invaluable as a digestive.
With cress or tomato sandwiches H.P. is delicious
Your Grocer will supply you, but be sure you ask for
H.P. SAUCE

EATON'S

The beautiful garments pictured are but suggestions of the excellence of design and quality displayed in our high grade selection of furs. The extent of our manufacturing activities bringing us in closest touch with the fur supply sources of the world, permits of expert choice from the most desirable qualities, and the achievements of skill and workmanship of our furriers are represented in the Hudson Bay sable set which we briefly describe.

It's an elegant cape effect of 10 natural skins hanging loosely, with two claws and natural tail at end of each skin, four natural claws at neck, long stole front with two claws and two tails. Price, $413.00.

MUFF, large rug effect, of eight rich full-furred skins, hanging in loose drape style, both sides the same, each skin has natural tail and claws. Price, $320.00.

THE BABY LAMB COAT ILLUSTRATED, very finest quality baby lamb, in an exclusive Empire style, with deep slashes at side, heavy Bedford cord lapels, button and loop trimming, white satin lined. Size 38. Price now, $750.00.

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED.